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A Study in Smollett

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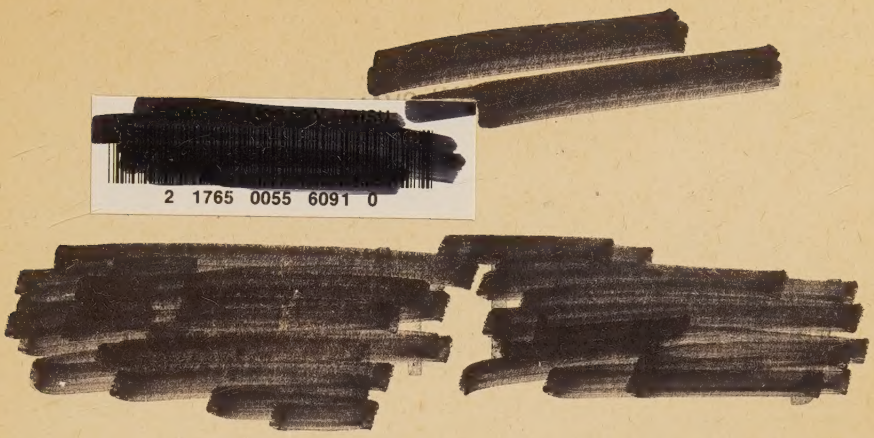
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A STUDY IN SMOLLETT

PUBLISHED ON THE FOUNDATION
ESTABLISHED IN MEMORY OF
PHILIP HAMILTON McMILLAN
OF THE CLASS OF 1894, YALE COLLEGE

A STUDY IN

SMOLLETT

CHIEFLY "PEREGRINE PICKLE"

With a Complete Collation of
the First and Second Editions

BY

HOWARD SWAZEY BUCK

NEW HAVEN · YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
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THE

PHILIP HAMILTON McMILLAN MEMORIAL

PUBLICATION FUND

THE present volume is the seventh work published by the Yale University Press on the Philip Hamilton McMillan Memorial Publication Fund. This Foundation was established December 12, 1922, by a gift to Yale University in pursuance of a pledge announced on Alumni University Day in February, 1922, of a fund of $100,000 bequeathed to James Thayer McMillan and Alexis Caswell Angell, as Trustees, by Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson McMillan, of Detroit, to be devoted by them to the establishment of a memorial in honor of her husband.

He was born in Detroit, Michigan, December 28, 1872, prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and was graduated from Yale in the Class of 1894. As an undergraduate he was a leader in many of the college activities of his day, and within a brief period of his graduation was called upon to assume heavy responsibilities in the management and direction of numerous business enterprises in Detroit; where he was also a Trustee of the Young Men's Christian Association and of Grace Hospital. His untimely death, from heart disease, on October 4, 1919, deprived his city of one of its leading citizens and his University of one of its most loyal sons.

PREFACE

THE following study is a dissertation presented for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Yale University. As the title should suggest, it is not intended to be an exhaustive investigation of *Peregrine Pickle;* rather, it is a study of a few important phases of Smollett's biography which centre in that novel. Thus many features which may be of interest and significance are not touched upon, or are merely glanced at, such as Smollett's quarrel with the "Physician," unquestionably Dr. Akenside. On the other hand, the much disputed authorship of the *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality* is examined with a fulness which would undoubtedly be disproportionate, were any less detailed method sufficiently conclusive. This has seemed a question of real biographic if not literary significance. Similarly, the first importance of the revision has been felt to be biographical rather than literary, involving primarily a change in our view of Smollett's relations with certain famous contemporaries. In the last chapter, where those relations are dealt with, the discussion is not confined to *Peregrine Pickle.* For all the quarrels involved are, in one way or another, derivative from the *Regicide,* the majority of them passing through *Roderick Random* to their culmination in *Peregrine Pickle.* Their history, both before and after *Peregrine Pickle,* has therefore been traced with a quite impartial fulness. Since these disputes, sadly enough, represent Smollett's chief contacts with his more famous contemporaries, it is hoped that their story, together with the resulting discovery of an unsuspected comedy by Smollett, may be found to modify the novelist's biography in important ways.

In the absence of any definitive edition of Smollett's works, all references in the following pages to his novels, unless otherwise noted, are to Henley's edition, as the best modern reprint. It enjoyed, in part at least, the benefit of Seccombe's scholarly supervision.

I wish to thank particularly Professor Edward S. Noyes, not only for helpful suggestions, but the most generous use, in MS., of his forthcoming edition of Smollett's Letters. Mr. Gilbert

McCoy Troxell, of the Yale Library, has conferred upon me during the past year a lasting obligation in the form of seemingly the only "known" copy of the second edition of *Peregrine Pickle;* volumes without which much of the present investigation would have been inaccurate, and the Collation utterly impossible. My deepest obligation and thanks, however, are due to Professor C. B. Tinker, whose encouragement, advice, and practical assistance I have known in fullest measure.

H. S. B.

New Haven, Connecticut,
May, 1925.

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CHAPTER I

THE REVISION

THE OCCASION FOR THE REVISION

Composition and Publication.

ANDERSON says Smollett went to France in the summer of 1750 "to survey the characters of mankind on a new theatre, and in a greater variety than he had hitherto had an opportunity of viewing them in the capital of England."[1] That the novelist went to France to gather fresh materials seems certain. Scott says that "*Peregrine Pickle* is supposed to have been written chiefly in Paris."[2] Yet Anderson does not say so—and Dr. Moore, Smollett's friend and fellow-traveller at the time, virtually contradicts it in his biography. He writes, for example: "The painter, whom Smollett afterwards typified under the name of Pallet, was in the capital of France at this time."[3] From the "afterwards" here, and the turn of similar expressions about their common experiences in Paris, it is plain that if Smollett was writing up his materials on the spot, Moore neither knew it then nor learned of it later in years of intimacy.

From Moore's remarks, Professor Noyes, in editing Smollett's Letters, concludes that *Peregrine Pickle* was probably not commenced until Smollett's return to England, late in August or early in September, 1750. On September 28 he writes Dr. Moore of waiting "to snatch a vacant hour from the fatigue of my present employment"—presumably, as Professor Noyes notes, the composition of *Peregrine Pickle*. The novel was published in February, 1751. For an author of Smollett's prolific facility, the writing and seeing through the press of a novel of 1230 pages in five months would doubtless be no impossible task. I myself, however, cannot help feeling that he probably went to France with the earlier scenes of *Peregrine Pickle* in

[1] Anderson, *Life of Smollett* (2d ed.), xxxii.

[2] Scott, *Memoir of Smollett* (Miscellaneous Prose Works, Edinburgh, 1827), III, 146.

[3] Moore, *Life of Smollett,* cxxiii.

his pocket. The following considerations seem to me to support this view: (1) The first part of the novel (volume I), comprising the story of the Garrison, is a thing sustained and complete. (2) It is in Smollett's old vein at its best, and closes with a glance back at *Roderick Random*.[4] (3) The departure for France at the end of volume I is sudden. (4) It is unlikely that the author, beginning a novel after his return from France, would write a whole volume in his former vein before touching the new material he had just gone in search of.

I believe, then, that the Garrison story, or most of what appears in volume I, was written before Smollett's trip to France in the summer of 1750. The rest of it, in spite of Scott, was in all probability done after his return about the first of September. The whole was published in February, 1751.

Reception.

Peregrine Pickle in its original form was immediately successful. Of this there is indubitable evidence. In the first place, the expectation of the public was evidently aroused in advance of publication. There was not only the natural eagerness for another work by the author of *Roderick Random,* which had already, in the space of three years, run through as many editions; but there was also the fact, as I shall try to show in another connection, that rumors of Lady Vane's impending Memoirs, to be included in the forthcoming novel, had evidently got about, whether by design or accident, with a consequent charging of the atmosphere. The "impatience of the public"[5] on this score was fully justified by the event. At the time of publication, the *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality* unquestionably eclipsed every other interest in the novel. The furor they created is witnessed by the remonstrances, vindications, letters, parallels, imitations, and poems published within the next few months, as well as by almost contemporaneous epistolary references.[6] The book, for this reason if for no other, must be set down as a "best seller."

And yet *Peregrine Pickle* was not, during its early history, so popular as has been supposed. That it began with a fine flare

[4] I, chap. XXXIV.
[5] *Monthly Review,* Feb., 1751, 303.
[6] See pp. 48-52.

we have seen; but that it was "received with such extraordinary avidity, that a very large impression was quickly sold in England, another was bought up in Ireland, a translation was executed into the French language, and it soon made its appearance in a *second edition,*"[7] as Anderson states, is not true. Anderson's account of the success of the book is a close paraphrase of Smollett's own statement in his Advertisement to the Second Edition—except for the "quickly" and "soon." Succeeding editors have similarly accepted Smollett's manifesto of success, and have either followed Anderson, or have made the same mistake themselves, regarding the rapidity of that success. Of consequence, they have inevitably over-estimated it.[8] An early mistake fostered by successive commentators as to the date of the second edition is the source of this general misconception.

Date of the Second Edition.

John P. Anderson's Bibliography of Smollett,[9] compiled in the late nineteenth century, dates the second edition 1751, the same year as that of the first edition. With this Seccombe's bibliography in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and Watt's *Bibliographica Britannica* are in agreement. The above J. P. Anderson, the compiler of several bibliographies besides Smollett's, was connected with the British Museum. The British Museum, though possessing all other important editions of *Peregrine Pickle,* lacks the second. Nor can I find any record, in any other library, of the existence of a copy of this (or any) "second edition." Indeed, oddly enough, all the other editions of the book issued during Smollett's life are rarer than the expensive but still procurable first edition. J. P. Anderson, in compiling his bibliography, was of course able to see the other editions; but he could not see the second edition in the British

[7] Anderson (2d ed.), xxxiii.

[8] "From the outset it met with an immense success, and was forthwith translated into French." Seccombe, *D. N. B.*

"*Peregrine Pickle* was published in 1751, and its success far exceeded that of *Roderick Random.*" Saintsbury, Introd., xv.

"*Pickle* proved from the first a resounding success." *Britannica,* XXV, 279.

See also Scott's *Memoir of Smollett* (Miscellaneous Prose Works, Edinburgh, 1827), III, 146.

"The success of the new novel [*P.P.*] was unparalleled. . . . Edition followed edition of the popular work." Smeaton, *Life of Smollett,* 73.

[9] Appended to Hannay's *Life.*

Museum—nor, evidently, elsewhere. His reason for dating it 1751 in spite of the absence of positive evidence, no doubt goes back to Robert Anderson's slightly erroneous biographical statement already quoted, and the general belief in the immense and immediate success of the work. Whether any other less general consideration led him to date it precisely 1751, I cannot say. But whatever the source of his error, an error it certainly was.

Smollett's own Advertisement to the Second Edition, commonly reprinted with the novel, is enough in itself to discredit the assignment. The very first words are suspicious: "At length Peregrine Pickle makes his appearance in a new edition;" while the subsequent review of its success proves conclusively that the second edition was not called for within a year, or anything like it. "A very large impression has been sold in England; another was bought up in a neighboring kingdom; the work has been translated into the French language; and the demand for the original lately increased in England." The last clause, like the opening words of the Advertisement, plainly indicates a considerable lapse of time; the "impression bought up in a neighboring kingdom" was a pirated Irish edition in three volumes, Dublin, 1751;[10] the French translation referred to is *Histoire et Aventures de Sir William Pickle,*[11] published at Amsterdam in 1753. The revision, then, at least post-dates 1753. Other rather recondite considerations point to the years 1756-1759 as the period within which the revision must have been executed. Fortunately, however, it is not necessary to trace these, since an actual notice appears in the *London Chronicle* for February 14-16, 1758:

> *Next week will be published,*
> In four Volumes Twelves, the second edition, revised, corrected, and altered by the Author,
>
> The ADVENTURES of
> PEREGRINE PICKLE
>
> In which are included,
> Memoirs of a Lady of Quality.

[10] There is a copy in the Harvard Library, which I have examined.
[11] There is a copy in the Columbia Library, which I have examined.

To clinch the matter, I have succeeded in obtaining from an Oxford dealer a copy of the second edition, confirming the date. Many other copies may well be extant, but, so far as I am aware, this is the only one at the moment "on record." The title page follows that of the first edition through the quotation from Horace, but then announces a change of the version and of publishers:

The SECOND EDITION,

Revised, Corrected, and Altered by the Author.

LONDON:

Printed for R. Baldwin, and J. Richardson,
in Pater-noster-Row; and D. Wilson and
T. Durham in the Strand.

MDCCLVIII.

The date of the revised, second edition is thus fixed as not 1751 but 1758.

Importance of Correct Date.

THE importance of this correction as to the date may be summarized as follows:

(1) It is a new fact in bibliography.

(2) It modifies our view of the original success of the novel.

(3) It modifies our view of the facts occasioning the revision.

(4) It modifies the biography of Smollett in important ways, as regards his personal relations with Garrick, Fielding, and others.

The first of these points needs no comment, while the last and most important must be reserved for separate treatment. Our present concern is with (2) and (3).

As regards (2), I have already indicated how the error in supposing the revised, second edition of the novel came in 1751, the same year as that of the first edition, and the misstatement regarding its sweeping original success, were interdependent mistakes. Now since the second edition was called for, not during the first year, but only after seven years, it is plain that the book did not long continue to be "the rage." On the

other hand, we must not go too far in minimizing its popularity. Besides mentioning the Irish and French editions, Smollett speaks of "a very large impression" having been sold in England. The assertion may well have been no commercial flourish but fact. *Roderick Random* had been quite unexpectedly successful. A new edition had been called for each year. The public was eager for more from the same hand. Rumors of Lady Vane's Memoirs were in the air. Reading these signs, and looking at the manuscript in hand, and seeing that it was good, D. Wilson, the original publisher, may well have ordered an exceptionally large impression as a profitable business venture. Furthermore, despite the fact that Smollett seven years later speaks of only *one* very large impression having been sold off, it is distinctly possible, and indeed probable, that there were several printings in 1751—what may prove to be technically a "second impression." I myself have not succeeded in discovering any variations in the 1751 copies I have examined which would prove the point. But, as I have observed before, these are far less rare than those of the second, third, or fourth editions.

In any case, however, there was no re-issue between 1751 and 1758. Smollett speaks in his Advertisement to the Second Edition (1758) of "the demand lately increased in England." Obviously there had been a lull in the seven years, but recently something had again quickened interest in the novel. What? This brings us to (3) of the preceding table.

Reasons for Revision.

In Smollett's multifarious hack-work, abridgment and revision were the order of the day. Yet amongst his novels *Peregrine Pickle* is the only one which he ever thought it necessary to revise in any radical way. Quite special reasons obtained.

Turning again to the Advertisement to the Second Edition, we find Smollett reviewing the charges which had been brought against his work:

> At length Peregrine Pickle makes his appearance in a new edition, in spite of all the art and industry that were used to stifle him in the birth, by certain booksellers and others, who were at uncommon pains to misrepresent the work, and calumniate the author.

The performance was decried as an immoral piece, and a scurrilous libel; the author was charged with having defamed the characters of particular persons, to whom he lay under considerable obligations; and some formidable critics declared that the book was void of humour, character and sentiment.

"Booksellers and others" have been his calumniators. The backbiting of booksellers is likely to be ephemeral. I have found no example of these attempts to stifle *Peregrine* "in the birth" —but the following attack, quoted by Dr. Noyes, was made upon Smollett in 1757 by Dr. Shebbeare:

Chelsea, November 26, 1757

To be lett and entered upon immediately
An empty Author.

He is equally qualified to write tragedy, comedy, farces, history, novels, voyages, treatises on midwifery, in physic, and on all kinds of polite letters. . . . He will undertake to praise all works, be they ever so bad . . . in the Critical Review, for very small gratuities. . . . Besides himself he has under him several journeymen-authors, so that all who chuse to have a subject fitted up . . . may be commodiously furnished at his house. . . . N.B. He chuses to work for those who have never employed him before: and you may enquire after his character of most booksellers, except R—n and A.M—r.[12]

The close of this bears witness to Smollett's quarrel with Andrew Millar, the publisher; and the whole of it is probably an example of the kind of calumniation of his work and character complained of in the Advertisement to the Second Edition. Indeed this attack, though not referring to *Peregrine Pickle,* occurred at the precise time when Smollett was in all probability hard at work on the revision. And, as we shall see, some of the complaints referred to in the Advertisement to that edition relate definitely to "present" conditions, not to conditions at the time of its original appearance seven years before.

The particular charges of these booksellers and others against *Peregrine Pickle,* according to Smollett's advertisement of the facts, have been: that it was immoral; that it was libellous; that it was libellous even against the author's benefactors; and that it was worthless. I shall comment upon these in a slightly different order.

[12] Noyes, *Letters of Smollett* (MS. copy, in Yale Library), 184.

Charge of Worthlessness.

As regards this charge, it is proper to observe with Smollett that the public, from Lady Mary down, was evidently of another opinion. So were the reviewers, if we may judge from the *Royal Magazine, or Quarterly Bee* and the *Monthly Review,* both of which were distinctly favorable in their notices, the latter specifically praising the sustained "vivacity" of the work. But amongst the dissenters designated by Smollett as "some formidable critics," may perhaps be numbered Thomas Gray. It will be remembered that the *Elegy* made its first real appearance in 1751, the very same year in which that other pattern of quiet reflection, *Peregrine Pickle,* saw the light. The *Elegy* was quickly copied in all the leading reviews and even the newspapers. "Mr. Gray's" prompt opinion of *P.P.* is thus revealed in a letter to Horace Walpole, dated March 3, 1751:

> Has that miracle of *tenderness and sensibility* (as she calls it) "Lady Vane" given you any amusement? *Peregrine,* whom she uses as a vehicle, is very poor indeed, with a few exceptions.[13]

One would part with some pence to know the exceptions—the Feast in the Manner of the Ancients? Would that have been particularly congenial to Gray—or *particularly* offensive? At all events, Gray's opinion of the work in general is plain; and it is not unlikely that that opinion, expressed on other occasions and amplified, may have come to Smollett's attention. Such a still, small voice might rankle for years; and to me there is a certain wry relish peculiar to Smollett in putting Mr. Gray in his place with "some formidable critics."

Charge of Immorality.

The charge of immorality against the book was one of long standing. The accusation inevitably looms large, but actual evidence of its preferment is strangely meagre. Under the term "immorality" we must surely include general vulgarity. A notice in the *Monthly Review* for March, 1751, while in general favorable, takes pains to air the charge of "lowness:"

> But to pronounce with an air of decision, that he has everywhere preserved propriety . . . would sound more toward interested com-

[13] Gray's *Letters,* Gosse, II, 214.

mendation than genuine criticism. Citations give the fairest play to all parties, and as this first volume lies the openest to the charge of being *Low,* the following images may give a reasonable idea of the rest.

Then follow the only two quotations in the review—first, Peregrine's revenge on his tutor, Mr. Jumble, including the satirical verses; then, one of the practical jokes Perry played on his aunt—the episode of the perforated chamber-pot. This latter is followed by a comment from the reviewer to the effect that, although certainly "low" from its subject matter, it *is funny.* But though Smollett struck out the passage in the revision, he can hardly refer, in the Advertisement, to such a censure as this, so qualified as to be almost praise. But from the tenor of such a friendly notice, we may perhaps guess the temper of a malicious one. Certainly *Peregrine Pickle* is sufficiently open to charges on this score. That they were preferred we could be humanly certain even if we did not have Smollett's complaint of them. But I have not been able to recover any real accusation beyond the dubious one above.

Charge of Libel.

The second charge brought against the book had been that it was a scurrilous libel against individuals. This charge, like that of immorality, dates almost from the day of publication. In the criticism already cited from the *Monthly Review* occurs this passage:

> In this volume [IV] too[14] are introduced several characters which are said to be drawn from actual life, and are drawn so as cannot fail of giving offence to the supposed originals.

This refers particularly to the handling of Lyttelton and Fielding in that volume. In another passage the reviewer deplores the exaggerated ridicule of the Physician:

> This extravagance . . . is here too sarcastically exposed, for good nature not to complain, however poetical justice may smile at the execution.

Apparently this reviewer did not recognize Mark Akenside, the poet, as the original of this caricature. But from Moore's[15]

[14] The identity of the Lady of Quality has been hinted at.
[15] Moore, cxxiii.

remarks, as well as Anderson's,[16] it is plain that the identity of Smollett's victim was no secret. Thomas Gray's letter of March 3, 1751, already cited, after damning the novel goes on to say:

> In the last volume is a character of Mr. Lyttelton, under the name of "Gosling Scrag," and a parody of part of his Monody, under the notion of a pastoral on the death of his Grandmother.

The novel was reviewed in the *Royal Magazine, or Quarterly Bee* for January-February-March, 1751. In the course of summarizing it, there is this passage referring to volume IV:

> In these distresses our hero commences author, and becomes a member of a college of writers, of whose proceedings we have here a tedious description, in which is introduced a severe criticism upon the improprieties of the dress, speaking, and gesticulation of one of our celebrated actors in the characters of Pierre, Othello and Zanga.

This refers to the actor Quin. The abusive nature of Smollett's attacks is notorious, but can be fully appreciated only by those conversant at first hand with the original edition. The excesses of this abuse, coupled with the immediate recognizability of its victims—Fielding, Lyttelton, Akenside, Garrick, Quin, and others—might well merit the term of "a scurrilous libel."

Charge of Libelling Benefactors.

THE charge which I have left to the last for consideration is that the author had libelled even his own benefactors. This is the most important, because plainly the sorest point. "Indeed, you come near me now, Hal." A man may put up with the accusation of being an ill-natured person, or a bore, or a profligate; but he may not put up with being called a cad. This he is called upon instantly and actively to resent. And that this is what is rankling in Smollett's breast is shown by his returning to it so insistently and vehemently in the whole last paragraph of the Advertisement to the Second Edition:

> He owns with contrition that in one or two instances he gave way too much to the suggestions of personal resentment, and represented characters as they appeared to him at that time, through the exaggerating medium of prejudice; but he has in this impression endeavoured to make atonement for these extravagances. Howsoever he may have erred in point of judgment or discretion, he defies the

[16] Anderson (2d ed.), xxxv.

whole world to prove that he was ever guilty of one act of malice, ingratitude, or dishonour. This declaration he may be permitted to make without incurring the imputation of vanity or presumption, considering the numerous shafts of envy, rancour, and revenge, that have lately, both in private and in public, been levelled at his reputation.

"Lately," in 1758. All the other charges had been elicited immediately upon the first appearance of the novel; scars of those battles long ago may still remain; but here is evidently something new and bitter.

This fresh wound is due to the recent change in his relations with Garrick. He had satirized Garrick as Marmozet in *Roderick Random*—scathingly—and again, at great length, in *Peregrine Pickle*. Well, what of it? Garrick's case was no worse than that of Fielding or Lyttelton or several other detestables—when the book first appeared in 1751. But in 1757 Garrick had brought out Smollett's farce of *The Reprisal,* and behaved with conspicuous pecuniary generosity. Titillating gossip was as inevitable as it was unbearable. This is not the place for a full discussion of the affair, but it is proper to remark here that this anomalous situation probably had a good deal to do with "the demand for the original lately increased in England" which Smollett notes. Thus the very thing that particularly stimulated a demand for the novel made a revision of it imperative.

It seems to me that this desire to vindicate his personal integrity is probably the starting point of the revision. That the author, once started, should pay some attention to former criticisms is natural. Lapse of time and alteration of other circumstances account for further modification. But the notion that the outcry against the excessive personal abuse and coarseness greeting the first edition compelled a revision belongs with the legend of its sweeping original success.

NATURE OF REVISION

Practical Method of Revision.

I HAVE tried to trace the facts leading up to the revision. It is now in order to consider the revision itself. We are unusually fortunate in catching a glimpse of the mechanics of his method

from Smollett's own pen. An undated letter, first made public by Dr. Noyes, begins as follows:

Dear Sir

I have sent two copies of P.P. vol 3.—Lady V——e's story, you may compose from that which is incompleat in the other Parts; and if you think proper, you may prefix the two Letters in manuscript the remaining part of the 3rd volume you will find corrected in the other copy The fourth shall be done as soon as possible.[17]

This letter to the publisher of *Peregrine Pickle* does not relate to the original publication of the novel, as Professor Noyes concludes, for "the two Letters in manuscript" (*i.e.*, the two letters regarding the *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*) could not, with any logical propriety, have appeared with the first edition, and indeed do not appear there. They are, however, a part of the standard, revised version; and the rest of the passage shows quite plainly that the letter relates to getting the *revision* of the novel into press.

The cryptic directions for setting up Lady Vane's story I shall deal with in another place. For the rest, the general mechanics of the revision are made clear enough. The only new manuscript forwarded is that of the "two Letters." In the novel proper, corrections have been made in the margins or between the lines of copies of the third volume of the first edition. This procedure for volume III—obviously significant as to the nature of its revision—may be safely assumed for the rest of the novel, too, on the score of general probability and the corroborative evidence of the Collation to be found in Appendix A. From a study of the latter, it will appear that the only bit of revision for which Smollett must certainly have taken out a fresh sheet of paper, occurs on pages 101-102 of volume I, first edition. Such re-writing was evidently irksome, for he did not thereafter put himself to the trouble, confining himself, rather, to marginal and interlineal corrections, and to mere excisions.

Analysis of Collation.

Such a method of work obviously tells us much about the nature of the revision. For one thing, it means that in the revision

[17] Noyes, *Letters of Smollett* (MS. copy, in Yale Library), 36.

nothing of consequence was added to the novel. Some analysis of our Collation in the Appendix, however, is here necessary. To begin with, the Collation shows that there are six principal types of changes introduced in the revision:

(1) Omissions.
(2) Abridgments.
(3) Substitutions.
(4) Additions.
(5) Transpositions.
(6) Alterations.

I shall briefly consider each of these in turn.

(1) Omissions. This is the most important phase of the revision. Reasons for omission of particular passages will be considered in other connections. Six general types of omission are distinguishable: (a) of excessive coarseness—*e.g.*, I, 101.15-104.22; (b) of obscenity—*e.g.*, II, chapter LXVI entire; (c) of scurrilous personalities—*e.g.*, IV, 123.7-20; (d) of matter considered dull—*e.g.*, II, 300.1-302.11; (e) of matter considered out of place—*e.g.*, IV, 310.15-312.10; (f) omissions due to inadvertency—*e.g.*, II, 322.19-30.

(2) Abridgments. These are common, due to extensive excisions. We may distinguish two types: (a) the summary proper of omitted material—*e.g.*, summary of pineapple episode, I, 36.10-37.7; (b) the connective without indication of omitted material—*e.g.*, omission in volume II of chapter LXVI entire. The first of these is the occasional and the second the normal method of bridging omissions.

(3) Substitutions. Only one important instance—I, 101.15-104.22.

(4) Additions. Limited to *Memoirs of Lady of Quality*. See p. 46.

(5) Transpositions. Limited to *Memoirs of Lady of Quality*. See pp. 46-47.

(6) Alterations. This is the most pervasive phase of the revision. Two broad types are distinguishable: (1) alteration of fact—*e.g.*, I, 5.29-32; (2) alterations of language. The former is very rare; the latter is nearly constant, the chief varieties being:

(a) Breaking up long sentences into short ones. Common-

est of all changes—at times almost systematic—*e.g.*, IV, 51-52-53.

(b) Refinements of grammar or usage. Occasional. *E.g.*, II, 33.20-21.

(c) Softening of coarse words. Rare. *E.g.*, I, 214.15.

(d) Clarification of meaning. Occasional. *E.g.*, II, 6.23-26.

(e) Heightening of humor or vividness. Rare. *E.g.*, I, 35. 13.

(f) Correction of typographical errors. Common. *E.g.*, I, 176.9.

Smollett's Claims for his Revision.

We may now compare Smollett's performance with his claims. The latter are thus set forth in the Advertisement to the Second Edition:

> It was the author's duty, therefore, as well as his interest, to oblige the public with this edition, which he has endeavoured to render less unworthy of their acceptance, by retrenching the superfluities of the first, reforming its manners, and correcting its expressions. Divers uninteresting incidents are wholly suppressed; some humourous scenes he has endeavoured to heighten; and he flatters himself, that he has expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation, that could be construed by the most delicate reader into a trespass upon the rules of decorum.

One of Smollett's contentions is that he has improved the style. This is no doubt true in a measure. There has been a laudable correction of misprints: we must surely all rejoice to learn that in the Commodore's advice to Peregrine on his setting out for school, he did not actually exhort him "to avoid the company of modest women." The avoidance of obscurity—though but rarely called for in a style so explicit as Smollett's—is also genuinely welcome, while the consistent tendency to simplify through shortening sentences which, however well-constructed, are frequently unconscionably long, is not only agreeable but of considerable interest. In all fairness to Smollett we must grant his claim that he has corrected and improved his expression. And yet, in fairness to ourselves, we must also say that it is an improvement of very little consequence to us. For, after all, the changes are quite incidental; the style is essentially the same, and, broadly speaking, remains what it was before—a superlative thing of its kind.

Smollett's second claim is that he has suppressed divers uninteresting episodes. The three principal omissions on this score seem to be (1) the joke of the dogs of Bath;[18] (2) the joke of the black cats;[19] (3) the incident of the chalk reckoning at Vauxhall.[20] Opinion is sure to differ as to what is or is not interesting. No one is perhaps inclined to quarrel very heatedly over losing any of these episodes, though the catastrophe of the cats is spirited and really diverting. More to be regretted, however, than any of these chief suppressions of what was thought dull, is one of the minor curtailments for apparently the same reason. This is Pipes's re-distribution of Peregrine's "confiscated" provisions in crossing the channel. The passage is brief enough to be repeated here:

> and he [the captain] would have enjoyed a pretty comfortable booty, had not Pipes interposed, and divided the store among the sailors, who, he thought, were most deserving of such indulgence; so that the skipper had the mortification of seeing his plan miscarry by his own precipitate conduct, for, had he held his tongue, no body would have dreamt of asking for the provision, and he would have possessed his prize in peace.[21]

The touch is a minor one, but almost anything in connection with Pipes is precious, and this incident, like most of Tom's history, exhibits that rarest combination in Smollett of realism and kindliness.

Smollett's third assertion is that "some humourous scenes he has endeavoured to heighten." This is the most promising of his claims, and certainly the most important, if well-founded. His method of revising, however, is enough to make us somewhat sceptical at the outset, since addition, elaboration, change of incident, are virtually excluded. Verbal "heightening" alone is possible—and a study of the Collation shows that changes in the interest of humor (in the Jonsonian or the modern sense) are really negligible in number and effect. For example, in humorous dialogue, a nautical term is sometimes substituted for a land term, thus sustaining the briny metaphor more completely—as where, in the famous death-scene, Commodore

[18] *Peregrine Pickle*, II, 300-302 (1st ed.).
[19] *Ibid.*, III, 296-300 (1st ed.).
[20] *Ibid.*, IV, 310-312 (1st ed.).
[21] *Ibid.*, II, 6 (1st ed.).

Trunnion desires to be carried to his grave by his own men, not "dressed in the black caps," but "*rigged* in the black caps," etc. Technically, no doubt, this can be termed a heightening of the humor; and, searching in vain elsewhere for more satisfactory examples, one is forced to conclude that such a meagre touch as "rigged" is in reality all that is at the bottom of Smollett's high-challenging assertion.

Smollett's fourth contention is that he has rigorously expurgated the work. No doubt this was the most crying of its needs. Yet Smollett's execution of his office in this respect has been universally condemned, and most people will agree with Scott that "the work would have been much improved by a more unsparing application of the pruning-knife."[22] The coarseness and indecency of the work as it stands are enough, in all conscience. The author's amazing statement that "he flatters himself, that he has expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation that could be construed by the most delicate reader into a trespass upon the rules of decorum," takes its place beside the famous prospectus of *Roderick Random,* in whose hero he declares he has "attempted to represent modest merit"! One may quarrel in particular with the alleged fumigation of phrases, since there are only two instances in the whole revision, the offending word in one place giving way to the more elegant appellation of "backside," while on another occasion the same idea is reduced to a mere "back." For the rest, dainty epithets strew the pages with commendable éclat. If offending words are in passages to be cut out, naturally they are cut out, too; if not, not—and the language remains in all its egregious glory. This is no doubt quite as it should be, but it does not prevent one's impatience at Smollett's assertion.

On the other hand, although the general reader will doubtless agree with Sir Walter's wish for further pruning, only one acquainted with the first edition can judge fairly of Smollett's efforts in this direction. A glance back at the omitted passages in the Collation is enough to convince anyone that we have been spared much. Not only have upwards of fifty pages[23] of the worst material been eliminated altogether, but some of the

[22] Scott, *Memoir of Smollett* (Miscellaneous Prose Works, Edinburgh, 1827), III, 151.

[23] In all, seventy-nine pages of the first edition were dropped in the second.

remainder is sweetened. For example, without recourse to omissions, Peregrine is made to achieve Mrs. Hornbeck once less often in the second edition than in the first. No proper person can deny that this is a step in the right direction, and if it does not go the whole way, it is simply because it cannot. Complete expurgation of a thing like *Peregrine Pickle* would be utterly impossible save at the expense of its essential quality and greatness—and few people realize how far Smollett went to meet Decorum on the way. In fact, since the cry for *more* expurgation has been so loud, it is perhaps fair for *one* reader boldly to wish for less, at least in one particular. I refer to the elegant adventure of the perforated chamber-pot. I have already noted that a contemporary critic in the *Monthly Review* cited this as an illustration of the charge of "Lowness" to which the book was sadly exposed. But he printed it in full in his review, and closed by observing that it *was funny*. It is. And that Smollett must have relished its humor, who runs may read. But out it went, in deference to politer tastes. I am inclined to take this as an evidence of good faith on Smollett's part in the difficult task of expurgation.

Conclusions.

On the whole, the revision must be regarded as an improvement. It frees the book of many real blemishes; and if it does not directly enhance what was originally its glory, at least it never for a moment endangers that glory. So much cannot be said for many revisions.

It is true that in the revision haste and carelessness are written large. The manner of pinching together the torn edges of the narrative by a single sentence, or even a mere connecting clause, is eloquent of the author's hurry. Such hacking would of course be utterly impossible in any other type of narrative, and even Smollett's rambling, disconnected series of adventures does not escape some consequences which, though not very distressing, might easily have been avoided. The chapter headings in the revision are especially unsatisfactory. Rarely are they accommodated to the changes; often they are ludicrously wide of the mark. There was one serious omission, due to mere carelessness. In the second edition, Peregrine's sum-

mons to the Garrison at the end of volume II was inadvertently dropped, volume III opening abruptly with his unexplained arrival at the Garrison. The summons, never restored by Smollett, has since been briefly supplied. Yet in spite of this haste and carelessness, the revision is in one way more extensive than might have been expected, for it is by no means limited to those passages really requiring attention. There is evidence, to be sure, of occasional skipping, if one may judge from the absence of corrections; but, broadly speaking, the novel was reread and "corrected" from beginning to end. The revision thus exhibits a kind of hasty comprehensiveness mightily characteristic of Smollett's literary activities. It should be noticed that this revision comes in the heyday of his "compilation" period. He had turned out in 1756 *A Compendium of Voyages* in seven volumes; in 1757-1758 *A Compleat History of England* in four volumes, written (it is said) at the rate of about a century a month; while *A Universal History* was already on the stocks. His literary factory was in full swing, as Dr. Shebbeare's taunting advertisement[24] at this time testifies in detail. It is probably fair to regard the revision of *Peregrine* (though certainly not its original composition) as essentially one of these factory products. In the very letter about getting the revision into press, side by side with requests for proof, is a jotting to the publisher about what is evidently some piece of hack-work.

> I will take care of Mr. Johnson's Papers & link them up in a very little time, for their appearance. I wish you would send the proof-sheets of Pickle to me to be corrected.[25]

Allowing for Smollett's greater personal interest in his own work, and better opinion of it, his method of revising *Peregrine* was probably fairly characteristic of his regular hack methods.

In hack-work expediency is the watchword. In the revision of *Peregrine,* nine parts are expediency and one part literary art. The former was done in deference to other people's opinion; the latter must have been to please himself, and is therefore the more interesting. That it consists almost exclusively of verbal tinkering, is, I believe, significant. The term "literary artist" applied to Tobias Smollett is almost ludi-

[24] See p. 7.

[25] Noyes, *Letters of Smollett* (MS. copy, in Yale Library), 36.

crously unbecoming. Yet great he was, and in literature. But his greatness appears to me to be due to the extraordinary vigor of some of those elemental qualities which are always the driving force of great art, and cannot therefore be over-valued, but which are not in themselves the artistic gift. Thus the stuff of great art is present in Smollett in such bewildering profusion that we revel and admire, even though it is only rarely that we see it actually transmuted. Manifestly, Smollett's chief artistic weakness is a deficient sense of form. The conception of the Garrison is indeed highly original, and the frame of *Humphry Clinker* excellent; but in general Smollett shows little or no architectonic sense. Even the characters, many of them strikingly conceived, and nearly all of them happily hit off, acquire their extraordinary air of naturalness for all their extravagances, largely from the all but accidental manner of their presentation. It is impossible to believe that this is that highest art which conceals art, though in some ways it more nearly approaches that ideal than does his great rival's admirable artistic efficiency. Rather, Smollett's "artlessness" is in large measure the literal absence of art. In only one respect does his work possess artistic distinction of form—and that is in style; a style that is by no means the subtle instrument of a Sterne, but, of its kind, unsurpassed if not unrivalled. His materials are truly characteristic, but they are not (except for the old salts) peculiar to him. The full Smollettian "tang" lies to a considerable extent in the language; for, although his humor is usually based upon something intrinsically comic in situation or individual, it is the zest of the telling that makes it count. Peregrine's waggish enterprises, no less than Trunnion's explosions, are, from the point of view of expression, cast in imperishable moulds; indeed, as one conjures up any of the great scenes in Smollett, the savor of the very words is strong. All this is only to say that with Smollett conscious art was almost exclusively a matter of verbal texture; and his confining himself, when seeking to improve the "art" of *Peregrine Pickle,* to verbal tinkering, although not in itself of great consequence, is nevertheless symptomatic of much.

CHAPTER II

THE MEMOIRS OF A LADY OF QUALITY

THE *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality* are the controversial storm-centre of the novel. The general legend runs that Smollett incorporated Lady Vane's Memoirs for a handsome fee. The exact nature of this transaction, however, has remained a subject of doubt and speculation ever since. Proper questions as to the ethics and art involved have, of course, duly exercised the critics; but general curiosity, not much excited over these matters, has busied itself quite happily with the warmer and more gossipy questions, Did she write them? Did he write them? Did she pay him? Did she pay him to print them for her? to write them for her? to help her write them? Or did Shebbeare write them, or re-write them? Or was it Mackercher? In short, it is a kind of Ring-around-the-Rosy of "Who wrote the Memoirs?"

Smollett and Lady Vane.

IN attempting to unravel the business, we had best begin at the beginning by first noting the point of contact between Smollett and Lady Vane. Professor Noyes has supplied the connection through their mutual friend, Daniel Mackercher. For a discussion of Smollett's friendship with Mackercher I must refer the reader to Dr. Noyes's skilful elucidation, in his comment upon Smollett's note to Mackercher. It is enough to state here that this little-known chapter in Smollett's life is a fairly long one, displaying mutual obligations and close contact. That is, at the time in question, Smollett had known Mackercher well for a considerable period.

John Taylor, in *Records of my Life* (1832), reports that Mackercher was one of Lady Vane's accepted lovers:

> Dennis M'Kercher, Esq. an Irish gentleman of fortune who lived with Lady Vane, was said to have written her memoirs, as they appear in *Peregrine Pickle;* and Dr. Hill was employed by Lord Vane to write the history of "Lady Frail" to counteract the impression on the public. The infidelity of the lady had induced M'Kercher to separate from her. When he was near death, she anxiously de-

sired to see him, but he would not suffer her to approach. Mr. M'Kercher is introduced in *Peregrine Pickle,* as the gentleman who so generously protected the young man in the famous Anglsey case, who was so cruelly persecuted by Lord Valentia, his uncle.[1]

This is certainly not very trustworthy evidence, since Mackercher's name was not Dennis; since he was not an Irishman; and since his authorship of the Memoirs, as I shall show presently, was all but impossible. The prime assertion, however, as to the relation between Mackercher and Lady Vane is what concerns us here. Dr. Noyes, while sceptical of the above errors as "gossip," is not inclined to doubt the social side of the gossip. Nor am I. There is nothing to contradict it; it is in no way improbable; the neatness with which it fits the facts is in favor of its authenticity; and it appears to me to be confirmed by an episode in the Memoirs of M——, in chapter XCVIII of the novel.

Smollett's story of Mackercher's life is practically our only source of information about the man. The clergyman-narrator, in beginning his account, is made to put forth strong claims for the accuracy of his information:

> I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. M—— from his youth; and everything which I shall relate concerning him, you may depend upon as a fact which hath fallen under my own cognizance, or been vouched upon the credit of undoubted evidence.
>
> (*Peregrine Pickle,* III, 172-173.)

Notwithstanding this explicit statement, the account of the Annesley law case, which comprises the bulk of the story, is characterized in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (article "James Annesley") as of "doubtful authenticity"—meaning, probably, that it is of undoubted bias. But in several other portions, too, the story does not apparently adhere to the real course of events. It would be rather strange if it did. Of course the fictional disguise, with perfectly obvious initials, is rendered in the main as transparent as possible. On the other hand, certain events in the story might well demand, for reasons of prudence or delicacy, a degree of real mystification and disguise neither necessary nor desirable for the rest. Mackercher's affair with Lady Vane would be such a case. In view of her

[1] John Taylor, *Records of my Life,* II, 409.

share in the novel, Smollett might feel peculiarly constrained in dealing with an incident which she, for a particular reason, omitted entirely. In the Memoirs of Mr. M—— only one affair of gallantry is dealt with, which I take to be the one in question. This single affair, however, is displayed at such length as to render complete quotation of it here impracticable. But its inception and early status are as follows:

He had, upon his first arrival in England, become acquainted with a lady at an assembly not far from London; and though at that time, he had no thoughts of extending his view farther than the usual gallantries of the place, he met with such distinguishing marks of her regard in the sequel . . . that he could not help entertaining hopes of making an impression upon the heart of his agreeable partner, who was a young lady of an ample fortune and great expectations. He therefore cultivated her good graces with all the assiduity and address of which he was master; and succeeded so well in his endeavours, that, after a due course of attendance, and the death of an aunt, by which she received an accession of fortune to the amount of three and twenty thousand pounds, he ventured to declare his passion, and she not only heard him with patience and approbation, but also replied in terms adequate to his warmest wish.

Finding himself so favorably received, he pressed her to secure his happiness by marriage; but, to this proposal, she objected the recency of her kinswoman's death, which would have rendered such a step highly indecent, and the displeasure of her other relations, from whom she had still greater expectations, and who at that time importuned her to marry a cousin of her own, whom she could not like. However, that M—— might have no cause to repine at her delay, she freely entered with him into an intimacy of correspondence, during which nothing could have added to their mutual felicity, which was the more poignant and refined from the mysterious and romantic manner of their enjoying it; for though he publicly visited her as an acquaintance, his behaviour on these occasions was always so distant, respectful, and reserved, that the rest of the company could not possibly suspect the nature of their reciprocal attachment; in consequence of which, they used to have private interviews, unknown to every soul upon earth except her maid, who was necessarily intrusted with the secret.

In this manner they enjoyed the conversation of each other for about twelve months, without the least interruption; and though the stability of Mr. M——'s fortune entirely depended upon their marriage, yet, as he perceived his mistress so averse to it, he never urged

it with vehemence, nor was at all anxious on that score. . . . Be that as it will, his indulgent mistress, in order to set his mind at ease in that particular, and in full confidence of his honour, insisted on his accepting a deed of gift of her whole fortune, in consideration of their intended marriage; and, after some difficulty, he was prevailed upon to receive this proof of her esteem, well knowing that it would still be in his power to return the obligation. Though she had often entreated him to take upon himself the entire administration of her finances, and upon divers occasions pressed him to accept of large sums, he never once abused her generous disposition, or solicited her for money, except for some humane purpose, which she was always more ready to fulfil than he to propose.

(*Peregrine Pickle,* III, 183-185.)

Several points in all this certainly do not fit Lady Vane; but if we bear in mind Smollett's probable desire for some real disguise, our imagination is not unduly taxed. For example, his complete silence throughout the episode on the subject of the lady's charms, though by a later inference plainly considerable, may be taken not as a discrepancy but as an instance of this caution. A positive discrepancy, however, is that Lady Vane was most certainly married. Still, to represent her as unmarried but *intending* to marry is more delicate to all parties concerned. Details of the financial side of the affair also seem to present difficulties. That Lady Vane ever made over a deed of conveyance of her whole fortune to Mackercher is preposterous, since she never had a fortune. On her first marriage to Lord William, the pair were named by Queen Caroline "the handsome beggars." Lord Vane, on the other hand, had "inherited a large fortune."[2] From him she enjoyed a considerable, stipulated pin-money, which was quite insufficient, however, for her love-bounties and her gambling debts—the latter being frequently settled by a timely sale of the furniture. Despite his large fortune, "her husband for a time, in order to escape the importunity of her creditors, was compelled to reside within the rules of the King's Bench."[3] Her extravagance was considered only less scandalous than her conduct. The "deed of gift," then, in the story of M—— may perhaps be regarded as no more than a bit of fictional circumstantiality; and though

[2] *D. N. B.,* article "Frances Anne Vane."
[3] *Ibid.*

neither the "ample fortune" nor the "great expectations" of Mackercher's mistress can be said, except by a polite stretch of the imagination, to correspond to the facts of Lady Vane's maiden circumstances—the affairs of her father, Francis Hawes, Esq., being described as "disorganised"[4]—they nevertheless correspond quite well enough to her ladyship's rosy account of them in her Memoirs, and therefore to Smollett's probable belief on the subject. In the Memoirs, her ladyship not only cheerfully refers to herself as "an heiress,"[5] but makes particular mention of "an uncle from whom I had great expectations."[6] M——'s lady looks to "an old aunt"—who dies to the tune of twenty-three thousand. All this is provocative—tantalizing—perhaps no more. But it should at least be noted that although some of these financial details, applied to Lady Vane, seem curiously distorted, the general picture fits her, and it is hard to believe it would also fit another. If Mr. Mackercher succeeded in enslaving *two* such ladies of ample fortune, trust, and doting generosity, he was, as Cæsar expresses it, "doing well." I call attention to the closing sentence of the quotation above, in which may be traced the lineaments of Lady Vane as she wished to appear in her Memoirs, and as she is faithfully represented by Smollett upon her two appearances in the novel proper—first, befriending the poor outcast woman and her two children, and then attempting to befriend Peregrine in prison—each time in the rôle of an Angel of Mercy.

Other minor points which may be mentioned in passing are the lady's initial forwardness, her free compliance, and her appreciation of the deliciousness of a clandestine technique. But the chief reason for identifying this episode with the alleged affair of Mackercher and Lady Vane, retailed by John Taylor, lies in the conclusion of the incident in M——'s story. M—— had gone abroad, liberally supplied with funds by his kind patroness:

> He had, from his first departure, corresponded with his generous though inconstant mistress with a religious exactness and punctuality; nor was she, for some time, less observant of the agreement

[4] *D. N. B.*, article "Frances Anne Vane."
[5] *Peregrine Pickle*, II, 221, 227.
[6] *Ibid.*, II, 221, 227.

they had made. Nevertheless, she, by degrees, became so negligent and cold in her expression, and so slack in her correspondence, that he could not help observing and upbraiding her with such indifference; and her endeavours to palliate it were supported by pretexts so frivolous as to be easily seen through by a lover of very little discernment.

While he tortured himself with conjectures about the cause of this unexpected change, he received such intelligence from England, as, when joined to what he himself had perceived from her manner of writing, left him little or no room to doubt of her fickleness and inconstancy. Nevertheless, as he knew by experience that informations of that kind are not to be entirely relied upon, he resolved to be more certainly apprised: and, for that end, departed immediately for London. . . . On his arrival in England, he learned, with infinite concern, that his intelligence had not been at all exaggerated; and his sorrow was inexpressible, to find a person, endowed with so many noble and amiable qualities, seduced into an indiscretion, that of necessity ruined the whole plan which had been concerted between them for their mutual happiness. She made several attempts, by letters and interviews, to palliate her conduct, and soften him into a reconciliation; but his honour being concerned, he remained deaf to all her entreaties and proposals. Nevertheless, I have often heard him say, that he could not help loving her, and revering the memory of a person to whose generosity and goodness he owed his fortune, and one whose foibles were overwhelmed by a thousand good qualities. He often insisted on making restitution; but far from complying with that proposal, she afterward often endeavoured to lay him under yet greater obligations of the same kind, and importuned him, with the warmest solicitations, to renew their former correspondence, which he as often declined.

(*Peregrine Pickle,* III, 188-190.)

It is impossible not to find in this a striking corroboration of Taylor's gossip. It contains not only "the infidelity of the lady" as the cause of their separation, but also that paradoxical sentimental tenderness toward the betrayed lover which would make her 'anxiously desirous of seeing him when he was near death.' It may be added that the whole issue of the affair is, quite apart from Taylor's testimony, distinctly characteristic of Lady Vane, both in point of infidelity and the subsequent tender regrets and attempts to reclaim a lost lover—witness her twice reclaiming the adored Mr. S——.[7] It should be noted, however,

[7] Mr. S—— = Hon. Sewallis Shirley.

that with Mr. S—— she was successful both times; and though twice renounced by him, ended by casting *him* off! Indeed, in all the affairs of the Memoirs she is the victorious sentimental heroine; and the repeated rebuffs which she apparently sustained from "the melting Scot" may be cited as a sufficient reason for her own complete omission of the incident, and for Smollett's circumspection in treating it.

If I have succeeded in corroborating Taylor's gossip that Mackercher was one of Lady Vane's accepted lovers, then Dr. Noyes's hypothesis is strengthened and the connection which he suggests between Lady Vane and Smollett as Mackercher's old friend is clear. The extent of the acquaintance, however, is not clear. Its inception would naturally date from the period of Mackercher's ascendancy with Lady Vane. The presumption that this ascendancy antedated *Peregrine Pickle* by a good deal is strong: when *Peregrine* appeared, Lady Vane was nearly forty—and Mackercher was reduced to a debtors' prison. It seems as if their paths must have parted some time back, and the inference is supported by whatever biographical force the account in Mr. M——'s story may possess. There he is said to have met the lady "upon his first arrival in England;" and since the *débâcle,* the lady has made repeated efforts "to lay him under yet greater obligations . . . with the warmest solicitations to renew their former correspondence, which he as often declined;" and all this is told as occurring very early in M——'s career—even prior to the Annesley case, first tried in 1743. Since the sequence of events in Mackercher's Memoirs is particularly open to question, nothing definite can be argued from the date; but if we may trust to general inferences, Mackercher's living with Lady Vane must have come at least a number of years before *Peregrine Pickle*—and, of consequence, Smollett's acquaintance with her, too. This means, at the least, that Smollett's acquaintance with Lady Vane was not entered upon or cultivated for the express business of the Memoirs.

Indeed, it is possible that the first literary link between Smollett and Lady Vane was not the *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*. In his Preface to the *Regicide* (1749), Smollett dwells upon the patronage this unfortunate play at one time enjoyed from a lady of the nobility, whose powerful influence with the manager was frustrated only by unforeseen circumstances. In

the Preface, he describes her as "a humane lady of quality." In Melopoyn's veiled account of the same doings, inserted in *Roderick Random* (published the previous year), this patroness is described as "a lady of fashion." Both designations would of course fit Lady Vane—and the former, in a way I have previously suggested, with rather pointed aptness, since "a humane lady of quality" is precisely the version of her own character which Lady Vane set before the world in her Memoirs, and which Smollett dutifully echoed in both her appearances in the novel proper. There is perhaps no single point by which the identification can be clinched; but the following considerations, beyond the descriptive phrases, seem to me to make it distinctly probable: (1) No other likely candidate for the rôle of patroness offers, Lady Vane being the only lady of the nobility with whom Smollett is definitely known to have had any personal acquaintance, let alone dealings. (2) Such a patronage would constitute a significant and plausible step toward the later extraordinary transaction of these Memoirs. (3) The dates involved are highly suggestive. Smollett first publicly praised Mackercher in the *Reproof,*[8] which appeared in January, 1747. As we shall see later, it was at just this time that the "humane lady of quality" took up the author of the *Regicide,* and did her best, till the following fall, to get his tragedy produced. If the synchrony is a coincidence, it is a most curious one. The failure of this last patronage (through no fault of hers) was practically the end of the play's history. In 1749 it was published by subscription—with no list of the subscribers. If my inferences are correct, Lady Vane's name would appear in that list, should it ever, by any chance, come to light.

All this obviously puts a slightly different complexion upon the later transaction regarding the Memoirs, which we need not anticipate here. Confining ourselves to Smollett's earlier relations with Lady Vane, we find some hints in a letter which he wrote to Dr. Moore, dated Chelsea, September 29, 1750:

> I have been favoured with two letters from Mr. Hunter of Burnsyde, the first of which was shown to the Duke of Dorset by Lady Vane, who spoke of the author as a gentleman worthy of the Govern-

[8] Line 122, and note.

ment's clemency and protection, and represented his case and character in such an advantageous light, that the Duke expressed an inclination to befriend him, and advised Lord Vane to speak to his cousin, the Duke of Newcastle, in his behalf. This task his Lordship has undertaken, and there the matter must rest till the King's return.[9]

Smollett had met Hunter of Burnsyde but a few months before in France—a meeting which he was even then chronicling in the pathetic incident of the Scottish exiles in *Peregrine Pickle*. *Peregrine* was shaping rapidly for the press at this time; but Smollett's interest with Lady Vane, as shown in this letter (apart from other considerations), surely oversteps mere literary projectorship. She is benevolently busy in behalf of his exiled countrymen; is actually showing about one of Hunter's letters to Smollett; and has evidently been the means of enlisting the aid of Lord Vane, her husband. She is the humane lady of quality.

The nature of Smollett's footing with her is perhaps further illuminated by Lady Mary's casual reference to him, in the familiar passage about Lady Vane's style in the Memoirs, as "some subaltern admirer of hers."[10]

This oft-quoted phrase of Lady Mary's has never, I believe, been sufficiently considered. Lady Mary was not the most accurate female in the world. Her inability to keep Fielding and her "dear Smollett" straight is well known. In the present instance, she is evidently referring to a bit of mere gossip—she pretends to no personal knowledge. Indeed, in proceeding with the letter to her daughter, she hastens to disclaim even acquaintanceship with Lady Vane, "though she has married two of my cousins." But though the reference is only gossip, and Lady Mary the reporter of it, the accuracy with which her phrase describes the relation, in the novel, of Peregrine to the Lady of Quality is truly striking. Peregrine, though at the outset of their acquaintance smitten by her charms, having heard her story,

plainly perceived, that her ladyship's heart was too delicate to receive such incense, as he, in the capacity of an admirer, could pay . . . he therefore resolved to combat with the impressions he had already

[9] Noyes, *Letters of Smollett* (MS. copy, in Yale Library), 28.
[10] *Letters* (3d ed.), II, 217.

received, and, if possible, cultivate her friendship without soliciting her affection; but before he could fix upon this determination, he desired to know the footing on which he stood in her opinion: and by the intelligence of Crabtree, obtained in the usual manner, understood that her sentiments of him were very favourable, though without the least tincture of love.

(*Peregrine Pickle,* II, 350.)

It is difficult to see how Peregrine's adopted rôle could be more accurately defined than that of a "subaltern admirer."

To this suggestive passage I would add her ladyship's second appearance in the novel, as a scene also possessing some autobiographic coloring. In chapter XCVI, having heard of Peregrine's imprisonment for debt and of his supposed insanity, she visits him in prison, finds him engaged in hack-work as a writer, presses him vainly with offers of assistance in his financial embarrassments, and at the conclusion of the visit receives a poem, written by him in her praise, which he now takes out of a drawer. The compliment of the poem lies in the difficulty which Peregrine professes to experience in maintaining this rôle of mere subaltern admirer. The facts, if facts there be here, are all quite shadowy; yet the general situation is oddly suggestive of Smollett's hack-work, acute financial distress, the relief offered by Lady Vane, and, again, his rôle as subaltern admirer. And calling to mind that startling intuitive truth hazarded by Thackeray—"he did not invent much, as I fancy"[11] —and remembering that the ways of art are devious, I cannot in reading this scene shake off an odd sense of witnessing a kind of biographic phantasmagoria. In particular, there is the point of that poem. The reviewer in the *Royal Magazine, or Quarterly Bee* for January-February-March, 1751, considered it worth quoting, though perhaps more from interest in its subject than its intrinsic value:

> While, with fond rapture and amaze,
> On thy transcendent charms I gaze,
> My cautious soul essays in vain
> Her peace and freedom to maintain;
> Yet let that blooming form divine
> Where grace and harmony combine;
> Those eyes, like genial orbs that move,

[11] *English Humourists* (in *Four Georges*), 313.

Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,
In all their pomp assail my view,
Intent my bosom to subdue,
My breast, by wary maxims steeled,
Not all those charms shall force to yield.

But when, invoked to beauty's aid,
I see the enlightened soul displayed;
That soul so sensibly sedate
Amid the storms of froward fate;
Thy genius active, strong, and clear;
Thy wit sublime, though not severe;
Thy social ardour, void of art,
That glows within thy candid heart;
My spirits, strength, and sense decay;
My resolution dies away;
And, every faculty oppressed,
Almighty love invades my breast!

(*Peregrine Pickle*, III, 150.)

The writer's ability to resist her "transcendent charms" but not her mind must have been a form of incense increasingly acceptable to Lady Vane. It should be observed that there is nothing whatever in these verses to link them up with either Peregrine's or the lady's story, though the latter supposedly occasioned them. Can it be that Smollett himself as subaltern admirer had dashed off in a rash moment, "When, with fond rapture and amaze, On thy transcendent charms I gaze," etc., rounding it off so happily in the last stanza? perhaps shown it to the lady? or perhaps not? in any event, now "opened an escrutoire" to take it out to use in his new novel, with equal tact and thrift? I suspect if the truth were known we should find that few poems appearing in novels were written for their place in the novel; the place is made for the poem—and sometimes (though not here) with a quite deceptive care. It is at least possible that these verses to Lady Vane are an authentic scrap of Smollett's "subaltern admiration."

To return, however, to firmer ground. Did Lady Vane pay Smollett in the matter of the Memoirs? Moore, who must have known the facts, is silent on the whole affair. Anderson, the earliest biographer, in his life of Smollett (1796) speaks of the "*Memoirs of Lady Vane* . . . for inserting which Smollett

received a very handsome reward." This seems to be derived almost word for word from the obituary notice of Lady Vane in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1788, which says, regarding the Memoirs: "Dr. Smollett received a very handsome reward for inserting them."[12] These statements are at least sufficient evidence of common gossip on the subject—a tradition which has been accepted by all later editors and critics, though with occasional faint hesitancy. I do not believe there is room for even faint hesitancy. Smollett's being her "admirer" would only make her ladyship the more ready to help him with her husband's money; and, if I am correct, this was not the first time she had helped him, financially and otherwise. Smollett was in dire financial straits at this time. His letters are full of pleas for assistance, and from people upon whom he had no claim; and whatever the ethics of the present transaction (though I cannot regard them as quite so shabby as many have), Smollett has never been thought above them. But what appears to me to be really conclusive on the point, is Smollett's complete silence, and, in a lesser degree, Moore's. It is inconceivable that the rumor was not spread in the first excitement over the book and its Memoirs, and it is equally inconceivable that, had it been unfounded, Smollett should not have indignantly denied it, when airing his other grievances in the preface to the second edition seven years later.

If Smollett was paid, what was the nature of his service? This brings us to the thorny question of the authorship of the Memoirs.

Authorship of the Memoirs.

I SHALL begin by listing the various theories as to authorship, citing in each case the earliest available testimony, also indicating in each case what later criticism, if any, has favored the given hypothesis.

(1) *Lady Vane wrote them.*

Lady Vane died March 31, 1788. The obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* includes the following:

[12] Smeaton in his *Life of Smollett* (p. 73) mentions the sums of £150 and £300, but does not give his authority.

Her Ladyship actually wrote, and superintended the press while they were printing, those anecdotes respecting herself, which are introduced into the celebrated novel of "Peregrine Pickle;" and which, in beauty of composition, are so superior to the rest of that work. Dr. Smollett . . . had no share whatever in preparing them for the public eye.[13]

J. H. Isaacs, in a bibliographical note to the Bohn edition of *Peregrine Pickle,* says:

The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality were certainly not written by Smollett himself. Lady Vane, whose Memoirs they are, in all probability wrote them herself, and gave them to Smollett for insertion in his novel.[14]

(2) *Dr. Shebbeare wrote them.*

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1788, acknowledges several mistakes in its obituary notice of Lady Vane, including the wrong application of Dr. Johnson's couplet[15] to her, and then goes on to correct the matter we are considering as follows:

Her Memoirs in "Peregrine Pickle" were given to Dr. Smollett from her own pen; but they were written by *another celebrated doctor.*[16]

The latter can be only Dr. Shebbeare, whose connection with the Memoirs was widely credited. After making the above positive affirmation, the writer goes on to recount an anecdote about Lady Vane, as told him by herself, which, though substantially vouched for by another, is demonstrably confused and inaccurate in details.

"A.L.," writing in *Notes and Queries,* asks sarcastically:

On what authority is it affirmed that Dr. Shebbeare was the writer of the Memoir of "Lady Vane"?[17]

The closing item in the bibliography of Shebbeare's works in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is this:

'The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality' . . . has also been erroneously assigned to him.

[13] *Gentleman's Magazine,* vol. 58, Part I, 368.
[14] *Peregrine Pickle* (Bohn ed.), xi.
[15] *Vanity of Human Wishes,* lines 321-322.
[16] *Gentleman's Magazine,* vol. 58, Part I, 461.
[17] *Notes and Queries,* 3d Series, I, 232.

This denial of Shebbeare's authorship, like the preceding sarcasm upon it, implies, nevertheless, some prevalence of belief in the hypothesis, even while tending to invalidate it.

Shebbeare's authorship of the Memoirs has never been accepted.

(3) *Dr. Shebbeare revised them.*

A correspondent, writing to Mr. Urban in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1789, offers the following testimony:

> Mr. Urban,
> A long and intimate acquaintance with Lord and Lady Vane enables me to contradict some parts of the account you have given of those two eccentric individuals. Though Dr. Smollett was as willing as he was able to embellish his works with *stories marvellous* &c. yet he *did not* dress up Lady Vane's story of her Lord. She wrote it as well as she could herself, and Dr. Shebbeare put it in its present form at her Ladyship's request.[18]

This account is followed in the article on Lady Vane in the *Dictionary of National Biography,* repeating it as tradition, however:

> The work was compiled by Lady Vane . . . with the aid, it is said, of Dr. John Shebbeare.

Shebbeare's connection with the Memoirs in any capacity has never received consideration from Smollett's biographers or critics.

(4) *Mackercher wrote them.*

The case for Mackercher rests solely upon John Taylor's statement, already quoted in full, the prime assertion reading:

> Dennis M'Kercher, Esq. . . . who lived with Lady Vane was said to have written her memoirs.

An editorial answer to "A.L.'s" questioning of Shebbeare's authorship, after discounting Shebbeare's claims, goes on to say:

> Mr. John Taylor . . . attributes this curious account of Lady Vane, with some probability, to Daniel Mackercher, Esq.[19]

Taylor's statement is then quoted in full. Dr. Noyes also shows

[18] *Gentleman's Magazine,* vol. 59, Part I, 403.
[19] *Notes and Queries,* 3d Series, I, 232.

some disposition to consider Mackercher's authorship of the Memoirs.[20]

(5) *Smollett wrote them.*

Lady Mary's well-known dictum regarding the style of the Memoirs may be taken to support this view:

> Her style is clear and concise, with some strokes of humour, which appear to me so much above her, I can't help being of opinion the whole has been modelled by the author of the book in which it is inserted.[21]

Anderson speaks of

> The *Memoirs of Lady Vane,* the materials of which she herself furnished, and for inserting which Smollett received a very handsome reward.[22]

Anderson was very closely followed by Scott:

> The Lady not only furnished Smollett with the materials for recording her own infamy, but it is said, rewarded him handsomely for the insertion of her story.[23]

Henley, though sufficiently scathing about the whole transaction (as about almost everything else in connection with the author whose works he undertook to introduce), is not very explicit, but seems to imply Smollett's complete responsibility:

> It was "good copy." . . . The lady most concerned in it paid him handsomely for its production.[24]

(6) *Smollett revised them.*

Lady Mary's opinion may perhaps be construed to mean no more than this.

The statement already quoted in Lady Vane's obituary that "Dr. Smollett . . . had no share whatever in preparing them for the public eye," and the very emphatic statement of Mr. Urban's correspondent that "he *did not* dress up Lady Vane's story," testify strongly to *rumors* that he *had.*

[20] Noyes, *Letters of Smollett* (MS. copy, in Yale Library), 39.
[21] *Letters* (3d ed.), II, 217.
[22] Anderson (2d ed.), xxxiv.
[23] Scott, *Memoir of Smollett* (Miscellaneous Prose Works, Edinburgh, 1827), III, 148-149.
[24] Henley, xxii.

Hannay, while regarding the Memoirs as essentially Lady Vane's, estimates Smollett's share as follows:

> It is for the rest probable enough that when Smollett undertook to bring out her memoirs, he also engaged to render them those services which Thackeray's Mr. Fitz-Boodle expected from one of Fraser's young men.[25]

Several things are noticeable about the testimony of this most widely waged of Smollett controversies. In the first place, there are two noticeable hiatuses in the evidence: Moore, who must have known the facts, and Seccombe, the best-informed of Smollett scholars, are both silent. In view of popular interest in the question, it cannot be doubted that the silence is in each case deliberate. Whether or not Moore was constrained by some motive of significant expediency, Seccombe pretty certainly was constrained by the mere limitations of space in his article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (remarkable for its condensation) from opening up what is necessarily so expansive a controversy. The same prudential tendency to fight shy of the argument is discovered by other critics, who not only never commit themselves with the forthright partisanship of their journalistic forebears, but are frequently so temperate in their judgment as to lead one to suspect that they have none. If this indicates a natural lapse of interest in the problem, it is not because the problem has been solved; nor can it be because the problem has really lessened in importance. Hannay alone fronts the difficulty squarely in two judicious pages; but neither there nor elsewhere is there any attempt to array the evidence and to bring in a verdict.

In attempting a solution myself, I wish to simplify matters at the outset by eliminating Mackercher. This is justified on the following grounds: The claim for his authorship rests solely upon John Taylor's gossip, which is palpably untrustworthy. The most probable part of it, and the only part for which there is any corroboration, is the account of Mackercher's liaison with Lady Vane. On this obviously depends Mackercher's whole connection with Lady Vane anyway; yet if we accept this, we rule out his authorship of the Memoirs, since at the time of their publication Lady Vane was once more

[25] Hannay, 87.

living with her husband; the liaison therefore must have been a thing of the past; and since their living together had been terminated by Lady Vane's infidelity, resulting in a quarrel not healed even on Mackercher's deathbed, Lady Vane could hardly have employed Mackercher to write or correct her Memoirs at that time; nor could he have done so previously, since they bring the lady's experiences strictly up to date and leave her once more living with her husband "to avoid a greater inconvenience."

Setting Mackercher aside, three claimants remain for the honors of authorship: Lady Vane herself, Dr. Shebbeare, and Smollett. The key to the triangle lies in a hitherto unrecognized factor in the situation—namely, the divergence between the Memoirs as they appeared in the first edition and the Memoirs as they appeared in the second edition seven years later. A glance back at the Collation will show that, except for omissions, of which there are none, the Memoirs were more radically revised than any other part of the book. It is not simply that there are the usual verbal alterations—there are also considerable amplifications, even transpositions—types of changes found nowhere else in the revision. All of which suggests much; amongst other things, that there are really *two* problems of authorship.

I shall begin with the first version, and assert at once (what is indeed implied by the treatment they received in the revision) that they are not of a piece with the novel. This differentiation may be supported both by internal evidence and external testimony. Over against Lady Mary's guess that the whole was modelled by Smollett (which I shall treat in more detail presently) may be set the variety of contrary views contained in the preceding testimony; to which we may add another bit of contemporary evidence from the *Royal Magazine, or Quarterly Bee* for January-February-March, 1751. There the novel is thus curiously advertised:

> The adventures of Peregrine Pickle. In which are included memoirs of a Lady of Quality, (supposed to be Lady Vane) which are most elegantly wrote, and greatly outshine the rest of the work, 4 vol. 12 mo. 12 s. *Wilson.*[26]

[26] *Royal Magazine, or Quarterly Bee,* II, 466.

The advertisement must have been inserted by the proprietor of the book, whose name as publisher appears at the end. Without involving ourselves in questions of business motives or ethics, we may barely observe that Wilson in all probability knew the nature of the transaction with Lady Vane and was not attempting to distinguish where there was no distinction. But whatever weight may or may not be attached to this bit of external evidence, the characterization in the advertisement of the style of the Memoirs is, I believe, felicitously correct. They are just that—"most elegantly wrote." The sentences are well-rounded, smooth-flowing—and colorless. They are totally lacking in the peculiar "bite" of Smollett's language. Smollett's sentences, though sometimes longer and usually more complex than those of the Memoirs, can scarcely be described as "well-rounded" and much less "smooth-flowing:" they are long with a kind of sinewy toughness. Moreover, considering the subject-matter of the Memoirs, the reticence of the language is truly surprising. Hannay, while believing that the Memoirs are essentially Lady Vane's, though Smollett had a hand in them, remarks pertinently that "her ladyship is amusing as much for what she does not say as for what she actually tells; but her narrative is marked by a reticence of language which might have been judiciously imitated by Smollett himself." In spite of the nature of the story, not a single expurgation or "softening" was necessary in the revision. From every point of view, they were "most elegantly wrote."

For novels of the eighteenth century, Smollett's are acceptably free from moralizing. Such a distinction is not shared by the Memoirs. In desperate crises, the heroine invariably pauses to applaud her own behavior. She is fond of "reflection" at any time, and is apt to offer a happy observation of this sort: "I think people cannot be too shy and scrupulous in receiving favours; but once they are conferred, they should never forget the obligation." Is this "reflection," not to mention the slipshod use of the relative pronouns, Smollett's? The method of narration is diffuse and often repetitious. The episodes of her story, once the talk of town, are now wearisome reading, in spite of their flights, pursuits, "sieges," hold-ups, and disguises. Similarly, though the lady does her best to characterize her various

lovers and friends, not one of them lives or can be visualized. The feebleness of the narrative and the colorlessness of the individuals, considering the opportunities offered, are distinctly against Smollett's authorship.

But if all this is too general, let us be at once particular. A single brief word-test may be noted in passing: The highly idiomatic expression "keep measures with the world" occurs three times in the Memoirs (II, 258, 293, 346). It appears nowhere else in *Peregrine Pickle,* and I am not aware that Smollett ever used the idiom.

Without pursuing such tests further, I pass at once to the revision. To begin with, we may immediately assure ourselves that Smollett had a hand in revising the Memoirs for the second edition. For one thing, the commonest change in the revision of the rest of the novel is also the commonest change in the revision of the Memoirs—namely, the breaking up of long sentences. This in itself is enough to show Smollett's hand. To be sure, it proves no more. In itself, it throws no light whatever upon the original authorship of the Memoirs. But granting Smollett's hand in the revision, other changes are of an extent, and others of a kind, to indicate not only that Smollett could not have written the Memoirs originally but that in all probability he had never before revised them.

For full illustrations, the reader will consult the Collation. Three examples must suffice here:

(1) 1st ed. I had ever inlisted in his majesty's service (III, 165.16.)
2d ed. I had ever listed in his majesty's service (II, 292.2.)

(2) 1st ed. went to bed by myself, with as much pleasure as a man could do in going to bed to his mistress (III, 191.31.)
2d ed. went to bed by myself, with as much pleasure as a man would feel in going to bed to his mistress (II, 313.33-35.)

(3) 1st ed. And I should never have done it, had I thought he would have suffered; but I protest I believed him when he said otherwise so much, that it was the occasion of my giving him up. (III, 192.26-30.)
2d ed. Indeed, I should never have acted the part, had I foreseen what he would have suffered; but I protest I believed him, when he said otherwise, so much that his declaration on that subject was the occasion of my giving him up. (II, 314.20-25.)

In the first example we have a cant military expression substituted for the more correct term. In the others we find awkwardness and obscurity corrected. In the last example we have not only the clearer expression of her victim's future suffering, but proper specifications in place of the two vague relatives. Loose usage of relative pronouns is common in the Memoirs, sometimes occasioning serious ambiguity, as in the following passage of the first edition:

> I danced with the master of the ball, who employed all the artillery of his eloquence in making love to me; . . . but he was utterly ignorant of that gentle prevailing art which I afterwards experienced in Mr. S——, and which was the only method he could have successfully practised, in seducing a young woman like me, born with sentiments of honour, and trained up in the paths of religion and virtue. He was . . .
>
> (*Peregrine Pickle,* 1st ed., III, 97.30-98.6.)

One is surprised to learn, probably upon re-reading the passage, that the last "he" refers not to the master of the ball, but to Mr. S——; and one's surprise increases, upon proceeding, to discover that we are permanently embarked upon the affair of Mr. S—— and never get back to the ball at all. But though the very imperfect transition remains, all real difficulty is removed when, in place of the ambiguous "he," which I do not believe Smollett would ever have written, we read in the revision the arresting phrase, "This young gentleman" . . . Perry! Roderick! Fathom! Your Master's Voice! In spite of the files of ardent young men in the story, this is the only instance of the phrase in the Memoirs; originally they were utterly destitute of "young gentlemen." In the revision, a new designation for one of them is needed: the inevitable appellation appears.

I have as yet said nothing about the more radical changes in the revision of the Memoirs: the amplifications and transposition of passages. But since these features are even more pertinent to a different problem, discussion of them must be deferred—though they obviously offer one of the strongest arguments for my position, that Smollett had no hand whatever in the Memoirs previous to his revision of them for the second edition. But if doubt on this point still lingers, judgment may perhaps be suspended till further corroborative evidence is heard in other connections.

Passing at once to a different matter, we may ask, If Smollett had no hand in the first version, who did? One approach to the whole question of "Who wrote the Memoirs?" is through their femininity. This is the road Hannay took, with excellent though incomplete results:

> Whatever work he [Smollett] may have rendered them as editor, the memoirs are distinctly Lady Vane's. Hardly any man could have written them, and assuredly Smollett could not.[27]

Demonstration is naturally very difficult; still, certain passages may be pointed out as especially feminine—such as the earnest italics toward the end of the Memoirs:

> *Love made up all deficiencies to me, who think nothing else worth the living for!—Had I been blessed with a partner for life, who could have loved sincerely, and inspired me with a mutual flame, I would have asked no more of fate. Interest and ambition have no share in my composition; love which is pleasure, or pleasure which is love, makes up the whole. A heart so disposed cannot be devoid of other good qualities; it must be subject to the impressions of humanity and benevolence, and enemy to nothing but itself.* This you will give me leave to affirm, in justice to myself, as I have freely owned my failings and misconduct. (*Peregrine Pickle,* 1st ed., III, 225-226.)

Though we may not be able to accept these sentiments, coming from Lady Vane, as so truly and utterly feminine as they seem, yet I believe the italics themselves, even coming from Lady Vane, must still appear genuinely, even pathetically, feminine. They have long since been dispensed with in printing the passage, though they survived the revision. But the real, though highly individualized, femininity of the Memoirs is less apparent in particular passages than in the persistent but unconscious display of vanity, and in a knowledge of the symptoms of infatuation, jealousy, and satiety not only utterly beyond the ken of Narcissa's creator (and indeed most men) but of most women, too, who do not happen to be "Lady Vanes." For all their stylistic colorlessness, the Memoirs remain a sadly authentic document. It does not seem to have been noticed that Smollett, before the appearance of the novel, was obliged to advertise repeatedly the "genuineness" (whatever that may

[27] Hannay, 87.

mean) of the Memoirs to be included. I shall consider this later.[28]

The objection to crediting Lady Vane with the composition of the Memoirs seems to be a rather widespread feeling that she did not possess the requisite literary skill. This objection has already been partly met if the stylistic inferiority of the Memoirs to the rest of the novel is granted; and it is further weakened by sifting the evidence upon which her alleged incapacity is based. The aspersion of Lady Vane's ability always advanced is Lady Mary's well-known opinion, which I quote once more:

> Her style is clear and concise, with some strokes of humour which appear to me so much above her, I can't help being of opinion the whole has been modelled by the author of the book in which it appears.

The "strokes of humour" are unquestionably her ladyship's sallies at the expense of her poor husband. For example, on one occasion when her Lord had invested her apartments, she locked him in, whereupon he

> started up in the utmost terror and consternation, kicked the door with his heel, and screamed aloud as if he had been in the hands of an assassin. My father . . . hearing these outcries, ran upstairs again, and coming through my bedchamber . . . found me almost suffocated with laughter. . . . I explained the whole mystery . . . and could not imagine the cause of his panic, unless he thought I designed to ravish him; an insult, than which nothing was farther from my intention.
>
> (*Peregrine Pickle,* II, 294.)

She calls him "monkey" and in general renders him a ridiculous caricature. On another occasion, she relates that

> he was plied with so many bumpers to my health that he became intoxicated, and extremely obstreperous . . . and quarrelled with Lord D——, who being a tall, large, rawboned Scotchman, could have swallowed him at one mouthful.
>
> (*Peregrine Pickle,* II, 299.)

This is all truly ludicrous, and in a way which might easily pass as Smollett's—in fact, obviously has so passed, with Lady Mary and many others. But it should be observed that the

[28] See pp. 48-49.

Memoirs as a whole are scarcely conspicuous for their humor; further, that the occasional "strokes" are invariably at the expense of Lord Vane, who, as a ridiculous caricature, is the only distinguishable individual in the story; and finally, that ridicule of Lord Vane was not only Lady Vane's regular pastime but apparently her forte in conversation. For him she always expressed, upon principle, "an exaggerated abhorrence."[29] She ridiculed him even to their guests. Mr. Urban's correspondent writes:

> When I spent a summer with them at Sunbury, the instant he left the table, either at or after dinner, she was the first to speak of him with contempt, and wished the whole table to join with her, as sometimes they did.[30]

Thus the occasional "strokes of humour" appear to bear the stamp not so much of Smollett's retouching as of her ladyship's happier genius.

Lady Mary's remarks, of course, apply to the first edition—she was writing in February, 1751, the very month of publication. Her judgment that Smollett had really "modelled" the whole is one that has always carried weight. Yet, as I have shown, the occasional "strokes of humour" from which she argues do not necessarily point to Smollett at all; while her conclusion is contrary to everything that has been advanced for Smollett's later and only revision of the Memoirs. Lady Mary's prompt attribution of *Roderick Random* to Fielding hardly inspires confidence in her pronouncement upon their "clear and concise" style as Smollett's. Yet Hannay observes:

> Lady Mary was a judge of men, and women, and books. She knew Lady Vane, and would be able to guess pretty accurately what she could and could not have written.[31]

But she did *not* know Lady Vane. The very next sentence of her letter reads, "I may judge wrong, she being no acquaintance of mine, though she has married two of my cousins." Her subsequent remarks, though not exactly ill-natured, are distinctly righteous. Under these circumstances, the value of her testimony (of which so much has been made) is almost nullified.

[29] *D. N. B.*, article "Frances Anne Vane."
[30] *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 59, Part I, 403.
[31] Hannay, 87.

Let us turn to the other side. Mr. Urban's correspondent paints an unfriendly but interesting picture of the sad, bedridden years:

> She had extracted all the fulsome flattering expressions she could pick out of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, to make use of in her own conversation and letters, and very often looked into her memorandum book to make use of them.

This is first-hand testimony. The picture is an arresting one.

But before Lady Vane's responsibility for the Memoirs as they first appeared can be fixed, another factor must be considered—namely, Dr. Shebbeare. That his name was widely linked with the Memoirs we have already seen. Though no account of Shebbeare or of Lady Vane that I have been able to examine connects the two in any other way than this of the alleged collaboration, the Memoirs themselves make it almost certain that Dr. Shebbeare was in fact Lady Vane's physician. It will be remembered that her "dear Dr. S——" figures rather extensively in the Memoirs. While living with Lord B——,[32] she was "seized with a violent fit of illness," in which she was "attended by two physicians," one of whom gave her over for lost; "but Dr. S—— who was the other, persisted in his attendance, and in all human appearance saved my life; a circumstance by which he acquired a great share of reputation."[33] Dr. S—— always showed a sympathetic understanding of her illnesses—all brought on, of course, by Lord Vane's persecution—but steadily advised a reconciliation. He therefore, with his wife, enjoyed the esteem and confidence of Lord Vane as well, who "had haunted and importuned them incessantly"[34] to intercede for him; and when the intercession was on one occasion temporarily successful, the doctor and his lady accompanied the Vanes to their country seat.[35] Later (passing over some incidents), Lord Vane cautiously excluded everyone from seeing his wife, except the "old male friend . . . the doctor and his lady."[36] One would give much to reap the biographical harvest of identifying Smollett himself with this Dr.

[32] Lord Berkley.
[33] *Peregrine Pickle,* II, 271.
[34] *Ibid.,* II, 310.
[35] *Ibid.,* II, 309.
[36] *Ibid.,* II, 312.

S——; but such an identification is impossible. Smollett is never known to have been intimate with any of the nobility. Had he and his wife enjoyed the footing of Dr. S—— and his lady not only with Lady Vane but with Viscount Vane as well —stayed with them at their country seat—it is difficult to believe (despite our ignorance of other chapters in Smollett's life) that we should not have heard of this one. The open circumstantiality of this connection; the presence of the doctor's lady; Lord Vane's conspicuous trust, do not harmonize, for one thing, with Smollett's rôle as "subaltern admirer." Furthermore, whatever Smollett's faults, no one can believe him capable of repaying Lord Vane for the confidence, friendship, and hospitality accorded to Dr. S—— and his wife with the publication of these Memoirs. On the other hand, it is perfectly easy to believe just that of Dr. Shebbeare (supposing him to have had a hand in the Memoirs)—a scurrilous and unprincipled hack-writer, who was pilloried six years later. There is also inherent probability in Shebbeare's having enjoyed Lord Vane's friendship, however unwarrantably, for Lord Vane's passion, as his wife complains, was talking politics and the public weal. Shebbeare is chiefly remembered for his political pamphleteering—his "Letters to the English People" winning him first the pillory and then (with Johnson) a pension. His identification with "Dr. S——" seems safe.

Such an intimacy lends some support to the theory of his having helped Lady Vane with the Memoirs. We have seen that this was widely believed. In particular, the best external testimony we have is explicit on the point. Mr. Urban's correspondent says:

> She wrote it as well as she could herself, and Dr. Shebbeare put it in its present form at her Ladyship's request.

According to his own statement, this writer had known Lord and Lady Vane long and intimately, had spent a summer with them at their country seat, had heard from Lady Vane's own lips the amazing story of her handing Lord Vane the Memoirs on their publication![37] The chances of his being merely mis-

[37] "She told me, that when she returned to his house *after* Smollett's publication, she gave him those memoirs to read! They were alone; and when he had read them, he shut the book but said not a word, till she asked him what he

taken as to Shebbeare's connection with the Memoirs are therefore at a minimum, though he might easily be mistaken about the exact nature of the services rendered. What cannot be said of any other bit of testimony can be said of this: humanly speaking, either Shebbeare had a hand in the Memoirs, or the witness is a liar. Since there is nothing whatever to impugn his testimony, and much to support it, I am disposed to accept as fact Shebbeare's connection with the original version of the Memoirs, even though I can find no internal evidence of it. Shebbeare's own style is marked by two sharp peculiarities: excessive scurrility and (in his fiction) a quite extravagant grandiloquence. Neither of these characteristics is traceable in the Memoirs. I do not believe that anyone acquainted with the love scenes in *Lydia* could think that Shebbeare had formed the language of the Memoirs. For these reasons, while accepting as fact Shebbeare's part in the Memoirs, I am nevertheless inclined to minimize it very greatly; to suspect that he took no real liberties with her ladyship's manuscript; that she gave it to him to look over and correct, much as anyone may hand a manuscript to a friend—though in her case perhaps with a special view to using his name as a kind of approval-stamp. At all events, the divergence between Smollett's "hands-off" policy with the first version and his considerable revision of the second, is best explained through Shebbeare's priority of revision. When Smollett received the Memoirs from Lady Vane, they were virtually marked "corrected," a hint which he took. But a year before his revision of the whole novel in 1758 (the year, by the by, of Shebbeare's pillory) his bitter quarrel with Shebbeare over the *Critical Review,* later resulting in the "Ferret" of *Launcelot Greaves,* had broken out; so that Smollett, if not Lady Vane, must have felt relieved of any undue veneration for Shebbeare's previous assistance.

We may now leave the authorship of the first version by asserting (1) Lady Vane's essential responsibility and (2) Shebbeare's revision—undetermined, but probably very slight.

Though Smollett's corrections in the second edition have been partially discussed for the light they throw upon the original authorship, full responsibility for the second version

thought of it? He replied, 'I hope they will create no misunderstanding between me and your Ladyship.' "—*Gentleman's Magazine,* vol. 59, Part I, 403.

has not yet been awarded. The more radical changes in the revision—the amplifications and transpositions—suggest a new aspect. I quote two examples of amplification:

(1) 1st ed. I ran upstairs, in a state of trepidation, to my faithful lover, who called an hackney-coach, in which we went to church and were married. (III, 77.)

2d ed. I ran upstairs, in a state of trepidation to my faithful lover, who waited for me with the most impatient and fearful suspence. At sight of me his eyes lightened with transport; he caught me in his arms as the richest present heaven could bestow; gave me to understand that my father had already sent to his lodgings in quest of me; then, applauding my love and resolution in the most rapturous terms, he ordered a hackney-coach to be called; and, that we might run no risque of separation, attended me to church, where we were lawfully joined in the sight of heaven. (II, 218-219.)

(2) 1st ed. I had not been full two days in this place, when I was blessed with the sight of my lover; and having concerted measures for proceeding to England, I hired a tall, fine Liegoise for a maid. (III, 112-113.)

2d ed. I had not been full two days in the place, when I was blessed with the sight of my lover, who followed me on the wings of love, in pursuance of the plan we had projected before my departure from Paris. I hired a tall, fine Liegeoise for a maid. (II, 248.)

No amplification approaching these in extent can be found in the revision of the novel proper. It is difficult to believe that Smollett was lured from the straight and narrow by these flowers of rhetoric. It appears to me that these amplifications, with some others, are unquestionably Lady Vane's own revisions, for they both contain, besides the sentimental overflow, fresh information and detail—her father's visit, the risk of separation, the plan previously concerted at Paris—which could scarcely come from anyone but herself.

I believe that she is similarly responsible for the transpositions—likewise unique features of the revision. Both the passages transposed are taken from the conversation immediately following the Memoirs, and inserted at different points in the Memoirs themselves. In the original version both passages were delicate compliments to her ladyship's modesty—Pere-

grine taxing her with having omitted several matters very much to her credit: (1) her having paid her first husband's debts out of her privy purse, and (2) her reasons for leaving Mr. S——. In the revision, these compliments are sacrificed, and the material is in each case transferred to its logical place in the narrative—the second passage, with characteristic amplification. No likely motive can be imputed to Smollett for the transposition, but it is easy to see how Lady Vane might sacrifice a fictional compliment for the more solid vanity of authorship. She would not be in the least interested in the interweaving of the Memoirs with the novel, but absorbingly interested in them as an independent document. Can it be doubted that she possessed a copy of them bound separately in full morocco? In such a case, modest omissions would be worse than wasted.

Smollett's letter to his publisher about the revision of *Peregrine Pickle* throws some possible light on this question:

> Dear Sir
>
> I have sent two copies of P.P. vol 3.—Lady V——e's story you may compose from that which is incompleat in the other Parts. . . . the remaining part of the 3rd volume you will find corrected in the other copy.[38]

This letter, which I have been able to see through the kindness of Mr. Harold Murdock of Cambridge, is sufficiently cryptic; and I cannot, after long puzzling, pretend to interpret it exactly. But the very obscurity in the directions for setting up Lady Vane's story is probably due, in some way, to the complicated dual revision I have indicated. One thing appears likely from the directions—namely, that the Memoirs were corrected (partially or entirely) in a separate copy of the third volume. This would presumably be to accommodate the dual revision, and especially Lady Vane's share in it. Regarding the latter, one may finally observe that it furnishes further grounds for crediting the original composition of the Memoirs to Lady Vane with few or no reservations.

We may now sum up our conclusions. The Memoirs were and remain essentially of Lady Vane's composition. As they appear in the first edition, they had probably been looked over and "corrected" by Dr. Shebbeare. As they appear in their final

[38] Noyes, *Letters of Smollett* (MS. copy, in Yale Library), 36.

form, that first version was revised by Smollett along with the rest of the novel, but was also retouched by Lady Vane herself. Of the various contributions involved, that of Shebbeare is the most doubtful.

So composite an authorship has naturally bred confused comment and speculation; but in the light of our examination, and especially the distinction between the two versions, the list of conflicting opinions with which our discussion began resolves itself into something like order, as one recalls how the later criticism, judicially considering the finished product, strongly favored Smollett's connection with the Memoirs, while the more contemporaneous, partisan, and circumstantial testimony, obviously reflecting the original controversy roused by their first appearance, strongly favored Shebbeare's implication. Such a conflict no longer appears as mere confusion.

Effect on the Fortunes of the Novel.

BEFORE quitting the Memoirs it is necessary to consider their extraordinary influence on the novel. I have already had occasion in dealing with the composition and reception of the book to refer briefly to the furor created by them. So completely did they eclipse every other interest in the novel on its appearance that a review of the phenomenon is required.

The first rumblings of the storm can be heard even before the publication of the book. I quote, nearly in its entirety, a notice in the Catalogue of Books of the *Monthly Review* for February, 1751:

> The history of a lady of quality, or the Adventures of Lady *Frail*.
>
> Whether these memoirs have *any* foundation in fact, we know not; nor who is the person designed to be understood under the name of Lady *Frail*. The public, ever ready to be caught by such baits, have on this occasion, agreed to mention the name of a lady, who is credibly reported to have given real memoirs of herself, to the author of a famous novel, entitled the *adventures* of *Roderick Random*, to be inserted and made public in a new work of* his. Accordingly, this author has signified by repeated advertisements, "That no memoirs of that lady that may be obtruded upon the public, under any disguise whatever, are genuine (*but an imposition*, &c.) except what are

* Which is now published, in four pocket volumes, and of which an account will be given in our next.

comprised in *his* work." And we are inclined to believe him, not only from the regard due his public declaration, but from our own persuasion, on a perusal of this history: in which there are many things too monstrous to be believed, especially on the credit of a nameless writer, whose chief design was, apparently, to make his advantage of the impatience of the public; and whose hasty crude performance seems, in every page, to put the reader in mind of the great hurry its author was in, *to come out first*. . . . He has introduced no Abraham Adams, no Parson Trullibers, no *Thwackums, Westerns,* or *Straps;* so that the reader who takes up this book with any expectation of finding in it that fund of laughter and merry entertainment, that the works of *Fielding,* and the author of *Roderick Random,* afford, will find himself utterly disappointed.

Apart from its general literary interest, this notice is of value as showing the exceptional eagerness with which the Memoirs were awaited. It also offers further corroboration of our conclusions in the problem of authorship. I have as yet been unable to find any of Smollett's "repeated advertisements" warning the public against spurious Memoirs, though I have found similar warnings. Happily, however, the present notice quotes or paraphrases what is evidently the gist of Smollett's advertisements. It appears that in the race "to come out first" Dr. John Hill with his *Lady Frail* did succeed in beating out *Peregrine Pickle* by a hair. Thus one performance which is plainly a product of the Memoirs actually preceded their publication.

Other productions and comments were called forth in rapid succession. By the sixteenth of the month Lady Mary had already received and read the novel and was exchanging views on it with her daughter, who had sent it. But though always partial to her "dear Smollett," and though this is the longest of her comments on any of his books, she finds not a word to say of anything but the Memoirs.

On March 3 Gray wrote to Horace Walpole in the manner we have already noticed, referring to Lady Vane as "that miracle of *tenderness and sensibility* (as she calls it)," and to *Peregrine* as her "vehicle."

On March 13 Horace Walpole wrote to Sir Horace Mann: "My Lady Vane has literally published the memoirs of her own life."[39]

[39] Walpole's *Letters,* Toynbee, III, 37.

In March was published:

A parallel between the characters of lady *Frail* and the lady of quality in *Peregrine Pickle*. In which the facts alledged in both are stated and compared, the character of the heroine set in a true light; the several other characters examined, etc.[40]

In March was also published:

A letter to lady V——, occasioned by the publication of her memoirs, in the adventures of *Peregrine Pickle*. 8vo. 1 s. *Owen*. A severe invective against her ladyship for having, as the author asserts, partially omitted to mention the worst parts of her conduct in her supposed history.[41]

In June the following poem appeared in the *Ladies' Magazine,* and was widely copied in the newspapers:

To Lady V——e

(Handed to her on her Leaving Bath)

As in your person without Fault,
So should your Conduct be;
For what avails a beauteous Form,
When stampt with Infamy.
If you'd not give up worldly Ease
For Titles, Wealth, and Fame;
Nor forfeit every Hope of Heav'n,
To gain Contempt of Shame.
Hate Vice; let Virtue be your Guide,
For all her Paths are Peace;
And nobly toil to make your Mind
As beauteous as your Face.

In July was published:

An Apology for the conduct of a lady of quality lately traduc'd under the name of *Lady Frail;* wherein her case is fairly stated. In a letter from a person of honour.[42]

In December, Fielding's *Amelia* was published. In the opening of Book IV, the governor of the prison locks up Miss Williams and Booth together—whereupon Fielding likewise locks up the scene, declining to describe in full Miss Matthews's seduction of the captain. He then observes:

[40] *Monthly Review,* IV, 376.
[41] *Ibid.*
[42] *Ibid.,* V, 157.

If any over-curious readers should be disappointed on this occasion, we will recommend such readers to the apologies with which certain gay ladies have lately been pleased to oblige the world, where they will probably find everything recorded, that passed at this interval.

Amelia was begun in January, the month previous to the appearance of *Peregrine*. The above glance at Lady Vane in Chapter I of Book IV (there are twelve books in *Amelia*) was therefore pretty certainly penned during the first excitement over her Memoirs.

In January of the new year Fielding refers again to the matter. The second number of the *Covent Garden Journal,* dated "January 6" [1752], opens his "Journal of the War" with a glance at *Peregrine Pickle* as follows:

A small body, indeed, under the command of one Peeragrin Puckle, made a slight Show of Resistance; but his Hopes were soon found to be in *Vain*.[43]

These are but the more direct effects of the Memoirs. Their wider influence can unquestionably be traced in the flood of similar adventures which now poured from the press. *The Memoirs of a Man of Pleasure* (February, 1751); the life of Mrs. Teresa Constantia Philips (date and title uncertain—Lady Mary read it at same time with *Peregrine* and compared her to Lady Vane); *The Adventures of George Edwards, a Creole* (July, 1751); *The Adventures of a Coxcomb* (August, 1751); *Memoirs of Miss M—— P——, a celebrated English toast* (February, 1752); *The Adventures of a Valet* (February, 1752), are all of the stamp struck by Lady Vane.

The influence of this extraordinary furor upon the novel was for a time paramount. It insured an immediate and sensational success, so that the book was once and for all "the celebrated novel, *Peregrine Pickle*." And yet there was evidently much melancholy truth in Fielding's pun to the effect that 'Peeragrin Puckle's hopes were soon found to be in *Vain*.' In the nature of the case, the Memoirs could be only a nine days' wonder. No art could revive a public interest in them, once languished; Smollett's two "letters in manuscript" prefixed to the third volume of the second edition (one as from Lady Vane, the other as from Lord B——, regarding the ethics of publishing

[43] *Covent Garden Journal,* edited by Jensen, I, 145.

the Memoirs) apparently failed to draw a single shot. Yet in the beginning so completely had they monopolized attention that the splendid achievement of the novel itself was seriously obscured, and it was some seven years before the book finally "found itself" on its own merits. From 1758 to the present time, it has roughly kept pace, in frequency of issues, with *Roderick Random,* and has easily outdistanced any of the other novels, except *Humphry Clinker.*

CHAPTER III

SMOLLETT'S QUARRELS

IT would be an exaggeration to say that Smollett's unusually "personal" criticism of the theatre, literature, and art is uniformly unworthy and unjust. Even in his unpardonable attack upon Fielding, there is one passage at least which must ever awake a sigh of approbation from most readers of *Tom Jones*. The theatrical system against which he inveighed was of course monstrously distorted in his imagination by his own misfortunes; yet no one can doubt the existence of real abuses—and when, still in the heat of his wrath, he momentarily quits his cherished bantling, he produces passages of genuine, savage satire, which, by themselves, can be reckoned as telling and terrible as many a great page of *Gulliver's Travels*. Again, the personal rancor involved does not alter the fact that his detailed criticisms of Garrick's and Quin's acting in certain famous scenes are not the observations of a fool. His strictures upon Quin at least are thoroughly in line with the mature judgment of posterity. Finally, the later atrabiliar pronouncements of "Smelfungus" upon more ancient celebrities, in the *Travels,* are universally allowed to be fresh and stimulating in their courageous honesty. But while it is surely proper to recognize the occasional merit in Smollett's spleen, to insist upon that merit would be to subvert values; for, after all, Smollett's criticisms, in nine cases out of ten, were germinated and nourished by personal resentment.

Digging up old quarrels is not ordinarily a useful occupation, but in the present case there are two considerations to recommend the undertaking. In the first place, there is the celebrity of many of Smollett's opponents. Not one of them is a nobody, and at least five of them were amongst the foremost figures of the time. Smollett's relations with these men are therefore of mutual biographic interest. In the second place, Smollett's wrongs and quarrels assume quite unusual proportions not only in his own biography but in his writings as well. We might therefore suppose that a complete understanding of Smollett's quarrels (if such a thing were possible) would add something

to our knowledge of the times, and a good deal to our knowledge of Smollett. That our knowledge has been anything but complete, I believe the following pages will demonstrate.

HISTORY OF THE *REGICIDE*

The *Regicide* is the great bone of contention. Understand that, and we can understand pretty much the whole, for all of Smollett's more important quarrels bear some relation to this unfortunate tragedy.

The *Regicide* is of no intrinsic value, nor does it contain the seed of later achievement. It has therefore naturally received scant attention from biographers. Moore gives the barest sketch of its history, mentioning only two names. Anderson relates the familiar story of the young Scotchman setting out for London at the age of eighteen, armed with a little money, his tragedy, and numerous letters of recommendation. His subsequent disillusionment is recorded, quarrels with Rich, Lacy, Garrick, and Lyttelton being specified, but without reasons or explanations, and frequently with grave errors. The identity of Smollett's experience and Mr. Melopoyn's in *Roderick Random* is pointed out, and two of the fictitious names of that story are keyed. Smollett's review of the case in his Preface to the *Regicide* is also mentioned by Anderson—with errors. Scott follows Anderson and offers another but erroneous identification of a third character in Melopoyn's story. Hannay tries to give the *Regicide* a hearing as a play, thus proving that he has read it, but adds nothing to its history. All these comments of course furnish valuable hints, but they are frequently misleading and as a whole are lamentably incomplete.

The only person sufficiently interested in the subject to give a real account of it was Smollett himself; and to him we must look for light. The climax of most of the quarrels, as we shall see, was reached in *Peregrine Pickle;* but in those pages he is almost inarticulate with rage, and no recapitulation was attempted. Our two chief sources of information are therefore (1) the account of Melopoyn's tragedy in *Roderick Random* and (2) the Preface to the *Regicide.* These two accounts are very different in purpose and kind. The Preface is of course in no sense intended as fiction; it is put forth as Smollett's state-

ment of the case as he saw it. Of the two accounts, therefore, the Preface is obviously the more reliable. But with its total omission of names, real or assumed, and the use, in one instance, of a single misleading initial, it is at first much blinder than Melopoyn's detailed story. Indeed, the latter is indispensable for identifying the otherwise shadowy episodes of the Preface. Thus my procedure will be to regard the account in the Preface as the true one, from Smollett's point of view, and to interpret and supplement it from Melopoyn's story.

But before we can use the latter intelligently, we must identify its characters. The following is a key:

Key to Characters in Melopoyn's Story.

(1) Melopoyn = Smollett.

(2) Marmozet = Garrick. Identified by Moore and Anderson. The identification is self-evident from his rôle in the story and from such phrases as "the favorite actor;"[1] "Mr. Marmozet, a celebrated player who had lately appeared upon the stage with astonishing éclat,"[2] etc.

(3) Brayer = James Lacy. Identified by Anderson: "In the story of Melopoyn, the severe reflections which are directed against the managers, Mr. Lacy and Mr. Garrick, who are designed under the names of Brayer and Marmozet, confirm the opinion that prevailed at that time, that Melopoyn's tragedy and Smollett's were the same."[3] Garrick first became a manager by joining with Lacy in the patent for Drury Lane in 1747, the year before the publication of *Roderick Random*. Melopoyn's last hope was shattered when "Mr. Marmozet . . . became a joint patentee with Mr. Brayer."[4]

(4) Earl Sheerwit = the Earl of Chesterfield. Erroneously identified as Lyttelton by Scott, and invariably so accepted. But in the story, Sheerwit secures Melopoyn an introduction to Marmozet [Garrick]—"and the conversation turning upon my performance, I was not a little surprised, as well as pleased, to hear that Earl Sheerwit

[1] *Roderick Random*, II, 246.
[2] *Ibid.*, II, 245.
[3] Anderson (2d ed.), xxxi.
[4] *Roderick Random*, II, 252.

had spoken very much in its praise, and even sent Mr. Marmozet the copy."[5] A letter from Garrick to John Hoadley, dated September 14, 1746, contains the following: "I have a play with me, sent to me by my Lord Chesterfield, and wrote by one Smollett. It is a Scotch story, but it won't do," etc.[6] Melopoyn says Sheerwit is known as a "Mæcenas." The name and title of Earl Sheerwit obviously fit the Earl of Chesterfield, while neither the one nor the other fits Lyttelton, who did not become even Baron Lyttelton till 1756.[7]

(5) Supple = Fleetwood. Not previously identified. In 1745 Charles Fleetwood, manager of Drury Lane, sold out to Lacy. In the story we read: "but before I could present the new copy, my good friend Mr. Supple had disposed of his property and patent to one Mr. Brayer [Lacy]."[8]

(6) Vandal = Rich. Not previously identified. John Rich was the manager of Covent Garden. In the story we read how Melopoyn, disappointed by Brayer [Lacy, of Drury Lane], was advised to bring out his play "at the other house," and was furnished with "a letter of recommendation to Mr. Bellower, actor and prime minister to Mr. Vandal, proprietor of that theatre."[9]

(7) Bellower = Quin. Not previously identified. Quin was Rich's leading actor and adviser. The preceding quotation identifying Vandal as Rich makes clear the identification of Bellower as Quin.

(8) Lord Rattle = a composite of all patrons except Chesterfield and the "lady of quality." Not previously observed. This is proved by the Preface to the *Regicide,* where four different, unnamed patrons are distinguishable before Chesterfield's appearance. In Melopoyn's story these are all united in Lord Rattle, whose rôle is therefore deceptively prominent.

This completes, with one exception, the list of named characters in Melopoyn's story. Father O'Varnish is pretty cer-

[5] *Roderick Random,* II, 246.
[6] G. P. Baker, *Some Unpublished Correspondence of Garrick* (1907), 37.
[7] See p. 114, note 148.
[8] *Roderick Random,* II, 240.
[9] *Ibid.,* II, 241.

tainly a real individual, for he is a Catholic, apparently Irish, and otherwise differentiated; but I have not succeeded in identifying him. In the story, however, he is simply a go-between, seemingly of little importance.

We are now in a position to try to reconstruct in chronological order the fortunes of the *Regicide*. This chronology is of course indispensable to an understanding of Smollett's quarrels; it will also be found to contain at least one significant new date in Smollett's general biography.

Chronology of Play's Vicissitudes.

Smollett was born in 1721, probably in March. In the Preface to the *Regicide* he claims "no merit for having finished a tragedy at the age of eighteen."[10] The play was therefore probably finished after March, 1739. Smollett apparently set out for London with it that fall. ("The first day of November, 1739," is the date specified for Roderick's setting forth.) Upon reaching London with his numerous letters of recommendation, some of which were undoubtedly designed to boost the play from which the young man hoped so much, Smollett speedily acquired his first patron—indeed, before the year was out. In the Preface we read: "As early as 1739, my play was taken under the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men; and, like other orphans, neglected accordingly."[11]

This first patronage must have lasted through the rest of the theatrical season (1739-1740) before the disillusioned young author finally "resolved to punish this barbarous indifference" of his patron by actually discarding him. Friends, however, were still active, "collecting from all quarters observations on my piece . . . until my occasions called me out of the kingdom."[12]

The "occasions" were plainly acute financial difficulties, and the call was the most important that Smollett ever heard—to the sea and its ships and men. That fall, October 26, 1740,

[10] Preface (1st ed., *passim*), 1.
[11] *Ibid.*, 1.
[12] *Ibid.*, 1.

Smollett sailed with the Fleet bound for Carthagena in the West Indies.[13]

During his absence of course the *Regicide* was enjoying a respite. However, "soon after my return," he writes in the Preface, "I and my production were introduced to a late patentee of courteous memory."[14] The date of his return to England, which is naturally of considerable interest, has always been something of a floating figure, and this date we must now consider. Moore and Anderson said he returned in 1746. This was disproved, however, by the publication in 1835 of a letter from Smollett to Barclay of Glasgow, written from London and dated May 22, 1744. The significant passage in the letter is this:

> To tell you an extraordinary truth, I do not know, as yet, whether you had better congratulate or condole with me. I wish I was near you, that I might pour forth my heart before you, and make you judge of its dictates, and the several steps I have lately taken; in which case, I am confident you and all honest men would acquit my principles, howsoever my prudentials might be condemned. However, I have moved into the house where the late John Douglas, surgeon, died, and you may henceforth direct for Mr. Smollett surgeon, in Downing Street, West.[15]

These statements have been interpreted as indicating the recency of Smollett's return to England, for which date, therefore, the year 1744 has been accepted. Hannay believes the statement about "principles" and "prudentials" may refer to Smollett's marriage, and Noyes is disposed to agree, while noting the ambiguity of the statement. I am not inclined to dispute the connection of what is evidently an important professional step on Smollett's part, calling for some outlay of money and a figure in the world, with his interest in Jamaica.

[13] Smollett's complaints against the inaccessibility of managers—"often more difficult of access than a sovereign prince," says the Preface—are chiefly the reflex of this first phase of his experience; for soon after his return to England he did succeed in getting a hearing from the managers—though this, to be sure, but added to his mortifications. The first bitter pill which he had to swallow in the business, therefore, was to watch his slender resources slowly ebb through the year, until, in order to support himself, he was obliged to join the Fleet fitting out for the West Indies, and leave the country, without having had his play so much as looked at by a manager.

[14] Preface, 2.

[15] Noyes, *Letters of Smollett* (MS. copy, in Yale Library), 8.

But if, as I believe, he had returned to England more than a year before this, then the lease of the house in Downing Street, the conflict between "principles" and "prudentials," the doubt as to whether he should be congratulated or condoled, would relate not to his marrying the lady—save the mark!—but to his having sent for her to join him. This is not the place for a discussion of when or where he was married, though there seem to me to be good reasons for believing that he was married in Jamaica. Confining ourselves to the letter, however, we may note that the recency of these various steps, whatever they were, does not prove the recency of his return to England, though one might naturally venture to infer as much, in the absence of contradictory evidence. But explicit contradictory evidence exists. Unless Smollett's statement of his case in the Preface to the *Regicide* is deliberately falsified—and it is hard to see why he would distort the dates—he returned to London either in the last months of 1742 or the first months of 1743.

This date is determinable in the following way. The author having been called out of the country by his "occasions," we read in the Preface: "Soon after my return, I and my production were introduced to a late patentee of courteous memory . . . who (rest his soul!) found means to amuse me a whole season, and then declared it impracticable to bring it on till next year; advising me to make my application more early in the winter."[16] The "late patentee" was Fleetwood, who presently sold out to Lacy, and soon after died abroad, impoverished.[17] From Fleetwood's advice, though palpably but an excuse, we may nevertheless infer that he had received the play in the winter, and probably not quite at the beginning of it. Allowing for a slight preliminary delay implied in "soon after my return," we may place that return as either late in the fall of 174a or early in 174b. Toward the end of that season, that is, toward the spring of 174b, the author had received his refusal "in plain terms." He threatened to carry his performance to the other house, but was deterred by a nobleman of great weight, who forthwith took it under his protection, where it languished for "four months" before it was retrieved. Having retrieved his MS., the author consigned it to oblivion

[16] Preface, 2.

[17] J. Kirkman, *Memoirs of Charles Macklin*, I, 298.

in disgust. He was finally "persuaded . . . to rescue it from the tomb, where it had lain two whole years (174c-d)."[18] This exhumation should come sometime in the summer of 174d. His next move, however, was to alter it and present it "immediately . . . to the new manager of Drury Lane theatre." The passage continues in the Preface: "It was about the latter end of the season when this candid personage . . . received the performance."[19] If we allow for some exaggeration in the "two whole years" of oblivion, this application to the new manager of Drury Lane would be in the spring of 174d. And here we can fix the date.

Drury Lane changed hands only once in the decade. In 1744 Fleetwood advertised his patent for sale;[20] and in 1745 Lacy, backed by certain bankers, took over the management, being in possession by the end of January.[21] In 1747, to be sure, Garrick became joint patentee with Lacy, and would be a "new manager." This passage has been universally applied to him on that account. But 1747 is an impossibly late date, which, if accepted for this point in the proceedings, does not leave room for the remaining incidents before 1749, when the *Regicide,* with this Preface, was published. Moreover, Garrick's rôle was of a quite different nature, and is otherwise covered in the Preface. Finally, a careful reading of the Preface proves that the later quotation of "Mr. L——'s" opinion of the play does not refer to Lyttelton, as has been supposed, but to this same manager—obviously, Lacy. The same quotation, as I shall show in a different connection, fixes the date of this application of Smollett to the "new manager" as falling definitely between January and the middle of March, 1745[22] (our 174d). It is now convenient to work back over the preceding, indeterminate dates. We began by saying that Smollett returned either late in 174a or early in 174b. If 174d = 1745, obviously 174a-b = 1742-1743—and we find that Smollett was back in England at least a year before it has been supposed he was. There is no good reason for doubting Smollett's chronology in the

[18] Preface, 2.
[19] *Ibid.*, 3.
[20] J. Kirkman, *Memoirs of Charles Macklin,* I, 297-298.
[21] B. Victor, *History of the Theatre* (1761), I, 79.
[22] See p. 98.

Preface; we can trace it clearly season by season; and our reading of the facts, though new, conflicts in no way with any established point in Smollett's biography. And I may add that this earlier return from Jamaica brings with it not a little general plausibility and critical comfort, since the shorter his sojourn in that island, the less need we wonder at its extraordinarily faint influence upon his work.[23]

The "new manager," when approached in February or March, 1745, said he could do nothing then, but promised to produce the play "the ensuing winter." However, "next season" he failed to fulfil his promise. This would be the fall of 1745.

The author next did what he had previously threatened to do—he carried his play to the other house. There, however, it was "bluntly rejected by the manager of Covent Garden theatre [John Rich]."[24] That this was the fall of 1746 is shown by the fact that the author, according to Melopoyn and other evidence, gained access to Rich through Garrick, whom Smollett did not meet until September, 1746;[25] and also by the fact that in January, 1747, Smollett's *Reproof* was published, in which Rich is castigated by name.

The play had now been rejected at both houses. From this desperate predicament it was soon rescued by the "humane lady of quality," who, as I have suggested elsewhere, was perhaps Lady Vane. Through her influence "my worthy friend the other manager [Lacy]" was persuaded to "receive it again."[26] But he contrived to let the season slip by, and then, after some recriminations, promised (in the spring of 1747) to produce it "next winter." That fall, however, he "renounced his engagement without the least scruple, apology, or reason assigned."[27] This was the fall of 1747.

In January, 1748, *Roderick Random* was published, with Melopoyn's wrongs aired in two of the later chapters.

[23] He landed in Jamaica with the shattered Fleet from Carthagena in April, 1741. Our schedule cuts his stay in the island from five years (Anderson and Moore) and three (present critics) to about a year and a half.

[24] Preface, 3.

[25] See p. 87.

[26] Preface, 3.

[27] *Ibid.*, 4.

In May, 1749, the great tragedy, with its long Preface, at last saw the light of printer's ink, published by subscription.

THE QUARRELS

We may now try to fill in some of the more interesting personal relationships. The earliest of these which is still clearly discernible is Smollett's first experience with a manager.

Charles Fleetwood.

Fleetwood, the "late patentee" of the Preface and the Mr. Supple of Melopoyn's story, was Lacy's predecessor in the management of Drury Lane. When Smollett, upon his return from Jamaica, somehow or other obtained the coveted chance, previously denied him, of an introduction to a manager, he met in Fleetwood a man little calculated to serve his interests, real or imagined.

Charles Fleetwood, Esq., inherited at the age of twenty-one a fortune of six thousand a year, which he speedily dissipated in the world of fashion. When, upon the brink of ruin, he purchased the patent of Drury Lane at an absurdly low figure, he was able to recoup. He retained this patent from 1733 to 1745, during which time his careless and extravagant management brought the house to the verge of bankruptcy, in spite of its array of brilliant players. He knew little about the business, and apparently cared less, except as it contributed to his personal pleasure. He deputed all real policy to underlings, first to Theophilus Cibber and then to Quin and Macklin. He was a dissolute man of fashion, "whose body," we learn, was in 1743 (when Smollett met him) "as much impaired by an excessive gout, as his fortune by his misconduct."[28] Mr. Supple's many excuses for not seeing Melopoyn, and then when he did see him ("laid up with the gout") his confession that he had not yet finished reading the play may perhaps be remembered.[29] Mere business negligence, however, might not have really injured Smollett, had it not been coupled with engaging manners and such a disarming show of candor as enabled the man, in

[28] Victor, I, 62.
[29] *Roderick Random,* II, 231-232.

spite of gross mismanagement and duplicity, to weather rough theatrical waters for over a decade.

Benjamin Victor, who had known him long, sketches his character in this way:

> He was agreeable in his person; and the qualities of his mind and amiableness of his disposition carried with them irresistible attractions; all the nobility of the Kingdom seemed fond of cultivating an acquaintance with a young man of his extensive fortune, right disposition, and sweetness of temper. He was affable and engaging in his address, which was the last and only remaining quality that he kept with him to his death; and no doubt that would have vanished with the rest, had he not found it of constant use to him in his business with the world, as that address enabled him to deceive even persons that thought themselves armed against him.[30]

The same authority later adds, "But duplicity was the prevailing characteristic of Mr. Fleetwood."[31] The testimony of Davies is to the same effect:

> Fleetwood was so polite a man, and so framed to deceive, by the most winning and gentle behavior, always assuming an air of candor and self-reproach, that it was impossible to leave him in anger.[32]

Such was the "late patentee of courteous memory" to whom the young Smollett, yet green in the ways of the theatre, was first introduced upon his return to England. What happened is obvious. All the man's characteristics—professional negligence, disarming candor, elegant person, engaging manners, and underlying duplicity—are evident in the name and rôle of Mr. Supple in Melopoyn's story. The manager, without the least conscience or compunction, evidently said a great many civil things about the author, the play, his prospects; and easily won and retained his confidence. Eventually, to be sure, as Davies observes, "fair promises frequently made, and as often broken, will tire out the most patient tempers,"[33] and certainly the temper of this particular young Scot was not the most patient in the world. But real harm had been done: at a critical juncture, vanity and hope had been ministered to by a master hand. Fleetwood's ultimate excuse is typical both of his character and

[30] Victor, I, 33-34.
[31] *Ibid.*, 63.
[32] Davies (3d ed.), I, 72.
[33] *Ibid.*, I, 72.

his skill. When finally cornered, he evidently told Smollett—for the same statement, in some parts verbatim, is attributed to him both in Melopoyn's story and in the Preface—that mere merit in a play was insufficient; powerful backing was also necessary. Though perhaps not highly original, the excuse was both adroit and characteristic: there was in it an apparent burst of candor in this belated confession to such a sorry state of affairs: 'It is not *your* fault, my dear fellow, nor *mine,* but the system's!' Though the fellow might not unreasonably 'reproach him bitterly for having trifled with him so long,'[34] his vanity could be safely trusted to embrace the explanation in the end; and as matters now stand with posterity, Fleetwood is less severely handled by Smollett than any of the other "vaticides." The evil of the thing was that it seemed to provide the young man with a "cause," and all his subsequent attacks are based upon the flattering thesis formulated by this manager. Such experiences are probably not uncommon—under the circumstances, Smollett's was inevitable; but had Smollett's destiny first led him to John Rich of Covent Garden instead of to Fleetwood of Drury Lane, events might have turned out more happily in the long run. For Rich, when later approached, proved his professional courage. Though sufficiently gracious in the preliminaries, once he had read the play, he declared promptly that it was "altogether unfit for the stage,"[35] even though at that very time he had particular reasons for remaining on good terms with Smollett. Had such tonic treatment, instead of soothing syrup, been administered in the beginning, it is at least possible—though perhaps not probable—that the young dramatist might have been spared many future mortifications.

James Lacy (I).

When Fleetwood finally told Smollett that there was no hope for his play without backing, Smollett's first thought, not unnaturally, was to march off to the other house in a huff. He was unluckily deterred from this by "a nobleman of great weight,"[36] who took the MS. and kept it four months. The conclusion of

[34] Preface, 2.
[35] *Ibid.*, 3.
[36] *Ibid.*, 2.

this incident is related in the Preface with cold rage: "Four months elapsed before I heard any tidings of my play; and then it was retrieved by pure accident, I believe, from the most dishonorable apartment of his lordship's house."[37]

There is some reason to suppose from the foregoing that Smollett had no ready access to the Green Room of Covent Garden; and the impression is confirmed by his now allowing his play to lie idle, "condemned to oblivion . . . for two whole years,"[38] without apparently making any effort in that direction, and by his still applying, upon the resumption of activities, to Drury Lane. When Fleetwood was succeeded by Lacy in 1745, hope revived, the author once more took out his play, thoroughly revised it so as to make it conform to "the unities of the drama," and, under a new and auspicious patronage, submitted it to the new manager.

The story of this first application to Lacy can best be told here in a very few words. Smollett evidently submitted the play with high hopes. Yet it was admittedly somewhat late in the season when Lacy received it. He read it in a few weeks, certainly expressed the opinion (to Smollett's patron) that it had "undubitable merit," but excused himself on two grounds: it was too late in the season, and he was preëngaged to another author. He assured Smollett, however, that he would bring it out next season, if Smollett "could be prevailed upon to reserve it."[39] Smollett was prevailed upon. But in the fall, the manager renounced his promise, and definitely rejected the play.

The above is the barest sketch of this first encounter with Lacy, which is inserted here simply to preserve the chronology of our narrative. Lacy's motives on this occasion, and some of the details of the affair, can best be discussed in connection with Smollett's application to him two years later, when old scores were raked up with considerable asperity.

James Quin.

Critics and biographers of Smollett have scarcely mentioned James Quin. Yet considering the man's fame, and the rôle that

[37] Preface, 2.
[38] *Ibid.*, 2.
[39] *Ibid.*, 3.

he plays in Smollett's three best novels, this is a most surprising omission. It has not even been clear whether there was or was not any personal relationship between the two men, though in *Peregrine Pickle,* notorious for its personal abuse, Quin is more extensively satirized than any other individual, including Garrick, even in the first edition, and though in *Humphry Clinker* he is the most striking figure of the group surrounding Matthew Bramble at Bath.

In *Peregrine Pickle* Quin is twice attacked, first through the medium of the Knight of Malta's criticism of the English stage (chapter LI), and second through the Further Proceedings of the College of Authors (chapter XCV). In the first edition, each of these attacks was preceded by a corresponding criticism on Garrick. In the second edition, the pages on Garrick were expunged, and the second attack upon Quin was rendered still plainer by the use of "Mr. Q——" in place of "that gentleman." Both criticisms consist in a detailed arraignment of Quin's acting: his gestures, facial expressions, by-play, elocution; his method of rendering certain rôles and passions; his delivery of particular speeches, and even particular lines. These attacks came upon Quin in the last season of his long career as an actor. In the spring of 1751 he retired to Bath. He had of course been definitely supplanted by Garrick and the "new religion." And because he already seemed of the old school, Smollett's ridicule of his methods and mannerisms was in many respects echoed by other contemporary critics born in the new faith, with the result that this lashing personal satire now seems to possess an odd air of truth and justice.

The Chevalier remarks in the tones of Tobias: "His action resembles that of heaving ballast into the hold of a ship."[40] Quin was a large, ponderous man, famed for his gormandizing. His notion of portraying violent emotion, we hear, was "tearing a passion to rags [*sic*]."[41] Nor was he above clap-trap. He "acts the crafty, cool, designing Crookback, as a loud, shallow, blustering Hector; in the character of the mild patriot Brutus, loses all temper and decorum; nay, so ridiculous is the behavior of him and Cassius at their interview, that, setting foot to foot, and grinning at each other with the aspect of two cobblers en-

[40] *Peregrine Pickle,* II, 20.
[41] *Ibid.,* II, 20.

raged, they thrust their left sides together with repeated shocks, that the hilts of their swords may clash for the entertainment of the audience, as if they were a couple of Merry-Andrews."[42] Davies says that Quin's Brutus will be remembered by those wishing to forget his Lear and Richard.[43] "The despair of a great man, who falls a sacrifice to the infernal practises of a subtle traitor, this English Æsopus represents by beating his own forehead and bellowing like a bull."[44] Garrick, upon hearing Quin's *mot* that "Garrick was a new religion; Whitfield was followed for a time; but they would all come to church again,"[45] apostrophized "Pope Quin" in a rhymed epigram:

Thou great infallible, forbear to roar.[46]

As we have seen, Smollett tags Quin "Mr. Bellower" in *Roderick Random.*

Quin's old-style rant was accompanied by equally old-style "expressive" gestures. His admirer in the College of Authors asserts that "his gestures are so just and significant that a man, though bereft of hearing, might, by seeing him only, understand the meaning of every word he speaks."[47] Peregrine, eying the critic disdainfully, gives an example of this admired pantomime, describing Quin's rendering of a speech in the *Revenge:* "In pronouncing the first two words ["he took it up"], this egregious actor stoops down, and seems to take up something from the stage; then, proceeding to repeat what follows, mimics the manner of unfolding a letter; when he mentions the simile of an arrow piercing the eye, he darts his finger towards that organ; then recoils with great violence when the word 'started' is expressed; and when he comes to 'trembling, dropped it on the ground,' he throws all his limbs into a tremulous emotion, and shakes the imaginary paper from his hand." Zanga in Young's *Revenge* was one of Quin's great parts. Smollett's description is of course a caricature, but it is obviously the caricature of an eyewitness; nor is it, probably, altogether un-

[42] *Peregrine Pickle,* II, 20.
[43] Davies (3d ed.), I, 28.
[44] *Peregrine Pickle,* II, 20.
[45] Davies (3d ed.), I, 50.
[46] *Ibid.,* I, 51.
[47] *Peregrine Pickle,* III, 126.

just as a burlesque of the old style of acting supplanted by the new naturalness of Garrick.

Quin's elocution was much admired. He instructed the royal children in the art. Davies remarks: "He who understood propriety in speaking better than any actor of the time, was Quin."[48] His admirer in the College speaks of "his distinctness of pronunciation," and after rhapsodizing over his gestures, declares that he "manifests a perfect masterpiece of action, in pronouncing these four little monosyllables, 'Know then, 'twas—I.' "[49] Peregrine later takes up this *"éclaircissement"*:

> When I beheld him in that critical conjuncture, his behavior appeared to me so uncouth that I really imagined he was visited by some epileptic distemper, for he stood tottering and gasping for the space of two minutes, like a man suddenly struck with the palsy; and, after various distortions and side-shakings, as if he had got fleas in his doublet, heaved up from his lungs the letter *I*, like a huge anchor from foul ground.
>
> (*Peregrine Pickle,* III, 129.)

Davies speaks of Quin's "manner of heaving up his words,"[50] and relates an anecdote about his long pauses: "When Lothario gave Horatio the challenge, Quin, instead of accepting it instantaneously . . . made a long pause and dragged out the words,

> I'll meet thee there!

in such a manner as to make it appear absolutely ludicrous. He paused so long before he spoke that somebody, it was said, called out from the gallery, 'Why don't you tell the gentleman whether you will meet him or not?' "[51] Quin's habit of giving each word a peculiar emphasis and the "solemn sameness"[52] of his pronunciation are glanced at in the Chevalier's opening jibe that "his utterance is a continual sing-song, like the chanting of vespers."[53] Obviously, Smollett took particular pains to ridicule Quin's celebrated elocution. That this was an especially sore point with Smollett, we shall see.

[48] Davies (3d ed.), I, 28.
[49] *Peregrine Pickle,* III, 127.
[50] Davies (3d ed.), I, 45.
[51] *Ibid.,* 106.
[52] *Life of Quin* (anonymous, 1766), reprint of 1887, 36.
[53] *Peregrine Pickle,* II, 20.

The Knight of Malta's verdict is that, though unsuited by crudity and vulgarity for high tragedy, Quin excelled, nevertheless, in comedy: "Yet this man, in spite of all these absurdities, is an admirable Falstaff . . . and would be equal to many humorous scenes in low comedy, which his pride will not allow him to undertake."[54] Quin's pride in this respect was well known. He "surlily swore he would not hold up the tail of any farce."[55] Davies concurs regarding Quin's unfitness for high tragedy,[56] though Walpole characteristically preferred him to Garrick.[57] Quin's really great rôle was unquestionably Falstaff, for which he was in every way suited. After his retirement to Bath, he was twice recalled to lead benefit performances for Ryan in that part, each time acting to overwhelming applause. In *Henry IV, Part I,* he had completely eclipsed Garrick as Hotspur, who dropped the rôle.

The Knight of Malta's verdict was given with an air of judicious fairness; it is in Peregrine's conclusions later that we feel the measure of Smollett's wrath. All pretense of an inquiry is flung aside in the final passage of vituperation:

> Not that I would exclude from the representation the graces of action, without which the choicest sentiments, clothed in the most exquisite expression, would appear unanimated and insipid; but these are as different from this ridiculous burlesque as is the demeanor of a Tully in the rostrum from the tricks of a Jack-pudding on a mountebank's stage. . . . I have known a Gascon whose limbs were as eloquent as his tongue; he never mentioned the word sleep without reclining his head upon his hand; when he had occasion to talk of a horse, he always started up and trotted across the room, except when he was so situated that he could not stir without incommoding the company, and in that case he contented himself with neighing aloud. . . . One day he expressed his desire of going backward with such natural imitation of his purpose, that everybody in the room firmly believed he had actually overshot himself, and fortified their nostrils accordingly; yet no man ever looked upon this virtuoso to be the standard of propriety in point of speaking and deportment. For my own part, I confess that the player in question would, by dint of these qualifications, make a very good figure in the character of Pantaloon's lacquey, in the entertainment of

[54] *Peregrine Pickle,* II, 20-21.
[55] Davies (3d ed.), I, 108.
[56] *Ibid.,* 28.
[57] Walpole's *Letters,* Toynbee, VI, 204.

Perseus and Andromeda, and perhaps might acquire some reputation by turning the *Revenge* into a pantomime; in which case, I would advise him to come upon the stage provided with a handful of flour, in order to besmear his face when he pronounces "pale and aghast," etc.; and methinks he ought to illustrate the adder with a hideous hiss.

(*Peregrine Pickle,* III, 128-129.)

This is one of those passages of blind rage, which in virulence can well take its place beside the more famous denunciations of Fielding and Lyttelton, "expunged" from the second edition. This was not "expunged," and surely constitutes the worst invective against an individual in the novel as it stands.

What had Quin done? For an answer one turns automatically to the *Regicide,* though neither Smollett's biography, nor the rare *Life of Quin,* published anonymously in 1766, and reissued with a supplement in 1887, gives the least hint of his complicity. Yet the fact is almost self-evident; and it is put beyond the shadow of a doubt by a statement in Davies: "Mr. Quin, too, was solicited to patronize the *Regicide;* but I believe his answer was more decisive and more offensive than that of Mr. Garrick."[58] We can hope for no enlightenment from Smollett's Preface to the play, in which he disclaims discussing his quarrels with actors. We must go to Melopoyn's story.

The rôle of "Mr. Bellower [Quin], actor and prime minister to Mr. Vandal [Rich]," is as follows: Melopoyn's patron provides him with a letter of recommendation to Bellower, in consequence of which the latter "received the performance." The author, calling several times, and being subjected to some insolence, was at length

favored with an audience, during which he said he had not as yet read my play. Nettled at this usage, I could contain myself no longer, but telling him I imagined he would have paid more deference to Lord Rattle's recommendation, demanded my manuscript with some expressions of resentment. 'Ay,' said he, in a theatrical tone, 'with all my heart.' Then pulling out a drawer of the bureau at which he sat, he took out a bundle, and threw it upon a table that was near him, pronouncing the word 'There' with great disdain. I took it up, and perceiving, with some surprise, that it was a comedy, told him it did not belong to me; upon which he offered me another, which I also

[58] Davies (3d ed.), I, 290.

disclaimed. A third was produced, and rejected for the same reason. At length he pulled out a whole handful, and spread them before me, saying, 'There are seven—take which you please—or take them all.' I singled out my own, and went away, struck dumb with admiration at what I had seen.

(*Roderick Random,* II, 241-242.)

Gorgeously extravagant as this seems, it is none the less an authentic anecdote in Quin's biography. We read in the *Life of Quin:*

A poet had put a tragedy which he had just finished into his hands one night behind the scenes, whilst he was still dressed for the character he had just performed. Quin put it in his pocket, and never thought any more about it. The bard, who was very impatient to know his sentiments regarding the piece, waited upon him one morning in order to hear his doom. Quin gave some reasons for its not being proper for the stage, after having learned the title and fable, which he was before entirely unacquainted with: upon which the poet, whose muse had flattered him with the prospective view of a new suit of clothes . . . in a faltering voice desired to have his piece returned. "There," said Quin, "it lies in the window." Upon which poor Bayes repaired to the window and took up a play which proved to be a comedy, and his muse had brought forth a direful tragedy; whereupon he told Quin of the mistake;—who very pleasantly said, "Faith, then, sir, I have certainly lost your play." "*Lost my play!*" cries the poet, almost thunderstruck. "Yes, by ——, but I have," replied Quin,—"but look ye, here is a drawer full of both comedies and tragedies—take any two you will in the room of it."[59]

Plainly, the extraordinary details of this scene are essentially those of Melopoyn's story. But though the affair, whether true or not, was certainly current as an anecdote about Quin, it is evident, for several reasons, that Smollett could not have been the hero of it—or rather, the victim. In the first place, the incident, according to Quin's biographer, occurred while Quin was acting at Drury Lane under Fleetwood[60]—and Quin's last engagement with Fleetwood was in 1741-1742, before Smollett was back from the West Indies. In the second place, though the exceedingly vivid details of the anecdote are borrowed by Melo-

[59] *Life of Quin* (1766), reprint of 1887, 31-32.

[60] "When Cibber had . . . thrown himself out of Fleetwood's confidence, Quin supplied his place in presiding over rehearsals, and the perusal of such new plays as were offered."—*Life of Quin,* 31.

poyn, the main point is avoided. The main point in the anecdote is obviously that Quin had *lost the play!*—but no such accusation is brought against Bellower. In the third place, though all these difficulties should be somehow removed, the basic difficulty would remain, that Bellower's offense, which, apart from insulting histrionics, was simply that he had failed to read the MS.—didn't even know whether it was a tragedy or a comedy —affords no adequate explanation of the measure of Smollett's wrath. This commonest complaint of authors in general and of Melopoyn in particular, even when garnished with the alleged details, cannot account for Smollett's savagery. It is, moreover, directly contradicted by a much more adequate and plausible explanation revealed by Melopoyn elsewhere—namely, that Quin once in a sense actually "appeared" in the *Regicide!* I quote again from Melopoyn's story:

> When I waited upon him with the manuscript, I found one of the actors at breakfast with his lordship, who immediately introduced him to my acquaintance, and desired him to read a scene of my play. This task he performed very much to my satisfaction, with regard to emphasis and pronunciation; but he signified his disgust at several words in every page, which I presuming to defend, Lord Rattle told me, with a peremptory look, I must not pretend to dispute with him, who had been a player these twenty years, and understood the economy of the stage better than any man living. I was forced to submit, and his lordship proposed the same actor should read the whole play in the evening before some gentlemen of his acquaintance, whom he would convene at his lodgings for that purpose.
>
> I was present at the reading; and I protest to you, my dear friend, I never underwent such a severe trial in the whole course of my life as at that juncture; for although the player might be a very honest man, and a good performer, he was excessively illiterate and assuming, and made a thousand frivolous objections, which I was not permitted to answer. However, the piece was very much applauded on the whole; the gentlemen present, who, I understood, were men of fortune, promised to countenance and support it as much as they could.
>
> (*Roderick Random*, II, 239-240.)

The identity of this unnamed actor and Quin is beyond cavil. The description of him as one who "had been a player these twenty years, and understood the economy of the stage better

than any man living," could fit no one else. Quin, who began his career at Drury Lane in 1718, reigned sole monarch of the stage till the ascendancy of Garrick, whose first appearance was in 1740. Quin's admired elocution is described. As a matter of fact, Quin achieved his first success by *reading* the part of Bajazet one night when Mills was taken suddenly ill. The charge of being "excessively illiterate and assuming" also points to Quin, who was an illegitimate son, of an irregular education, who "laughed at those who read books."[61] He could exclaim, when Garrick advertised the innovation of playing *Macbeth as written by Shakespeare* (instead of Davenant's version), "What! don't *I* play Macbeth as Shakespeare wrote it?"

In this passage, surely, is to be found the origin of Smollett's rage. For if Quin gave a reading of the *Regicide* before a group of influentials—and why else would he be doing it?—we can indeed truly "feel" for the young author, writhing under the great man's "frivolous objections," which he was "not permitted to answer," and readily believe his mortified assertion: "I never underwent such a severe trial in the whole course of my life." Little wonder that amid the final flotsam of the *Regicide* Quin is tossed about bruised and bleeding; that his facial expressions, gestures, his reading of particular lines, even phrases, are examined with a solicitous care not even accorded Garrick!

If it appears odd to us that Quin's real offense should be attributed to an unnamed actor in the story, we should recollect that this actor, described as Melopoyn describes him, was to contemporary readers as plainly labelled "Quin" as was the "actor and prime minister to Mr. Vandal," whether designated "Mr. Bellower," or by some other name, or no name at all. The contradiction between the two incidents in the story relating to Quin I shall presently account for (in part, at least) by suggesting Smollett's chagrined reason for departing from the truth in the second episode. Chronological difficulties need not detain us here, for these matters are handled with extreme freedom in Melopoyn's story—partly for mere momentary convenience in narration, and partly because the omission in Melopoyn's account of any absence from town corresponding to Smollett's

[61] *Life of Quin*, 66.

absence in the West Indies calls for a multiplication and stretching of incidents to cover the period. In view of this latter tendency, and for other reasons, we are justified, I believe, in telescoping Quin's two appearances into a single incident, which we can reconstruct somewhat as follows, retaining everything given us, except the borrowed anecdote:

Disappointed at Drury Lane by Lacy as he had been by Fleetwood, Smollett must have once more turned his eyes longingly toward Covent Garden. This time his patron was apparently able to help him—or thought he could—by interesting Quin, Rich's chief actor. He therefore wrote a letter to Quin, or in some other way recommended the young author and his tragedy. ("Lord Rattle, observing me much affected with my disappointment, offered his interest to bring on my play at the other house, which I eagerly accepting, he forthwith wrote a letter of recommendation to Mr. Bellower."[62] It was evidently in consequence of this "interest" and recommendation, that the reading of the play was arranged. But though the great actor offered many frivolous and arrogant objections, which the mortified author was not permitted to answer, he did not indecently reject the play "in open meeting," where, if we are to believe Smollett, it was "much applauded" by the rest of the company, Quin notwithstanding. The latter, therefore, decently retained the MS., ostensibly for further consideration. When Smollett later called privately, we reach the incident shortly chronicled by Melopoyn as his interview with Bellower. The interview was doubtless in reality exceedingly stormy, during which Quin returned the MS. as Bellower does, but not in the manner or for the reasons so glibly appropriated from a well-known anecdote of Quin's insolence, that he hadn't read it, didn't even know whether it was a comedy or a tragedy, but—well, for reasons far more offensive and far less likely to be placarded by the author.

Such, I believe, was, in substance, at least, Smollett's early encounter with James Quin, resulting in some of the most savage abuse he was ever guilty of in his novels. But what of the end of the story? It would be unpardonable to overlook what is perhaps the pleasantest of Smollett's reconciliations.

[62] *Roderick Random,* II, 241.

In the second edition of *Peregrine* in 1758 there was no wavering in Smollett's hostility. In 1761 he began publishing the Continuation of his *History*. For a number of years he amplified the work still further, but the sketch of the liberal arts in the reign of George II was certainly part of that first instalment of the Continuation, since he wrote to Garrick, under the date of January 27, 1762: "What I have said of Mr. Garrick in the *History of England*, was, I protest, the language of my heart. . . . In giving a short sketch of the liberal arts, I could not, with any propriety, forbear mentioning a gentleman so eminently distinguished by a genius that has no rival."[63] In that summary, as is well known, the author's one-time enemies are made to file past in a somewhat amusing fashion, to receive each his particular pat of praise from the benignant warrior—not only Garrick, but Fielding, Lyttelton, Akenside —even Shebbeare steps forth in history as "this good man"![64] Nor is James Quin absent from the happy family. Immediately following the capital panegyric on Garrick, he is somewhat unobtrusively commended:

> Quin excelled in dignity and declamation, as well as in exhibiting some characters of humour, equally exquisite and peculiar.[65]

From the restraint of this praise, compared with the later warmth, I am inclined to believe that no personal reconciliation had as yet taken place; that he was praising Quin as he praised Lyttelton, Akenside, and Shebbeare (with whom he is not known to have become personally reconciled) merely "in the grave character of historian."[66] But in any case, certain it is that in the end he made a far finer and more lasting atonement to James Quin than to anyone else he ever injured. I refer of course to his portrait in *Humphry Clinker*.

The warmth of that picture leaves no doubt of a personal reconciliation. And if I am right in conjecturing that it had not been effected in 1761 when Smollett wrote up the glories of George II's reign, the nature and setting, and perhaps the date, of their later meeting and reconciliation may be surmised. At

[63] Noyes, *Letters of Smollett* (MS. copy, in Yale Library), 269.
[64] Smollett, *History of England* (London, 1791), V, 380.
[65] *Ibid.*, V, 380.
[66] Hannay, 23.

the end of the theatrical season of 1750-1751 Quin retired to Bath, where, except for returning to London to give two benefit performances, and occasional visits to friends, he resided till his death in 1766. Smollett's great familiarity with Bath is of course obvious. From a chance statement we know that Smollett was in Bath for his health during the winter of 1762.[67] In 1763 he went abroad, where he remained till the spring of 1765. From a letter to Moore, dated Bath, "November 13, 1765," we hear that he had already been in that place for five weeks.[68] Quin died on January 6 of the following year, after an illness of only a few days. Smollett's two visits to Bath noted above are probably the only occasions on which he can have seen Quin after the formal tribute paid him in the *History*. We may perhaps believe that of these occasions the later one, heightened by the actor's death so soon afterwards, was the one which really bore fruit in Smollett's last novel.

In attempting to envisage such a meeting, we should consider the situation of the two men. Quin, on his side, for all his bluff exterior, was warm-hearted and generous. It would be pleasant to dwell on his friendship for Thomson, his numerous charitable benefits throughout his career, the curious bequests of his will, including one to "Thomas Gainsborough, Limner, now living at Bath."[69] Though inordinately vain and naturally jealous of Garrick, it was Quin who, after his retirement from the stage, made the first advances toward a reconciliation with Garrick. On Smollett's side, time and ill health had done much to chasten him. In 1761 he had written to Garrick of his "desire to live quietly with all mankind, and, if possible, to be upon good terms with all those who have distinguished themselves by their merit."[70] In the same year, through his *History,* he had publicly declared an armistice, in which Quin was named. He was no longer the unknown, downtrodden author of the *Regi-*

[67] Seccombe, in the *D. N. B.*, says that after the death of Smollett's daughter in 1763, "his friend Armstrong advised recourse again to the Bath waters 'which had been useful to him the preceding winter.' " I have not succeeded in tracing the statement quoted by Seccombe.

[68] "I have . . . gained some flesh since my coming to Bath, where I have been these five weeks." Smollett to Moore, November 13, 1765.—Noyes, *Letters of Smollett* (MS. copy, in Yale Library), 326.

[69] *Life of Quin,* 63.

[70] Noyes, *Letters of Smollett* (MS. copy, in Yale Library), 258.

cide; on the contrary, he was "the celebrated Dr. Smollett," and had realized, in a measure at least, his theatrical pretensions, with the *Reprisal* and the openly acknowledged friendship of Garrick. With the two men so circumstanced, a meeting would almost certainly result in a reconciliation; and a meeting between two such celebrities sooner or later, in such a place, by accident if not by design, would be extremely probable.

Quin is introduced in *Humphry Clinker* by Bramble's nephew, who is the character best fitted to give first impressions of his uncle's old acquaintance. The nephew's sketch is, in effect, an interesting apology from Smollett for past offenses:

> So far as I am able to judge, Quin's character is rather more respectable than it has been generally represented. His bon mots are in every witling's mouth; but many of them have a rank flavor, which one would be apt to think was derived from a natural grossness of idea. I suspect, however, that justice has not been done the author by the collectors of these *Quiniana*. . . . He is not only a most agreeable companion, but (as I am credibly informed) a very honest man; highly susceptible of friendship, warm, steady, even generous in his attachments. . . . Were I to judge, however, from Quin's eye alone, I should take him to be proud, insolent, and cruel. There is something remarkably forbidding in his aspect; and I have been told he was ever disposed to insult his inferiors and dependents. . . . Howsoever that may be, I have as yet seen nothing but his favorable side; and my uncle, who frequently confers with him in a corner, declares he is one of the most sensible men he ever knew.
>
> (*Humphry Clinker,* I, 76-77.)

This apology is remarkable amongst Smollett's retractions for its dignity and self-respect. Here there is no possible "interest" involved; no flying to the opposite extreme of somewhat unbecoming adulation. The decency of the thing adds greatly to the charm of the glowing picture which follows. If I read the matter rightly, the two men met and buried the hatchet, not, as with Garrick, "exchanging gifts like Homeric heroes,"[71] but more nearly—to use a wretched phrase—as man to man. And as men it would appear that they could not only forgive one another, but that, strange to relate, they were soon hitting it off together with remarkable satisfaction. Strange, in view of the past; but not strange at all, in view of what they really

[71] Noyes, *Letters of Smollett* (MS. copy, in Yale Library), 271.

were. For there was surely a genuine affinity in their temperaments.

Quin was in very fact what Smollett characteristically makes young Melford call him, an "original." Moreover, he was of the large, coarse, downright, yet warm-hearted type dearest to Smollett's heart—and with wit in the bargain. An illegitimate son, he was himself "of a very amorous disposition,"[72] some of his affairs being particularly unedifying. On account of one of them, he was obliged to leave the country. Scuffles, bloody noses, and cracked crowns are written large across his early career. Once Charles Macklin pounded his face to a jelly—just before a performance, at which he was obliged to appear, with all his contusions on his head, to the jeers of the multitude. He was several times involved in mortal combat, and was once actually convicted of manslaughter.[73] Yet this man was almost a great actor; and if his fame in that respect has since faded, his fame as a wit and epicure is likely to last. Many were the stories that came out of Bath "of the jovial actor, his wit, his *gourmandise.*"[74] "Mr. Quin," said an irate gentleman meeting him in the street one day, "I—I—I understand you have been taking away my name, sir!" "What have I said, sir?" "You—you—you called me a scoundrel, sir!" "Then keep your name," replied Quin, and walked on.[75] His wit could be like a gem of purest ray serene—witness his *mot* about the regicides of Charles I and the Twelve Apostles, which Horace Walpole could rhapsodize over.[76] But, more characteristically, it was apt to be blunt to the point of rudeness and coarse to the point of indecency. "Mr. Macklin," said he to the then elderly actor who in his green and salad days had smashed Quin's nose, "Mr. Macklin, by the lines—I beg your pardon, sir!—by the cordage of your face, you should be *hanged!*"[77] Quin's biographer remarks apologetically that many of Quin's *mots* could not be printed. Yet we possess quite a body of them, and it is difficult to refrain from further sampling.

Scarcely less famous than his wit was his epicureanism. So

[72] *Life of Quin,* 9.
[73] P. Fitzgerald, *History of English Stage,* II, 116.
[74] *Ibid.,* II, 196.
[75] *Life of Quin,* 99.
[76] Walpole's *Letters,* Toynbee, VI, 208-209.
[77] *Life of Quin,* 99.

stout was he that Lord Chesterfield, meeting him one day at Bath being carried home in a chair from dining at the Three Tuns, remarked that if Quin came thence, there were but two tuns left.[78] Long ago Garrick had jibed at his gormandizing. In Bath his Siamese Soup, as he called it, became so famous and so sought after that the secret of its recipe became a burden. At length he was teased into promising a revelation. He accordingly made the occasion a high feast, invited his guests with peculiar care, and having regaled them with the delicious broth, of which he himself, pleading a cold, did not partake, gratified them at last by revealing the Siamese "foundation," which appeared, upon his word and (as Smollett would say) "undoubted evidence," to have been two pairs of his own old boots, minced and boiled, and reënforced with onions, cloves, etc.[79] Such was a Feast Prepared in the Manner of James Quin! Could not its author strike hands with the perpetrator of the greatest gastronomic climax in literature? What was a "Pantaloon's lacquey" or a "handful of flour" between such? Other practical jokes like the Siamese Soup might be related of the Sage of Bath. Surely, in picturesque person and report, in character, tastes, and humor, James Quin was the most striking embodiment in the flesh that Smollett is ever likely to have seen of that caricatured, abandoned, Falstaffian side of life that is the glory of his works. He might well be a thorn in the side of the lofty author of the *Regicide;* but not so with the author of *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle.*

Were it not for Smollett's previous hostility, one might perhaps think that he had merely seized upon promising and congenial material in the celebrity of Bath. But in view of that hostility, no such interpretation of the affectionate picture he has given us can be admitted. Bramble (who has long been considered a portrait of Smollett) has "renewed his acquaintance with the celebrated James Quin," and so well do they get on together that

> he seems to have a reciprocal regard for old square-toes, whom he calls by the familiar name of Matthew. . . . On the other hand, Matthew's eyes sparkle whenever Quin makes his appearance. Let him be never so jarring and discordant, Quin puts him in tune; and,

[78] *Life of Quin,* 100.
[79] *Ibid.,* 96.

like treble and bass in the same concert, they make excellent music together.

(*Humphry Clinker,* I, 77-78.)

Nothing short of rancor turned to regard can account for such a passage. Quin takes Bramble under his protection, and, standing together in the music gallery, they watch the vortex of the Assembly below. Bramble twice invites Quin home to dinner, and, in return, Quin takes them to his drinking club of the Three Tuns, where Jack's laudable ambition "to see this phenomenon in his cups" is realized.

I do not of course wish to imply that these incidents are necessarily strictly autobiographical. But it should nevertheless be observed that the general setting of Bramble's meeting Quin at Bath must certainly have been the same as Smollett's meeting him there; and that since their reconciliation was assuredly more than a formal one, there must have been meetings and conversations. How directly those meetings and conversations have colored the above incidents in the novel we have no way of telling positively. But Smollett's general habits in such matters are well known and sufficiently suggestive. In conclusion, I may point out that even those conversations which are most plainly fictitious are shot through with rich gleams of authentic *Quiniana*—for example, Tabby's inimitable "clack" about the actor's once-famous rôle of the Ghost in Hamlet:

"Mr. Gwynn," said she the other day, "I was once vastly amused at your playing the ghost of Gimlet at Drury-lane, when you rose up through the stage, with a white face and red eyes, and spoke of *quails upon the frightful porcupine.* Do, pray, spout a little of the ghost of Gimlet." "Madam," said Quin, "the ghost of Gimlet is laid, never to rise again." Insensible of this check, she proceeded. "Well, to be sure, you looked and talked so like a real ghost—and then the cock crowed so natural—I wonder how you could teach him to crow so exact in the nick of time; but I suppose he's game; an't he game, Mr. Gwynn?" "Dunghill, madam." "Well, dunghill or not dunghill, he has got such a clear counter-tenor that I wish I had such another at Brambleton Hall, to wake the maids of a morning. Do you know where I could find one of his brood?" "Probably in the workhouse of St. Giles's parish, madam, but I protest I know not his particular mew." My uncle, frying with vexation, cried—"Good God, sister, how you talk! I have told you twenty times that this gentleman's name is not Gwynn." "Hoity-toity, brother of mine,"

she replied, "no offense, I hope—Gwynn is an honorable name, of true old British extraction—I thought the gentleman had been come of Mrs. Helen Gwynn, who was of his own profession; and if so be as that were the case, he might be of King Charles's breed, and have royal blood in his veins." "No, madam," answered Quin, with great solemnity, "my mother was not a w—— of such distinction. True it is, I am sometimes tempted to believe myself of royal descent; for my inclinations are often arbitrary. If I was an absolute prince at this instant, I believe I should send for the head of your cook in a charger—she has committed felony on the person of that John Dory, which is mangled in a cruel manner, and even presented without sauce."

(*Humphry Clinker,* I, 82-83.)

This modern Nell was well schooled in the jest. It was Mrs. Cibber (I think) who, in the old days, had been quite unable to remember that his name was not "Gwynn," and the conclusion of the joke must have been equally and obviously familiar, reënforced as it was by the circumstance of his own illegitimacy. His reply to Tabitha was a tart truth. Upon his death in Bath, appeared the following epigram:

> Alas, poor Quin! thy jests and stories
> Are quite extinguished; and what more is,
> There's no *Jack Falstaff,* no *John Dories.*
> Bath, Jan. 21 [1766] W.W.[80]

Smollett's early encounter with this man, and his later reconciliation and tribute to him, surely combine to form a colorful strand in his biography.

Lord Chesterfield.

The date of Smollett's approaching Quin with the *Regicide* can be fixed in the following way: It evidently constituted an abortive first move toward Rich of Covent Garden, after Smollett's second rejection at Drury Lane in the fall of 1745. It must have preceded his second and successful attempt to meet Rich, the beginning of which we are about to record for the spring or summer of 1746. The episode with Quin can therefore be safely assigned to the winter of 1746.

The skeleton outline of events to follow is this: Smollett

[80] *Life of Quin,* 96.

gained Chesterfield's patronage; Chesterfield sent the MS. of the *Regicide* to Garrick; Garrick met Smollett and submitted the play to his manager, Rich, who rejected it. The dates can be checked in various ways. For one thing, Garrick wrote the letter to Hoadley saying he had received a play from Chesterfield, "wrote by one Smollett," under the date of September 14, 1746. The above course of events, following Smollett's rejection at Drury Lane in the fall of 1745, is covered in the Preface to the *Regicide* as follows:

> My unhappy issue . . . in the succeeding Spring [1746] had the good luck to acquire the approbation of an eminent wit, who proposed a few amendations, and recommended it to a person, by whose influence I laid my account with seeing it appear at last. . . . But here, too, I reckoned without my host. The master of Covent Garden theatre bluntly rejected it.[81]

Chesterfield had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1745. He left Ireland for England April 22, 1746, on leave of absence, and did not return to his post. Garrick followed him home from Ireland, landing May 10. This had been the season of the "Garrick fever" in Dublin, which Chesterfield had certainly witnessed, though remaining himself immune. According to our Preface, Smollett must have met Chesterfield shortly after his return. A slightly different version, however, is suggested by a long passage in *Peregrine Pickle* devoted to Chesterfield, which we shall consider presently. There he says his acquaintance was courted by this nobleman "in consequence of a production" which he (the author) had "ushered into the world with universal applause." This production can only have been Smollett's *Advice* (1746). The satire did not appear, however, till August. But it is possible that Chesterfield saw the poem in MS., and, if so, perhaps encouraged the very first of Smollett's accredited publications. Certain it is that he figures in the second. Lines 109-114 of the *Reproof* read:

> Nor would th' enamoured muse neglect to pay
> To Stanhope's worth the tributary lay;
> The soul unstained, the sense sublime to paint,
> A people's patron, pride, and ornament!
> Did not his virtues eternized remain
> The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain.

[81] Preface, 3.

Deferring for a moment the significance of this tribute, we may first in a general way remark that Chesterfield's patronage, which has never been suggested, is the most considerable in the history of the play. This is the patronage that has been erroneously assigned to Lyttelton, whose real offense was something quite different, and only indirectly related to the *Regicide*.

Whether Smollett gained Chesterfield's attention in the spring of 1746 upon the latter's arrival from Ireland, or not until August, after the publication of *Advice,* in any event, Garrick had certainly received the play from Chesterfield by the fourteenth of September. I repeat, in part, the passage in his letter to Hoadley: "I have a play now with me, sent to me by my Lord Chesterfield, and wrote by one Smollett. It is a Scotch story, but it won't do, yet recommended by his Lordship," etc. Upon his return to town, he not unnaturally went to Chesterfield and intimated his poor opinion of the piece. In consequence, we note that Chesterfield's enthusiasm perceptibly cooled.

Let us look a moment at the Earl Sheerwit of Melopoyn's story. Even supposing that Lyttelton instead of Chesterfield was Sheerwit, it is odd that Scott should have described him as "roughly treated"[82] under that character, and that the statement should have been echoed and amplified by others. For the severest reflection indulged in against this "Maecenas" is the following:

> I thought it impossible that a man of his rank and character, who knew the difficulty of writing a good tragedy, and understood the dignity of the work, should read and applaud an essay of this kind without feeling an inclination to befriend the author. . . . But it was not long before I found my friend very much wronged by my opinion.
>
> (*Roderick Random,* II, 245.)

The discovery referred to in the last sentence was Smollett's learning that Chesterfield had sent the MS. to Garrick.[83] Surely this is not very rough treatment. Even later, when Chesterfield's enthusiasm had cooled, thanks to Garrick's representations, his conduct is described with what can only be

[82] Scott, *Memoir of Smollett* (Miscellaneous Prose Works, Edinburgh, 1827), III, 143.

[83] See pp. 86-87.

regarded as the most felicitous Chesterfieldian irony. He finally consented to send a message of recommendation to Rich, but with manifest reluctance, and only if he could be previously assured that Rich was not already tied up with some other budding dramatist—

> for his lordship did not choose to condescend so far, until he should understand that there was a probability (at least) of his succeeding.
>
> (*Roderick Random,* II, 248.)

That Smollett did not, at the time, blame Chesterfield for the rejection of his play at Covent Garden, is proved by the flattering passage in the *Reproof,* which immediately followed this failure and which, in another passage, stigmatized Rich for that offense. And two years later, in Melopoyn's account of the incident, the only derogation ventured upon was the fine irony just noticed. Even then Smollett could scarcely have thought he was very seriously offending his Lordship, for, despite the irony, he quite specifically laid the entire failure of the proceedings at Garrick's door; and in *Peregrine Pickle,* two years later, he could express pained surprise that when

> that very performance, which he had applauded so warmly, was lately published by subscription, he did not bespeak so much as one copy.
>
> (*Peregrine Pickle,* III, 122.)

The latter oversight on Chesterfield's part was probably enough in itself to seal his doom. If spared by Melopoyn, he certainly was not by the College of Authors. I quote the passage, nearly in its entirety:

> This affair being settled to the satisfaction of all present, an author of some character stood up, and craved the advice and assistance of his fellows in punishing a certain nobleman of great pretensions to taste, who, in consequence of a production which this gentleman had ushered into the world with universal applause, not only desired, but even eagerly courted his acquaintance. "He invited me to his house," said he, "where I was overwhelmed with civility and professions of friendship: he insisted upon my treating him as an intimate, and calling upon him at all hours, without ceremony; he made me promise to breakfast with him at least three times a week. In short, I looked upon myself as very fortunate in meeting with such advances from a man of his interest and reputation, who had it in his

power to befriend me effectually in my passage through life; and that I might give him no cause to think I neglected his friendship, I went to his house in two days, with a view of drinking chocolate, according to appointment; but he had been so much fatigued with dancing at an assembly overnight, that his valet-de-chambre would not venture to wake him so early; and I left my compliments to his lordship, with a performance in manuscript, which he had expressed a most eager desire to peruse. I repeated my visit next morning, that his impatience to see me might not have some violent effect upon his constitution; and received a message from his minister, signifying that he had been highly entertained with the manuscript I had left, a great part of which he had read; but was at present so busy contriving a proper dress for a private masquerade, which would be given that same evening, that he could not have the pleasure of my company at breakfast. This was a feasible excuse, which I admitted accordingly, and in a day or two appeared again, when his lordship was particularly engaged. This might possibly be the case; and therefore I returned the fourth time, in hopes of finding him more at leisure; but he had gone out about half an hour before my arrival, and left my performance with his valet-de-chambre, who assured me that his lordship had perused it with infinite pleasure. Perhaps I might have retired very well satisfied with this declaration, had not I, in my passage through the hall, heard one of the footmen, upon the top of the staircase, pronounce with an audible voice, 'Will your lordship please to be at home when he calls?' "

(*Peregrine Pickle,* III, 120-121.)

Beneath this febrile account, one seems to hear, as a kind of solemn undertone: "Seven years, my Lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door." It was the next year after the author of *Advice: A Satire* had gained the countenance and favor of Chesterfield, that Johnson, likewise "upon some slight encouragement," addressed the Prospectus of his Dictionary to Chesterfield; and it was three years after the penning of this passage in *Peregrine Pickle* that Johnson composed his famous Letter. Passing over a few sentences, we may continue the passage in *Peregrine:*

"It was not long after this occasion that I happened to meet him in the park, and being naturally civil, I could not pass him without a salutation of the hat, which he returned in the most distant manner, though we were both solitary, and not a soul within view; and when that very performance, which he had applauded so warmly, was

lately published by subscription, he did not bespeak so much as one copy. I have often reflected with wonder upon this inconsistency in his conduct. I never courted his patronage, nor, indeed, thought of his name, until he made interest for my acquaintance; and if he was disappointed in my conversation, why did he press me so much to further connection?"

"The case is very clear," cried the chairman, interrupting him; "he is one of those connoisseurs who set up for taste, and value themselves upon knowing all men of genius, whom they would be thought to assist in their productions. I will lay an even bet with any man that his lordship, on the strength of that slender interview, together with the opportunity of having seen your performance in manuscript, has already hinted to every company in which he is conversant that you solicited his assistance in retouching the piece which you have now offered to the public, and that he was pleased to favor you with his advice, but found you obstinately bigoted in your own opinion in some points relating to those very passages which have not met with the approbation of the town. As for his caresses, there was nothing at all extraordinary in his behavior. By the time you have lived to my age, you will not be surprised to see a courtier's promise and performance of a different complexion; not but that I would willingly act as an auxiliary to your resentment."

(*Peregrine Pickle*, III, 122.)

In the first edition, the last sentence was continued as follows:

["not but that I would willingly act as an auxiliary to your resentment,] if I thought it was possible to make him repent of his pitiful dissimulation; but, if I guess aright, the person you mean has long ago conquered all sense of probity and shame, and therefore is effectually shielded against the revenge of an author."

(*Peregrine Pickle*, 1st ed., IV, 105.)

The irony of the last clause is truly superb!

Garrick.

Garrick's letter to Hoadley has been several times referred to and quoted in part. I now quote the passage in full:

I have a play now with me, sent to me by my Lord Chesterfield, and wrote by one Smollett. It is a Scotch story, but it won't do, and yet recommended by his Lordship and patronized by Ladies of Quality: what can I say or do? Must I belie my judgment or run

the risk of being thought impertinent and disobliging ye great folks? Some advice upon that head, if you please.[84]

Evidently Smollett was as yet unknown to him—"one Smollett." The superscription of the letter is "Newberry Septbr. ye. 14th. 1746." Garrick must have returned to town shortly after writing the letter, for the opening of the season at Covent Garden with *Hamlet* and his own *Lying Valet*, September 29. Presumably Smollett would see him with all possible promptitude. Melopoyn says the introduction was arranged by Chesterfield, through a third person. The first meeting is thus described by Melopoyn:

> The conversation turning upon my performance, I was not a little surprised, as well as pleased, to hear that Earl Sheerwit had spoken very much in its praise, and even sent Mr. Marmozet the copy, with a message expressing a desire that he would act in it next season. Nor was the favorite actor backward in commending the piece, which he mentioned with some expressions of regard that I do not choose to repeat; assuring me that he would appear in it, provided he should be engaged to play at all during the ensuing season.
>
> (*Roderick Random*, II, 246.)

From the concluding proviso (which Melopoyn repeats later), we may perhaps infer that their meeting occurred before the opening of the theatres. After that opening—or at least before Garrick's first appearance, which did not come, however, until October 22[85]—it could not have been advanced as even the flimsiest excuse. In any case, Garrick's engagement to Rich was very shortly evident to the world; and Melopoyn's suspicions were for the first time aroused by this apparent subterfuge.

I may here remark that in Melopoyn's story the chronology is, as usual, distorted, to permit elaboration of the incidents. The following passage, however, seems to ring true, both in point of time and substance:

> Well, sir, Mr. Marmozet, upon his return to town, treated me with uncommon complaisance, and invited me to his lodgings, where he proposed to communicate his remarks, which I confess were more unfavorable than I expected; but I answered his objections, and,

[84] G. Baker, *Unpublished Correspondence of Garrick* (1907), 37.
[85] Genest, IV, 209.

as I thought, brought him over to my opinion; for, on the whole, he signified the highest approbation of my performance.

(*Roderick Random,* II, 247.)

Garrick's next excuse was a natural one—he didn't have the necessary "interest" with the manager:

I was extremely mortified at hearing from his own lips that his interest with Mr. Vandal [Rich] was so very low as to be insufficient of itself to bring a new piece upon the stage.

(*Roderick Random,* II, 247.)

This being so, why didn't Smollett get his patron, Lord Chesterfield, to intercede with Rich? in which case, he, Garrick, would second the recommendation with all his heart! Chesterfield consented to do this, but with manifest reluctance, for Garrick had in the meantime told him his opinion of the play. Smollett heard rumors of what had happened at the time, if we may trust Melopoyn, but refused to believe them. He was indeed a tenacious young man, not to be put off by rumors or hints. Unfortunately for him, nothing short of an answer "in plain terms" ever sufficed; and that was just what Garrick was constitutionally incapable of giving. Eventually, he was obliged to submit the play to his manager.

As we shall see in the next section, Smollett was all this time being flattered by another dream of success. But continuing our present narrative, we find that a few days after Garrick had submitted the MS. to Rich, Smollett called. The manager had been extremely busy, but he remembered that Garrick had given him a MS. It soon appeared, to the author's surprise, that Garrick had said nothing of Chesterfield's high opinion of the piece. When the author hastened to make good this omission, the manager very courteously observed that he did not believe he should venture to differ from the Earl of Chesterfield. That, upon reading it, he nevertheless did differ, appears to us as quite inevitable, and as nobody's fault but Smollett's. But to Smollett it was all Garrick's fault. We hear in no uncertain terms his conclusion that

Marmozet was the sole occasion of my disappointment; that he had acted from first to last with the most perfidious dissimulation, cajoling me with insinuating civilities, while he underhand employed

all his art to prejudice the ignorant manager[86] against my performance.

(*Roderick Random,* II, 249-250.)

That this conclusion was utterly unjust is obvious. Still, it is only fair to observe that the temperamental weakness was not all on one side. Davies says of Garrick:

He would, in the ardour of a moment, promise what his cooler reflections told him he ought not to perform; nay, he would sometimes be betrayed into promising what indeed he neither could, nor ought, to fulfil. This failing accompanied him, more or less, through life, and brought along with it much vexation.[87]

The letter to Hoadley shows this quality working in Garrick's mind in our particular case. Melopoyn's peroration contains some familiar charges against Garrick:

It is not . . . for the qualities of his heart that this little parasite is invited to the tables of dukes and lords, who hire extraordinary cooks for his entertainment. His avarice they see not, his ingratitude they feel not, his hypocrisy accommodates itself to their humours, and is of consequence pleasing; but he is chiefly courted for his buffoonery, and will be admitted into the choicest parties of quality for his talent of mimicking Punch and his wife Joan, when a poet of the most exquisite genius is not able to attract the least regard.

(*Roderick Random,* II, 250-251.)

"Marmozet" was the immediate child of Smollett's spleen. Garrick can hardly have failed to wince at the name, rôle, and character allotted him. Still, the charges were not altogether new, and the attack plainly lost much of its force from its mere scurrility. Of far graver concern to him must have been Smollett's second attack—the calculated anatomizing of his acting by Tobias Smollett, Surgeon, in *Peregrine Pickle* three years later. The patient was twice examined, each time with friend Quin—once by the Knight of Malta and again in the College of Authors.

The former arraignment is of intrinsic interest, embodying as it does brief but specific criticisms of Garrick's rendering of three Shakespearean rôles.

[86] "Rich was notoriously illiterate."—Cross, *Fielding,* I, 194.
[87] Davies (3d ed.), II, 390.

I have seen one of these [Garrick], in the celebrated part of Richard the third, which, I believe, is not a character of ridicule, sollicit and triumph in the laugh of the audience, during the best part of a scene in which the author has represented that prince as an object of abhorrence.

(*Peregrine Pickle,* 1st ed., II, 138.)

One recalls Davies's very different description of the same scene, with which Garrick, on his first appearance in London, took the town:

When information was brought to Richard, that the Duke of Buckingham was taken, Garrick's look and action when he pronounced the words,

Off with his head!
So much for Buckingham!

were so significant and important, from his visible enjoyment of the incident, that several loud shouts of approbation proclaimed the triumph of the actor and the satisfaction of the audience.[88]

Smollett's criticism, no less than Davies's tribute, testifies to the relishing diablery of Garrick's Richard. Of Garrick's Hamlet, the Knight of Malta remarks all too briefly but nevertheless trenchantly:

I have observed the same person, in the character of Hamlet, shake his fist at his mistress, for no evident cause, and behave like a ruffian to his own mother.

(*Peregrine Pickle,* 1st ed., II, 138.)

Later, the Knight is made to sneer at his "impropriety of dress, which is so absurd that he acts the part of a youthful prince in the habit of an undertaker." Of his Macbeth we hear:

At a juncture, when his whole soul ought to be alarmed with terror and amazement, and all his attention engrossed by the dreadful object in view, I mean that of his friend whom he had murthered, he expresses no passion but that of indignation against a drinking-glass, which he violently dashes in pieces on the floor, as if he had perceived a spider in his wine; nay, while his eyes are fixed upon the ground, he starts at the image of a dagger, which he pretends to see above his head, as if the pavement was a looking-glass that represented it by reflexion.

(*Peregrine Pickle,* 1st ed., II, 138.)

[88] Davies (3d ed.), I, 46.

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These brief flings, expurgated from the novel, are perhaps in reality amongst the most valuable hints we have as to Garrick's actual interpretations. It would indeed be difficult, I believe, to give, in like compass, a vivider sense of the force, daring, and intelligence of Garrick's conceptions than that unwittingly betrayed by Smollett's abuse. The brief remarks on Hamlet's behavior with Ophelia and his mother are worth all of Davies's carefully chosen adjectives; while the reporting of his Macbeth is even more suggestive. In the attempted ridicule of his "air-drawn dagger" speech especially, we seem to possess an authentic illustration of Garrick's originality—imaginative, subtle, yet perfectly telling: the ocular suggestion to the audience (if one may presume with words) of the completely figurative sense of that "air-drawn dagger."

The Knight of Malta also criticises Garrick's costume as Lothario in the *Fair Penitent*. The same point opens the attack upon him in the Further Proceedings of the College of Authors. The critic delegated to report on the *Fair Penitent* observes that he

> had, at first, mistaken Lothario, by his dress, for a puppet-shew man, hired for the entertainment of the guests at Calista's wedding; and was afterwards a little surprised at his unreasonable demand, when, in challenging Horatio to single combat, he desired such an unwieldy antagonist to meet him a whole mile among the rocks.
>
> (*Peregrine Pickle,* 1st ed., IV, 110.)

The unwieldy antagonist referred to was obviously James Quin as Horatio. This is Smollett's report of the notable occasion, also described by Davies, when Quin and Garrick at Covent Garden in 1747 fairly matched powers as Horatio and Lothario in Rowe's *Fair Penitent,* when so great was the excitement of the audience at the encounter of the rival actors that Quin changed color and Garrick was embarrassed. That Smollett actually saw their performance is proved by his ridiculing what he considered Garrick's perverse pause in the middle of a line, when challenging Horatio. He quotes the passage:

> *West of the town a mile, among the rocks,*
> *Two hours ere noon to-morrow I expect thee.*

Lothario, we hear, "made a full stop at the word *town.*" These

lines are the very ones which inspired Quin to his unconscionably long pause in dragging out his reply,

I'll meet thee there!

The description of Garrick's method of "dying hard" in the part is not without interest.

> I cannot approve of his refinements in the mystery of dying hard; his fall, and the circumstances of his death, in the character of this gay libertine, being, in my opinion, a lively representation of a tinker oppressed with gin, who staggers against a post, tumbles into a kennell, while his hammer and saucepan drop from his hands, makes divers convulsive efforts to rise, and finding himself unable to get up, with many intervening hiccups, addresses himself to the surrounding mob.
>
> (*Peregrine Pickle,* 1st ed., IV, 110-111.)

Apart from its intrinsic interest, the passage marks the climax of Smollett's abuse of Garrick. Though a characteristic orgy, its effectiveness in this case, which might, by itself, fail of its own weight, is adroitly sustained, and its poison more safely distilled, by Peregrine's at once affecting a judicious modification of these unflattering views:

> I confess (replied Pickle) the action of that same player is not free from unnatural violence and ridiculous gesticulation: a kind of false fire in which he finds his account with the audience, who never fail to honour it with particular marks of applause; but I think the simile of the tinker is too severe, and rather one of those grotesque comparisons which may subject the most grave and solemn incidents to ridicule, than a fair and candid illustration of the fact.
>
> (*Peregrine Pickle,* 1st ed., IV, 111.)

But in the revision, as we have seen, these attacks, with some others, were "expunged" altogether. In place of the Knight of Malta's three-page arraignment of Garrick, we read the simple sentence: "Your favorite actor is a surprising genius."[89] As long as it was supposed that this revision was made in 1751, the inference manifestly was that Smollett himself (from whatever motive) took the first step toward a reconciliation with Garrick, which was nevertheless not consummated till 1757, or thereabouts, at the time of the *Reprisal.* Correct dating of

[89] *Peregrine Pickle,* II, 19.

the revision as 1758 obviously calls for a readjustment all along the line. In tracing the rest of the Smollett-Garrick relationship, I shall make that readjustment, but shall comment only very briefly upon the successive steps, since this part of the story is relatively well known, and I have nothing material to add.

The *Critical Review* was established in 1756, with Smollett as chief editor. The first number appeared in February, covering both that month and January. In the March issue—that is, so soon as the second appearance of the *Review*—the following panegyric on Garrick was printed, rather gratuitously inserted in a review of a current tragedy:

> We cannot mention Mr. Garrick's name without observing that we often see this inimitable actor laboring through five tedious acts to support a lifeless piece, with a mixture of pity and indignation, and cannot help wishing that there were in this age good poets to write for one who so well deserves them. He has the art, like the Lydian king, of turning all he touches into gold, and can insure applause to every fortunate bard.[90]

This is quoted in part by Smeaton, with the added query, "Was the wish father to the deed?"[91] Certain it is that by November of that year, his farce of the *Reprisal* had been accepted by Garrick, and on the twenty-second of January, 1757, was produced at Drury Lane.[92] Garrick behaved with real generosity on the occasion, allowing the author his benefit on the sixth instead of the ninth night, and advertising his own appearance as Lusignan in Young's *Zara,* thus insuring a crowded house. Furthermore, in a personal letter, and by means of a draft on Clutterbuck and Co.—shades of Crabbe!—he exempted Smollett from the payment of some ten pounds for the house that night.[93]

By this time, the reconciliation of the two men is evident as an accomplished fact. Exactly how it came about is not clear. There was obviously a somewhat cynical construction which might be put upon the appearance of the *Reprisal* following so

[90] *Critical Review,* I, 149.
[91] O. Smeaton, *Life of Smollett,* 73.
[92] Genest, IV, 479.
[93] Davies (3d ed.), I, 293.

hard upon Smollett's editorial elevation with the *Critical Review;* and that the construction was not overlooked we know from a letter which Smollett wrote to Garrick, evidently shortly after the appearance of the play:

> If any person accuses me of having spoken disrespectfully of Mr. Garrick, of having hinted that he solicited for my farce, or had interested views in bringing it forward, he does me wrong, upon the word of a gentleman.[94]

It was nevertheless an awkward situation, which, as I have previously suggested, was probably the initial impulse which started Smollett on the revision of *Peregrine.* "The numerous shafts of envy, rancor and revenge" which Smollett speaks of in the Preface to that edition as having been "lately . . . levelled at his reputation," unquestionably refer to the same sort of malicious gossip that he was contending against in this letter to Garrick.

In the Continuation of his *History of England* (1761) appeared his fullest public atonement in the well-known panegyric on Garrick:

> The exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment by the talent and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this and perhaps every nation, in his genius for acting; in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression.[95]

In 1761 Smollett was imprisoned for his reflections on Admiral Knowles in the *Critical.* Garrick visited him in prison. In return, Garrick's *Fribleriad* and adaptation of the *Winter's Tale* were favorably noticed by the *Critical* when the time came.

The fact that the reconciliation of the two men was mutually advantageous does not necessarily mean that it was insincere. On the contrary, the frequency with which they apparently corresponded, and the tone of the few letters preserved, indicate a genuine if not warm regard.

[94] Noyes, *Letters of Smollett* (MS. copy, in Yale Library), 150.
[95] *History of England* (London, 1791), V, 380.

John Rich.

To return, however, to Garrick's connection with the *Regicide*. It was through him that the play was finally submitted to his manager. Rich was a man whose idiosyncrasies presented difficulties. Davies takes occasion to sketch his character in a significant way:

> John Rich, the son of Christopher Rich, formerly patentee of Drury Lane theatre, seems to have imbibed from his very early years a dislike of the people with whom he was destined to live and daily converse. We are told that his father wished rather to acquire wealth through French dancers, Italian singers, and every other exotic exhibition, than by the united skill of the most accomplished comedians. The son inherited the same odd taste.[96]

Rich is now chiefly remembered for his development of the pantomime. Incidentally, it might be mentioned that he was the original producer of the *Beggar's Opera* (which, the wits said, made Rich gay and Gay rich).

Anderson relates the following incident in Smollett's life:

> Soon after the appearance of this satire [*Advice,* 1746], he wrote for Mr. Rich, at that time manager of Covent Garden theatre, an opera, entitled *Alceste;* but a dispute taking place between the author and manager, it was never acted, nor printed. The music to the opera was composed by Handel, who, finding that no use was intended to be made of it, afterwards adapted it to Dryden's lesser Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.[97]

Anderson supposed that this dispute resulted in the satirizing of Rich in the *Reproof* (January, 1747)—an attack which Anderson regarded as peculiarly impolitic, since the *Regicide* would thereby be debarred from Covent Garden. But, as we have seen in tracing the rôles of Chesterfield and Garrick, it was precisely at this time that Rich *did* reject the *Regicide*—and the coincidence makes clear in a flash the reasons for the failure of *Alceste,* as well as the general nature of Smollett's previous tactics: the *Alceste* had been used only as a stalking-horse for the great *Regicide;* and when Rich, finally presented with the play, read it, and with his customary bluntness refused it pointblank, opera and tragedy went by the board together.

[96] Davies (3d ed.), I, 97.
[97] Anderson (2d ed.), xxviii.

Rich was not a man to be trifled with. Quin had served under him for twenty years. When Garrick, in 1748, was carrying all before him at Drury Lane, Quin, fretting at Bath, dispatched the following significant note to Rich: "I am at Bath—yours, J. Quin;" to which the reply was, "Stay there and be damned—yours, J. Rich." In the *Life of Quin,* we read that Rich's "judgments were always particularly laconic," and usually couched in "the same identical four monosyllables—'It will not do;' an author might perhaps shrewdly add, 'for you, who form the same opinion upon all works except pantomimes.' "[98] Such a man could be approached only warily, if at all. Smollett had previously tried to reach him through Quin. His present approach had been through Chesterfield and Garrick. In the course of Garrick's evasions with regard to the *Regicide,* he had probably been obliged to introduce the persistent young author to his manager, Rich, whose peculiarities and general "difficultness" he may have thought it well to enlarge upon. At all events, Smollett's doing up a libretto of *Alceste* would be a kind of sop to Cerberus. As I have previously related, Garrick was finally forced to submit the tragedy to his manager. When Smollett called on Rich and presently enlightened him regarding Lord Chesterfield's flattering opinion of the play (which Garrick had thought best not to communicate), Rich courteously observed to the author of his new libretto that he did not believe he should venture to differ from Lord Chesterfield's opinion. Afterwards, this preliminary courtesy appeared to prove Rich's perfidy in Smollett's eyes, for he repeats the observation both in Melopoyn's story and the Preface as tantamount to an engagement. In the Preface we read:

> The master of Covent Garden theatre bluntly rejected it, as a piece altogether unfit for the stage; even after he had told me, in presence of another gentleman, that he should not venture to find fault with my performance, which had gained the good opinion of the honorable person who approved and recommended my play.[99]

Once Rich had perused the play, events evidently moved to a smart climax—his answer being, as usual, "laconic." Smollett quickly retaliated in the *Reproof* (January, 1747):

[98] *Life of Quin,* 33.
[99] Preface, 3.

Fraught with the spirit of a Gothic monk,
Let Rich, with dulness and devotion drunk,
Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud,
While his brain spues new monsters to the crowd;
I see with joy the vaticide deplore
An hell-denouncing priest and sov'reign whore.[100]

James Lacy (II)

SMOLLETT's two attempts to gain a footing at Covent Garden had now come to nothing; and when he had paid his compliments to Rich in the *Reproof,* his case might well have been considered hopeless, if indeed it was not before. "Baffled in every attempt," he writes in the Preface, "I renounced all hopes of its seeing the light."[101] However, he cannot have languished for long in this dismal state before Lady Vane, or some other fashionable and humane lady of quality, took him under her wing. She had influence with Mr. Lacy of Drury Lane, which she brought to bear so successfully that, despite past unpleasantnesses, he "very complaisantly received it again."

Lacy had already made his opinion of the play sufficiently clear to anyone but Smollett; nor had that opinion altered in the least. But it must be remembered that he had acquired his property from Fleetwood in a chaotic condition, and had precariously maintained himself only through the backing of "many great and powerful patrons."[102] This uneasy situation still obtained at the time of which we are speaking. He could not therefore openly disoblige Smollett's present patroness, and so "had recourse," wails Smollett, "to the old mystery of protraction, which he exercised with such success, that the season was almost consumed before he could afford it a reading."[103] The author,[104] by this time quite out of patience, demanded an explanation of the "vaticide."[105] High words followed, and the provoked manager, "in the mettle of his wrath, pronounced my play a wretched piece, deficient in language, sentiment, char-

[100] *Reproof,* lines 164-172.
[101] Preface, 3.
[102] Victor, I, 81.
[103] Preface, 3.
[104] The "friend" of the Preface who visited the manager to remonstrate, and who could produce upon the instant a letter written to Smollett about the play, was palpably Smollett himself.
[105] Preface, 3.

acter, and plan."[106] So? Then how did it happen that he had commended the same play when it was submitted to him two years before, if it was so bad now? Lacy evidently did not mince matters in his reply, rudely declaring that he had not changed his opinion in the least, and that he never *had* said anything in favor of the thing! Really? Then would he mind glancing over this letter? And Smollett promptly produced a letter written to him "two years before"[107] by the young nobleman who had first recommended the play to Lacy, reporting Lacy's verdict upon it at that time. Smollett quotes from the letter in his Preface:

> "Sir, I have received Mr. L——'s answer; who says he thinks your play has undubitable merit, but has prior promises to Mr. T——n, as an honest man, cannot be evaded." And concluding thus: "As the manager has promised me the choice of the season next year, if you'll be advised by me, rest it with me."[108]

It will be remembered that when Lacy had first received the *Regicide,* shortly after taking over Drury Lane in 1745, he had intimated that he might produce it next season, but excused himself for the present—one excuse being a prior engagement to another author. The above letter seems to be a genuine document reporting that excuse—it was written "two years before." I see no good reason for doubting its authenticity. (Melopoyn uses the identical phrase, "undubitable merit," and gives the same excuse, in reporting the opinion of Brayer [Lacy].) The author with prior claims, "Mr. T——n," was evidently James Thomson, whose *Tancred and Sigismunda* was produced by Lacy for the first time on March 18, 1745. Thus the approximate date of the letter and, with it, of Smollett's first encounter with Lacy, is fixed as falling between January (when Lacy assumed control) and the middle of March, 1745.

When Lacy, expressing himself freely on the subject of the *Regicide* two years later, was confronted by Smollett with this alarming document, it is improbable that he was covered with becoming confusion. From his point of view his course had been

[106] Preface, 3.
[107] *Ibid.,* 4.
[108] *Ibid.,* 4.

thoroughly consistent. The determining factor in his behavior toward Smollett had been from the first what it still was (barring his forgetting himself in the mettle of his wrath), a disinclination to offend—not the mere author!—but the author's powerful patrons or patronesses. However, since he *had* forgotten himself, we find the present interview, with its flaunting and crackling of letter paper, succinctly described by Smollett as terminating with "some remarks suitable to the occasion."[109]

But discretion is the better part of valor. Lacy had not yet allied himself with Garrick. His affairs were still precarious, and he could not afford to offend the great, especially if so liberal and influential a leader of the *beau monde* as Lady Vane. He therefore took a cold shower, and wrote her ladyship, "with many expressions of duty, that neither the circumstances of his company, nor the advanced season of the year, would permit him to obey her command, but if I would wait till next winter . . . he would assuredly put my play in rehearsal, and, in the meantime, give me an obligation in writing, for my further satisfaction."[110] Smollett evidently imagined that he now had the whip-hand, and was persuaded to dispense with the written security, lest he should seem to doubt his patroness's authority or influence. But alas! when the play was duly altered (as stipulated) and presented the next fall, "this upright director . . . renounced his engagement, without the least scruple, apology, or reason assigned."[111] So says the Preface. But the real reason or pretext is perfectly evident. In Melopoyn's version we read: "Mr. Marmozet, during the summer, became joint patentee with Mr. Brayer; so that when I claimed performance of articles, I was told he could do nothing without the consent of his partner."[112] In 1747 Drury Lane opened under the Garrick-Lacy management. In the succeeding January, Melopoyn aired his wrongs in two of the later chapters of *Roderick Random*. The play now seemed done for; but the end was not yet.

[109] Preface, 4.
[110] *Ibid.*, 4.
[111] *Ibid.*, 4.
[112] *Roderick Random*, II, 252.

Lyttelton.

LYTTELTON'S name is the one that has always been most prominently associated with the fate of the *Regicide*. From Moore and Anderson down, every critic without exception has cited Lyttelton as the prime patron of this tragedy, on whom Smollett visited his particular vengeance. It has been universally assumed that he was "roughly treated" both in *Roderick Random* and in the Preface to the *Regicide*—with neither one of which he has the slightest connection.

The error is easily explained. Lyttelton decidedly *was* concerned in Smollett's theatrical misfortunes; and our ignorance hitherto of an interesting fact in Smollett's dramatic career has made the connection between his later flagellation as patron and the misfortunes of the *Regicide* appear self-evident and unquestioned. Yet we have traced every important incident in the Preface and in Melopoyn's story, and Lyttelton is not there. If so, his dire offense must have been something quite different from what has been supposed.

In Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of the Reign of George II*, which were first published posthumously as late as 1822, there is the following remarkable passage, quoted in part in Phillimore's *Memoir of Lyttelton* (1845):[113]

> Smollett was bred a sea-surgeon, and turned author. He wrote a tragedy, and sent it to Lord Lyttelton, with whom he was not acquainted. Lord Lyttelton, not caring to point out its defects, civilly advised him to try comedy. He wrote one, and solicited the same Lord to recommend it to the stage. The latter excused himself, but promised, if it should be acted, to do all the service in his power for the author.[114]

It is difficult to see how the statement here regarding a comedy can possibly be twisted into a reference to the *Reprisal*. A quite new element is involved.

When *Roderick Random* and Melopoyn appeared, Smollett had evidently had no dealings with Lyttelton. After that date, the thing that would naturally induce anyone to advise Smollett—at least, to advise him "civilly" and not ironically—"to try comedy," would obviously be *Roderick Random* itself.

[113] R. Phillimore, *Lyttelton*, I, 343.
[114] Horace Walpole, *Memoirs of George II* (2d ed., 1846), III, 259.

There he had shown the true bent of his genius in the most unmistakable way. A thin volume called the *British Theatre* (1750), by William Chetwood, for twenty years prompter at Drury Lane, contains at the back a list of "Plays wrote by Anonymous Authors in the 17th century." The forty-sixth entry reads:

XLVI. *Charles* XII*th king of Sweden,* or the *Adventures of* Roderic Random, and his Man *Strap,* 1748.[115]

On the same page, amongst the anonymous plays of the next year, is listed the *Regicide.*

The inferences which I wish to draw are obvious. To an almost incredible degree, Smollett was of the "never-say-die" variety. Shut out of both houses, and having told the whole story to the world, he could nevertheless send the wayworn MS. once more a-journeying—this time to Lyttelton, whom he did not know. Lyttelton, unwilling "to point out its defects"—not improbably with his eye on certain danger signs in *Roderick Random*—"civilly advised him"—almost certainly with his eye on *Roderick Random*—"to try comedy." The reasons which he would give for this oblique refusal and this advice, so derived, could be only flattering. And what more natural for Smollett, embracing Lyttelton's advice under these circumstances, than to attempt to trade upon his assured success (like many another author) in some sort of farcical adaptation? If the connection between Roderick and Strap and the King of Sweden does not seem exactly obvious, we may comfort ourselves with the reflection that Smollett was at least as likely to hit upon the connection as anyone else.

Of the fifty-four anonymous plays listed chronologically by Chetwood, all but four are tagged Comedy, Tragedy, Opera, Farce, etc. Our play is one of the four whose *genre* is not indicated. From this omission we may reasonably infer that Chetwood knew little or nothing about the play beyond its title—if he knew that; and the spelling of "Roderic" (though Smollett himself might have deliberately so spelled it) need scarcely concern us at all. From Chetwood's vagueness; from the absence of such a title from available lists of plays or library or book catalogues; and from the general circumstance of our

[115] W. Chetwood, *British Theatre* (1750), 197.

complete ignorance of it from other sources, we may fairly conclude that the piece was not only never played but never published. All this points toward Smollett. For it is inconceivable that any play about Roderick Random and Strap could have been played or published in 1748 without ruffling the biographical waters. And as evidence that such a play, in manuscript, was his rather than another's we may cite not only a strong general probability but Horace Walpole's pointed statement. Walpole ridiculed Lyttelton, as he did most people, but he knew him intimately, and visited him at Hagley.[116] It is likely, therefore, that he heard of the affair at first hand. It is also likely that his information was, in a slight degree, confidential. Walpole himself describes Lyttelton's excessive dread of critics;[117] and Murphy once said he believed "fear of Smollett" was a prime cause for the protracted delay in the appearance of Lyttelton's *History of Henry II*.[118] Though I believe the imputation in the latter instance was unwarranted, his reputation is evident. Such a timidity helps to explain our ignorance of the affair, from his point of view, through more public channels—while Smollett's silence regarding this second and worse fiasco, scarcely needs explaining. That Walpole, however, should record the bit is obviously characteristic. Finally, in weighing this version of the matter, we must remember that since Lyttelton certainly had nothing whatever to do with the *Regicide's* recorded history, only by some such episode as this can we possibly account for Smollett's later ferocity. Since that ferocity was evoked not by the tragedy but by the cheerfully substituted comedy, no place was found for Lyttelton in the Preface to the *Regicide*, published in May, 1749—if indeed (as is highly probable) the fate of that play's sport-piece had been settled by that time. But the degree of Smollett's later fury at Lyttelton shows clearly enough that some considerable rumpus must have been kicked up over Roderick and the King of Sweden; and it was doubtless through this rumpus that Chetwood, as prompter at Drury Lane, heard of the play, even though in all probability he never actually saw it.

The date of that rumpus can be deduced with some accuracy.

[116] Walpole's *Letters*, Toynbee, III, 186.
[117] *Ibid.*, V, 500.
[118] Boswell's *Johnson*, Hill, III, 38.

Roderick Random appeared in January, 1748. It must have been after this that Smollett approached Lyttelton. Lyttelton excused himself first from entering the lists for the *Regicide* and then from actively recommending the new comedy he had advised—though promising, "if it should be acted, to do all the service in his power for the author." Of course to Smollett this provisional promise would be like money in the bank; the proviso, merely a spur to action. And that, holding out Lyttelton's polite "if" as a tempting surety to managers, he endeavored to win their acceptance, goes without saying. But after the Brayer and Vandal episodes, his reception can scarcely have been cordial. The presumption is that the affair would be settled with celerity and unpleasant finality. These characteristics would severally account for Chetwood's hearing of the play, and hearing of it so early as 1748. I take it that the "settlement" was reached sometime after the theatres opened that fall—it could scarcely have been achieved sooner. If it had been later, Chetwood would not have dated it 1748.

In May of the next year the *Regicide* was published. It is perfectly possible that its publication was determined upon independently of the fate of the comedy; but it seems more likely that it was decided upon after the second failure. In any case, it is not surprising that the Preface of the *Regicide* contains no hint of this second fiasco.

We must now observe how another of Smollett's grievances was coming to a head at just this time. I refer to Smollett's distressing jealousy of Fielding, and the publication of *Tom Jones* in February, 1749. It was of course dedicated to Lyttelton. Lyttelton's friendship for Fielding dated back to their schooldays together at Eton. Since then it had steadily grown in warmth, intimacy, and obligations; but it had not been hitherto of a sort to attract very special attention. To be sure, in the *Miscellanies* (1742) Fielding had addressed his *Liberty* to Lyttelton; also, Fielding had been appointed Commissioner of the Peace through Lyttelton's recommendation, taking up his duties at the Bow Street Court so recently as December, 1748.[119] But it was not until February of the new year, when *Tom Jones* was published, with its Dedication and its portrait of Allworthy, that the full extent of Fielding's obligation was

[119] Cross, *Fielding*, II, 96.

apparent to the world. In the Dedication it was frankly avowed that Lyttelton alone had made it possible for the author to find leisure for writing his work. How did all this appear to Smollett?

In the first place, none of Lyttelton's other excursions in patronage or friendship can have been very agreeable to Smollett. He was the friend and admirer of Akenside, the "Physician"[120] of *Peregrine Pickle*. He was the admirer and patron of Garrick, whom he had been one of the first to acclaim.[121] A letter from Garrick to Lyttelton contains an allusion to another connection of Lyttelton's which, if known to Smollett, then or later, can only have been exasperating. Garrick says:

> May Lord Valentia prosper in Ireland; I most devoutly wish it, because I sincerely believe that his cause is a just one.[122]

Garrick's reference, without preliminaries, to Lord Valentia is evidently in reply to something Lyttelton had written. This Lord Valentia was the young man who inherited the Angelsey estates in Ireland, in spite of the claims of young James Annesley, the "lost heir," who first declared himself in the Fleet at Carthagena, and whose cause, and Mackercher's espousal of it, Smollett eulogized in the *Reproof* and then openly advocated through the Memoirs of Mr. Mackercher in *Peregrine Pickle*. In 1767 this Lord Valentia, the successful claimant, married Lyttelton's daughter, Lucy.

Lyttelton knew and helped Quin as well as Garrick. It was through Lyttelton, then secretary to the Prince of Wales, that Quin obtained the royal patronage at just this time,[123] instructing the Prince's children in elocution, coaching them for a juvenile performance of *Cato* given January 4, 1749,[124] and

[120] Despite Saintsbury's hesitancy and Hannay's open questioning, there can be no doubt that the Physician was intended as a caricature of Mark Akenside. In chap. XLVII the Physician greets Peregrine and Pallett on their release from the Bastille with part of an anticipatory ode on their expected martyrdom: "O fool! to think the man whose ample mind must grasp whatever yonder stars survey." Pallett agrees that the image is no doubt very fine—being taken from the *Rehearsal*. The Physician's plagiarism is in fact a quotation of two lines from stanza 3 of Akenside's *Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon*, which appeared in 1748.

[121] C. Parson, *Garrick and his Circle*, 57.

[122] R. Phillimore, *Lyttelton*, II, 549.

[123] *Life of Quin*, 91.

[124] *Ibid.*, 90.

later, it is said, enjoying a pension.[125] Lyttelton probably came to know Quin and so to help him through their mutual friend, James Thomson, whom Quin in turn had befriended. Lyttelton himself was a liberal patron of Thomson, and became his literary executor. It should be remembered that Thomson's *Tancred and Sigismunda* had been given priority over the *Regicide* by Lacy in 1745. Thomson celebrated both Lyttelton and Quin in his *Castle of Indolence,* the latter under the name of "Æsopus." The poem first appeared in 1748—and Smollett's familiarity with it is proved by his thrice jibing at Quin under the name of "Æsopus" in *Peregrine Pickle.*[126]

But above all, amongst Lyttelton's friends, must be numbered Fielding himself. His *Joseph Andrews* had been published in 1742; but up to the appearance of *Tom Jones* he was best known as a prolific and successful dramatist. Garrick was producing one or more of his plays annually, while the *Regicide* was being pushed from pillar to post. And now when, in 1748, the author of the *Regicide* achieved a startling success with *Roderick Random,* Lady Mary, and evidently others, attributed the novel with unkind promptitude to Fielding, under whose name it was later actually translated into French.[127] Soon after the publication of *Roderick Random,* Smollett approached Lyttelton. In the fall, the comedy, which he had suggested, was probably receiving its quietus—at just the time that Fielding, through Lyttelton's influence, was being made a Justice of the Peace, presiding at Bow Street in December, 1748. In January of the new year Thomson's *Coriolanus* was produced posthumously at Covent Garden. Not only was the production sponsored and arranged by "the zeal of his patron,"[128] Lyttelton; the celebrated Prologue was written by him, for Quin to speak, and included the lines,

> He loved his friends (forgive this gushing tear—
> Alas! I fear I am no actor here)—

which, pronounced by the dead author's warmest friend, were

[125] *Life of Quin,* 90.

[126] II, 20; III, 129; and (1st ed.) IV, 111. For omission of latter in revision, see p. 106, note 129.

[127] 1761.

[128] Johnson, *Lives of the Poets,* Hill, III, 294; *cf.* Phillimore, *Lyttelton,* I, 315.

found so moving, and are still remembered. It was indeed an affecting occasion for all concerned—and scarcely less so for poor Smollett, who was certainly in the audience, either on that opening night or at one of the four performances which quickly followed. For in the Further Proceedings of the College of Authors, he makes Peregrine remark ironically, *à propos* of Garrick's improper pauses, that the latter should not be too severely blamed, since the fault is universal:

> I have heard the Æsopus of the age, who values himself upon accurate speaking, commit innumerable blunders of this kind, one of which I, at present, recollect, in a passage of a late play, which he repeated in this manner:
>
> *To beg protection from the men who lie,—*
> *Trembling behind their ramparts.*
>
> Thus he brought the poor Romans under the imputation of falsehood as well as fear; for, according to his pause, they told lies, as well as trembled behind their ramparts.[129]
>
> (*Peregrine Pickle,* 1st ed., IV, 111-112.)

The "Æsopus" is of course Quin, and the two lines are from Coriolanus's last speech in Act IV, scene iv, of Thomson's play.[130] The performances of *Coriolanus* were between January 13 and 23. In February appeared *Tom Jones,* with its enlightening Dedication to Lyttelton, its portrait of Allworthy, and (as Smollett in his fury came to believe) Partridge plagiarized from Strap! This was indeed too too much!

Such was the concatenation of events which produced those explosions still famous (or infamous) in literary history. The principal mortifications did not tamely hark back to events before *Roderick Random,* but intervened between that novel and *Peregrine;* while some of the older quarrels, such as with

[129] Since this cavilling on Quin's reading of the lines from *Coriolanus* was an outgrowth of the attack upon Garrick's improper pauses, it was omitted along with that attack in the second edition.

[130] In the Continuation of his *History,* Smollett takes occasion to pay a considerable tribute to Thomson: "Thomson, with the most benevolent heart that ever warmed the human breast, maintained a perpetual war with the difficulties of a narrow fortune. . . . About two years before he died, he obtained, by the interest of his friend Lord Lyttelton, a comfortable place; but he did not live to taste the blessing of easy circumstances."—Smollett, *History of England* (London, 1791), V, 383. A long footnote is also added.

Garrick, were undoubtedly recruited with fresh vigor through the fate of *Charles XII,* echoes of which were heard by the prompter at Drury Lane.

After Peregrine had delivered himself regarding the *"éclaircissement"* comprehended in Quin's "Know then, 'twas—I," Quin's admirer in the College was heard to ask "in a whisper of the gentleman who sat next him, if Pickle had not offered some production to the stage, and met with a repulse." Pickle "seemed disposed to make some answer"—as ever, in this business—but was deterred by another member's bringing forward his new pastoral for consideration by the society. The chairman, after some caustic remarks on the bard's previous attempts in this field of poetry, at length permitted him to hold forth—carefully restricting him, however, to only a few lines.

The parody of Lyttelton's celebrated Monody on the death of his wife, which follows (and which, along with this entire scene, was of course excised from the second edition), is reprinted by Henley amongst the Poems as the *Burlesque Ode.* The section of poetry in Henley's edition was directed by Seccombe, who signs the notes. Seccombe, in his article in the *Dictionary of National Biography,* says that this poem "appeared" in 1747. I can find no shadow of evidence for the statement, and some good evidence against it, apart from all present concerns. Lyttelton's Monody appeared in 1747, shortly after the death of his wife, and was very greatly admired. If Smollett's parody was so timely, it is odd that Thomas Gray, in writing Walpole about *Peregrine* in March, 1751, should call special attention to "a parody of part of his [Lyttelton's] Monody, under the notion of a pastoral on the death of his Grandmother."[131] The author of the *Memoir of Lyttelton,* though sufficiently indignant over the poem, speaks of it only in connection with *Peregrine Pickle.*[132] In Henley's edition, Seccombe's note to the poem runs:

> When Smollett came to London in 1739, he proposed to dedicate his tragedy *The Regicide* to George Lyttelton. . . . Lyttelton paid no attention to the young Scot's overtures. Hence this savage *Ode in Memory of a Grandmother,* burlesquing Lyttelton's colorless and feeble Monody (. . . 1747).

[131] See p. 10.
[132] R. Phillimore, *Lyttelton,* I, 343.

Since Seccombe's statements are obviously based upon a misconception, I shall not labor the refutation further. Both the burlesque and its savage context in the novel were products of the mortifying events of 1748-1749.

This burlesque, though of course not a high type of literature, is in some ways the most completely successful verse Smollett ever wrote. As a parody, it is excellent in its ridicule of the irregular versification, the geographical allusions, and, above all, the general "old grandmotherly" air of Lyttelton's Monody. But, beyond that, it achieves a success which only the best parodies do—it is funny and telling quite independent of its original. It was possible for more of the real Smollett to pass into this burlesque than into all the *Leven Waters, Libertys, Advices,* or any other exercises in versification. The single fine outburst of "Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn!" alone equals it in genuineness (and of course far excels it in nobility).

Lest the casual reader might miss the particular features of Lyttelton's poem which were parodied in the burlesque, they are duly reviewed by the critical cavillers of the College. Then, however, comes the real sting: 'This is all very well, but what about making "copy" of your Grandmother's death?' The chairman ventures to settle this trifle out of hand:

> "Pshaw! (said he) why the devil should he be more delicate in that respect than those people who sit at the head of taste? In every single circumstance to which you have objected, he has expressly imitated, not to say copied, the celebrated production of the universal patron." "What! (replied the other) you mean the famous Gosling Scrag, Esq. son and heir of Sir Marmaduke Scrag, who seats himself in the chair of judgment, and gives sentence upon the authors of the age? I should be glad to know upon what pretensions to genius this preheminence is founded. Do a few flimsy odes, barren epistles, pointless epigrams, and the superstitious suggestions of an half-witted enthusiast, intitle him to that eminent rank he maintains in the world of letters? or did he acquire the reputation of a wit, by a repetition of trite invectives against a minister, conveyed in a theatrical cadence, accompanied with the most ridiculous gestures, before he believed it was his interest to desert his master, and renounce his party?"
>
> (*Peregrine Pickle,* 1st ed., IV, 120-121.)

In this passage, Lyttelton's "slender, uncompacted frame" and "meagre face,"[133] his yet more disagreeable voice and address,[134] his quarrel and break with Pitt, are severally ridiculed in the name and political career of this "Gosling Scrag, Esq." The abuse of his literary pretensions covers his odes, some of which were printed in Dodsley's Collection (1748); his then well-known *Persian Letters* (1735), which were imitated by Fielding;[135] and his *Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul* (1747), commended by Johnson,[136] and several times reprinted.

His more general characteristics as a patron are next abused —after which Smollett once again takes the bull by the horns: " 'One would imagine (said the chairman) that you had made an unsuccessful application to his patronage.' " Then, despite the critic's unflattering picture of Gosling as a patron, the chairman rushes to his defense, and vehemently avers that "Gosling Scrag is at this day the best milch-cow an author ever stroaked" —because he is the easiest mark, if an author will but humble himself, and, in particular, "feed him with the soft pap of dedication."

> Yes, I insist upon it, these are the arts which will never fail to engage the friendship of Mr. Scrag, which will be sooner or later manifested in some warm sine-cure, ample subscription, post or reversion; and I advise Mr. Spondy to give him the refusal of this same pastoral: who knows but he may have the good fortune to be listed in the number of his beef-eaters; in which case he may, in process of time, be provided for in the customs or church; when he is inclined to marry his own cook-wench, his gracious patron may condescend to give the bride away; and finally settle him in his old age as a trading Westminster justice.
>
> (*Peregrine Pickle,* 1st ed., IV, 123.)

Such is the climactic abuse of Lyttelton and Fielding in their relationship of patron and author. I have reviewed it here at some length to indicate how the originating circumstances, as we have traced them, led quite logically to this extraordinary

[133] Johnson, *Lives of the Poets,* Hill, III, 454.
[134] Lord Hervey, *Memoirs,* I, 433.
[135] Cross, *Fielding,* II, 49.
[136] Johnson, *Lives of the Poets,* Hill, III, 450.

fusion of enmities in Smollett's mind. The rending of the one was the rending of the other. To attack Lyttelton through his elegy on his dead wife; to impute the burlesque to Fielding; and then to have the impudence to advise Fielding to bespeak his (Lyttelton's) patronage for the thing!—surely, in this there is not only the bludgeoning that is so evident, but a diabolical cleverness not easily matched in the amenities of literature! Nor was this all. The same tactics, thus employed in *Peregrine Pickle,* were employed the next year in *Habbakkuk Hilding,* with yet greater ferocity. There the two men are literally turned loose upon one another tooth and nail, in a strain of abuse which, as Henley says, "is hard to forgive and wholly impossible to forget."[137] It is not likely that a form of attack more painful to both could have been devised.

In the revision of *Peregrine* in 1758 the passages dealing with Lyttelton and Fielding were cut out entire. Fielding had died in 1754. It is true that the abuse of Lyttelton was so bound up with that of Fielding that it would have been practically impossible to remove the one without the other. But we need not draw the invidious inference. There is no doubt that Smollett came to regret his excesses, independent of circumstances. Even before the public retraction in his *History,* Smollett had attempted to make amends. When Lyttelton published his *Dialogues of the Dead* in 1760, they were most promptly and favorably noticed in the *Critical Review* for May of that year. The article is unmistakably by Smollett himself. I quote one of the few adverse comments, to show clearly his touch: "The Czar Peter and Louis the Great may perhaps be allowed to accost each other in the language of draymen; but," etc. For the rest, the review is larded with the most contrite encomiums:

> The hand of a master is too visible in every page to escape the most undiscerning. A distinguishing judgment, delicacy of sentiment, propriety of thought, and purity of diction, recommend this little performance at first glance.[138]

A part of the Dialogue between Swift and Addison is quoted, with the comment:

> There is not perhaps amongst the whole a conversation that dis-

[137] Henley, I, xxi.
[138] *Critical Review,* IX, 390.

plays so fully the refined taste and exquisite feelings of the ingenious author.[139]

His reflections upon the French tragic writers are expressed "with a truly poetical imagination. . . . Longinus himself could not have characterized them with more strength and beauty."[140] This winged praise never falters to the end of the article, which closes on this note:

> Upon the whole, we have not lately seen a work of more entertainment and real instruction, where sound sense, and a lively imagination, are more happily united, or where the erudition of the scholar is more agreeably tempered with the feeling, the taste, and the sentiments of a gentleman.[141]

Words could not do more. Nor did Lyttelton prove himself altogether unimpressionable, for he wrote a letter of thanks. Unfortunately, this note, which Dr. Johnson saw, is not found in his published correspondence, and has probably been lost. From our knowledge of the circumstances, however, we can guess its nature. Since the review was as palpably Smollett's work as the encomium in his *History,* Lyttelton's acknowledgment was probably a personal note to Smollett, in effect burying the hatchet on his side; or, if not explicitly directed to him, obviously intended for no one else. Lyttelton's responsiveness to Smollett's flatteries, after such well-nigh unpardonable public attacks, may perhaps account for Johnson's downright disgust at this point:

> When they [the *Dialogues of the Dead*] were first published, they were kindly commended by the "Critical Reviewers;" and poor Lyttelton, with humble gratitude, returned, in a note which I have read, acknowledgments which can never be proper, since they must be paid either for flattery or for justice.[142]

The incident, however, would seem to constitute a somewhat less public reconciliation between Smollett and Lyttelton than the well-known atonement in his *History,* which followed the next year. In that work we learn that the age was "embellished . . . by the delicate taste, the polished muse, and tender

[139] *Critical Review,* IX, 392.
[140] *Ibid.,* 392.
[141] *Ibid.,* 393.
[142] Johnson, *Lives of Poets,* Hill, 452.

feelings of a Lyttelton." Here, too, was evidently a direct act of penance for particular offenses. Taken with the preceding incident, it should discredit entirely Murphy's surmise, sometimes cited, that "fear of Smollett" was a principal cause for the long delay in the appearance of Lyttelton's *History of Henry II* (1767).[143]

Fielding.

Smollett's relations with Fielding have already been pretty completely suggested in different connections, especially in the preceding section. Through our discussion of Smollett's quarrel with Lyttelton, Fielding is brought into somewhat closer alignment with the *Regicide* affair than has been ordinarily supposed. Though he had nothing to do directly with either the tragedy or the resultant comedy, it is safe to say that if there had been no *Regicide,* there would have been no such disgraceful scenes in *Peregrine Pickle* and no such nauseating *Habbakkuk Hilding,* though his alleged plagiarisms might still have earned him no slight resentment. But if I am correct, the publication of *Tom Jones,* coming as it did, was simply the last straw in a long series of humiliations.

I have already called attention to the ingenious cruelty of Smollett's attack upon the two men, and have quoted in full the disreputable passage in *Peregrine* about Mr. Spondy, the trading Westminster justice, etc., which it is not necessary either to repeat or to annotate. Fielding for a time made no move or sign, applying himself steadily to the work in hand. Just before the year was out—on December 18—*Amelia* was published. It was in effect the perfect reply—the trading Westminster justice quietly declining to be annihilated. In a week *Amelia* had reached a second impression.[144] In Smollett's state of greensickness, the appearance of any novel by Fielding following the assassination in *Peregrine* would be anathema. And that *Amelia* was in fact the bitterest gall and wormwood to him is proved but too plainly by *Habbakkuk Hilding.*

Although in finishing up *Amelia* Fielding was in the main biding his time, that novel itself affords evidence that he was not

[143] Boswell's *Johnson,* Hill, III, 38.
[144] Cross, *Fielding,* II, 304-305.

unmindful of what was going forward. I have previously called attention to his glance at Lady Vane's Memoirs in chapter I, Book IV, of *Amelia*—a passage which must have been penned almost contemporaneously with the public's first fine careless rapture.[145] Furthermore, in chapter V of Book VIII, the debtor-author confides to his fellow-prisoner, Booth, that he is thinking of giving up pamphleteering for romance-writing. For

> romance-writing is the only branch of our business now that is worth following. Goods of that sort have had so much success lately in the market, that a bookseller scarce cares what he bids for them. And it is certainly the easiest work in the world; . . . and if you interlard it with a little scandal, a little abuse on some living characters of note, you cannot fail of success.

That this recipe for the latest thing in success was again a glance at Lady Vane and also at the personal attacks in *Peregrine Pickle,* few will doubt.

That application is further strengthened by the sequel. With *Amelia* off his hands, Fielding opened the new year promptly with his *Covent Garden Journal.* In the second number, under the date of "January 6" [1752], in describing the beginning of the Grub Street War, he definitely turns upon Smollett:

> A little before our march, however, we sent a large body of forces, under the command of A. Millar, to take possession of the most eminent printing-houses. . . . A small body, indeed, under the command of one Peeragrin Puckle made a slight show of resistance; but his hopes were soon found to be in *Vain;* and at the first report of the approach of a younger brother of General Thomas Jones, his whole body immediately disappeared, and totally overthrew some of their own friends, who were marching to their assistance under the command of one Rodorick Random. This Rodorick, in a former skirmish with the people called critics, had owed some slight show of success more to the weakness of the critics than to any merit of his own.[146]

[145] See pp. 50-51.

[146] *Covent Garden Journal,* Jensen, I, 145. As long as the expurgation of *Peregrine* in the revision (wrongly assigned to 1751) was supposed to have preceded this fling, Smollett's enraged reply in *Habbakkuk Hilding* has been taken as a recrudescence of rage over Fielding's apparent refusal to accept the expurgation as an "amende honorable" (Cross, II, 398). But in reality Smollett had offered no "amende honorable" whatever; there had been no "deviation into decency" (Henley, xxi); so that the transition from *Peregrine* to *Habbakkuk*

Considering the provocation Fielding had received from Smollett, this reply (though it seems to me a little more than "a good-natured smile at his expense"[147]) was mild chastisement. But however we may regard the attack in the *Covent Garden Journal,* there can be only one view of Smollett's quick rejoinder. It is one of the worst pieces of vilification on record. In scarcely more than a week after Fielding's fling, Smollett's six-penny pamphlet was in print, the full title reading:

A Faithful/Narrative/of the/Base and inhuman Arts/That were lately practised upon the/Brain/of/Habbakkuk Hilding,/Justice, Dealer, and Chapman,/Who now lies at his House in *Covent-Garden,* in a deplorable State of Lunacy; a dreadful Monument of *false Friendship* and *Delusion.*

Despite this title, it should be stated that *Habbakkuk Hilding* is not simply a reply to the *Covent Garden Journal.* To a considerable extent it is a continuation of the mood, methods, and even the form, of *Peregrine Pickle.* References to the attack in *Peregrine* abound; Gosling Scrag, Esq., is still present—now as *Sir* Gosling Scrag;[148] and he and Habbakkuk (Fielding) defile each other as patron and patronized. Still, that the *raison d'être* of the pamphlet was the *Covent Garden Journal* is evident from the title above, the precipitancy with which the piece followed the attack in the *Journal,* specific references to the Grub Street War, and finally the signature of "Drawcansir Alexander, *Fencing-Master* and *Philomath,*" after Fielding's signature, "Sir Alexander Drawcansir, Knt. Censor of Great Britain."

A significant point which does not seem to have been brought to notice is that that part of the pamphlet which is a direct reply to the *Covent Garden Journal* is cast in the form of an account of that journal's origin. The author pretends to have overheard an interview between Sir Gosling and Habbakkuk, during which the former for a time vainly incites his henchman to further endeavors in his behalf, reminding him of past favors:

through *Amelia* and the *Covent Garden Journal* must be regarded as an unbroken crescendo.

[147] Cross, *Fielding,* II, 398.

[148] On the death of his father in September, 1751, Lyttelton, succeeding to the baronetcy, became Sir George Lyttelton. In November, 1756, he was raised to the peerage as Baron, first Lord Lyttelton.

Have not I (said the remonstrant) relieved you in your necessities, been the bawd to your performances; and, in despite of all decorum, erected you into a judge over your fellows; and now that I am insulted in public, do you refuse to stand forth in my behalf?[149]

That the recent public insult was principally the attack in *Peregrine Pickle* is evident from Sir Gosling's later exhortation:

but let loose the chief torrent of your gall against that rascal Peregrine Pickle, who hath brought us both to ridicule and shame.[150]

And that the retributive measure urged upon Habbakkuk by Sir Gosling was the launching of the *Covent Garden Journal* is evident from Habbakkuk's final objection:

And will you persist in desiring me to expose myself to fresh dangers and disgrace by assuming the title of Censor of Great Britain, to which I have just as good a claim as the under turn-key of Bridewell has to the government of Gibraltar? 'Sdeath! Sir Gosling, it but ill becomes me to attack those who really are the inhabitants of Grubstreet.[151]

Soon after, Habbakkuk falls into a fit, from which he is recovered by a magic philtre of Sir Gosling's—after swallowing which, the poor epileptic laughs, and swears he will fight Sir Gosling's quarrels to the death.

This conception illustrates with peculiar clarity what I have previously called the fusion of enmities in the two men. Lyttelton is the dark, animating force in all Fielding's doings. Fielding is his merest creature. It was he who had made Fielding a justice, raising him from "the horrors of indigence, from which all his talents could not defend him;"[152] who had puffed first *Tom Jones* and now *Amelia* to success; who, when they found themselves properly exposed in *Peregrine Pickle,* inspired Fielding to this counter-attack in the *Covent Garden Journal.* Such a conception was not only an agreeable vilification of Lyttelton; it was, to an even greater extent, a complete depreciation of Fielding, whose talents and initiative are thereby reduced to exactly zero. But even though Smollett's attitude

[149] *Habbakkuk Hilding* (1st ed.), 9.
[150] *Ibid.,* 13.
[151] *Ibid.,* 10.
[152] *Ibid.,* 9.

was obviously an effective posture of offense, the tactical advantages of which were by no means neglected, we are nevertheless forced to conclude that the attitude was not all pose; that in his jealousy of Fielding and his rage at Lyttelton, he persuaded himself that such was actually the state of affairs. The nastiness and virulence of the abuse poured upon Fielding's personal character under license of Habbakkuk's supposed delirium—beside which the former attack upon Mr. Spondy and the trading Westminster justice inclined to marry his cook-wench seems positively pastoral—bear witness not simply to the incredible venom of the writer but to something very like a pathological obsession.

Smollett's contempt for Fielding's abilities—his notion that Fielding owed his success entirely to others—was heightened by the more definite and damning belief that Fielding had plagiarized from both *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*. The broad charges are rather vague. Habbakkuk in his terror at the apparition of Trunnion, the "Polypheme . . . with his Cyclopeian eye," cries out:

> Spare me, spare me, good Commodore! I own I have wronged you, as well as your nephew Peregrine, and his cousin Random. I have robbed them both, and then raised a false report against them.[153]

What the thefts from *Peregrine* were Smollett nowhere says. He brings two definite charges, however, regarding plagiarisms from *Roderick Random:* the Partridge of *Tom Jones* and the Miss Matthews of *Amelia* were respectively stolen, Smollett asserts, from his Strap and Miss Williams.

Of these allegations, the first is the more interesting and significant. Partridge and Strap have often been compared—the palm being pretty generally awarded, I believe, to Hugh Strap. Besides the obvious type-resemblance in a hero's "man," there were some temperamental resemblances—and one or two truly singular correspondences. Perhaps the crucial passage is what may be called the recognition-scene in each novel. It will be remembered that Strap and Roderick had previously known each other at school, while Partridge had known Tom as an infant—at least he had been charged with the boy's paternity! After separation from their respective heroes, each becomes a

[153] *Habbakkuk Hilding* (1st ed.), 22.

barber—and (natural yet singular circumstance) each is reunited with the hero through the act of shaving him!—Strap, in a fine flurry of suds; Partridge, more gradually, with much Latin. (Be it here remembered that Strap, too, as Roderick's old school-fellow, occasionally quotes Latin.) There can be little doubt that this surprising reunion was the incident of all others in *Tom Jones* which made Smollett see red. In the course of Habbakkuk's march at the head of his army of "Tag, Rag, and Bobtail," Partridge (gracefully introduced as "a notorious felon and impostor") is so terrified at the mere sight of Strap in conversation with another man across the street, that he takes to his heels:

> At the same instant, Partridge having descried a journeyman barber, with a remarkably long chin, passing by Somerset-House, in conversation with another man, roared out with uncommon symptoms of affright, "Blood! We shall all be grabbed, don't you see the dog Strap—the very cull who hath a warrant against me for snabbling his Peeter and Queer Joseph—'tis time to shabb off, d—n my liver." With these words, he betook himself to his heels.[154]

Yet despite the type-resemblance, the shaving incident, and possibly the Latin, we may assert with some confidence that in Partridge Fielding was neither consciously nor unconsciously borrowing from Strap—because the majority of *Tom Jones* (far beyond the shaving incident) was written, though not published, before the appearance of *Roderick Random*. Fielding spent nearly three years on his masterpiece, beginning it in the summer of 1746.[155] Professor Cross shows that by February, 1748 (the month following the publication of *Roderick*), "Fielding had written eleven of the eighteen books of *Tom Jones*."[156] Partridge's pedantry and general characteristics were of course fixed from the very beginning of the story, when he is accused of the child's paternity; his reappearance, with the shaving incident, comes in chapter IV of Book VIII—which surely allows a sufficient margin of safety against influence from *Roderick Random*—unless we are to believe that Fielding went back and reworked the incident later. Or, we may state the case a little differently: The composition of *Tom Jones*

[154] *Habbakkuk Hilding* (1st ed.), 20.
[155] Cross, *Fielding*, II, 100.
[156] *Ibid.*, II, 107.

extended from the summer of 1746 to the closing months of 1748. The Dedication was written in October or early November.[157] If we are to suppose that chapter IV of Book VIII was not written till after the appearance of *Roderick Random* on January 21, 1748,[158] we must also suppose that ten chapters of Book VIII plus ten complete books of the total eighteen were written between late February and October or November —in addition to the bulk of the *Jacobite's Journal,* which appeared continuously all this time.

But even though Fielding may be fairly regarded as cleared of whatever blame might have attached had he in fact borrowed a good thing, his acquittal in our eyes does not mean that Smollett's feeling at the time was altogether preposterous. The accusation remains of valid importance both as an indication of Smollett's state of mind and (even more) as an explanation of it. For Smollett could scarcely have been acquainted with the nice course of *Tom Jones's* composition, and the broad fact of an interval of thirteen months between the appearance of his novel and Fielding's must have seemed off-hand to give him an unimpeachable priority. We should further remember, in attempting to understand Smollett's state of mind, that, of all the characters in *Roderick Random,* Strap was the most immediately, as he has remained the most permanently, popular; plagiarism from him would therefore be the most natural of possible thefts, and also, to the author, the most unforgivable. In view of all this, it is not strange that the facts, which even now in the cold light of posterity form a somewhat odd coincidence, should have appeared to Smollett in a luridly criminal light.

The supposed stealing from Strap was probably the seed and core of all Smollett's charges of plagiarism. In that instance, Fielding's guilt was so palpably established in Smollett's eyes as to render even general similarities between their works thereafter suspect. Hence the absurd charge that Miss Matthews was taken from Miss Williams, and the vague accusation of liftings from *Peregrine Pickle.*

[157] Cross, *Fielding,* II, 108.

[158] *Roderick Random* is advertised in the *Jacobite's Journal* for Saturday, January 16, 1748, as "Next Thursday will be published," etc. In the number for January 23 it is announced as out.

A curious circumstance, however, about these charges of plagiarism is that they were so long delayed. They were first brought upon the carpet in *Habbakkuk Hilding* in January, 1752—three years after *Tom Jones*. There was not a hint of the matter in *Peregrine Pickle*. Does this mean that the charge of plagiarism was an afterthought with Smollett? perhaps a species of "motive-hunting"? To believe this, we must believe that even the shaving incident in *Tom Jones* aroused no suspicion in Smollett at first sight, in spite of his towering rage at Fielding. Such a view is perhaps not impossible, but to me it is untenable. Rather, the inference which I believe should be drawn from the absence of the charge in *Peregrine Pickle* is that Smollett had not seen the incident; that while attacking Fielding in *Peregrine Pickle* as lick-spittle to Lyttelton, whom he was feeding with "the soft pap of dedication" (of *Tom Jones*), Smollett nevertheless had not really read that novel. This is not to say, of course, that he was necessarily unacquainted with it in a superficial way. Indeed, one passage in *Peregrine* contains an unmistakable censure of a mannerism in Fielding's style, which, though not confined to *Tom Jones,* is there crystallized in the Introductory Chapters. It is just possible (though from the wording I believe improbable) that Smollett is definitely referring to those Introductory Chapters in the following:

> I might here, in imitation of some celebrated writers, furnish out a page or two with the reflections he made upon the instability of human affairs, the treachery of the world, and the temerity of youth; and endeavor to decoy the reader into a smile by some quaint observation of my own touching the sagacious moraliser: but, besides that I look upon this practice as an impertinent anticipation of the peruser's thoughts, I have too much matter of importance upon my hands to give the reader the least reason to believe that I am driven to such paltry shifts, in order to eke out the volume.[159]
>
> (*Peregrine Pickle,* III, 159.)

It should be noted, however, that this unusually judicious censure, which still stands in the novel, is not a part of the attack upon Fielding in the College of Authors. Indeed, the attack in the College affords no evidence whatever of familiarity with *Tom Jones* beyond the Dedication—a fact which is surely in

[159] This passage was not applied in so many words to Fielding, even in the first edition. The allusion, however, is unmistakable.

striking contrast with the vicious treatment of its characters a year later in *Habbakkuk Hilding*.

Habbakkuk Hilding proves not only Smollett's belated acquaintance with *Tom Jones* but also indubitable reading of *Amelia*—in part, at least. Booth, Amelia, and Miss Matthews are quite as much in evidence as the figures of *Tom Jones*. The particular points of *Amelia* seized upon for ridicule, however, are all drawn from the first quarter of the book: (a) On page 20 of *Habbakkuk* the word "snabbling" is used as a cant term for robbing, and is so glossed in a footnote—where it is spelled "snabbing." In *Amelia* (Book I, chapter III) the same expression, but spelled "snaffling," is used by Blear-eyed Moll in the prison—and is glossed in a footnote. (b) Habbakkuk's present to Booth of an old iron tobacco-box (p. 18) = the iron snuff-box picked from Booth's pocket in the prison (Book I, chapter IV), and later returned to him for a reward. (c) The designation of Amelia in *Habbakkuk* (p. 19) as "a draggle-tailed bunter, who had lost her nose in the exercise of her occupation," is Smollett's rendition of the notorious circumstance of the heroine's "lovely nose . . . beat all to pieces by the overturning of a chaise" (Book II, chapter I). (d) Booth's whimpering complaint to Habbakkuk (p. 18) "that the divine Amelia had for three days tasted nothing stronger than some brown caudle of his own making" = Miss Matthews's question (Book III, chapter VIII), "Did you really . . . make your wife's caudle yourself?" The above points comprise the particular correspondences between *Habbakkuk Hilding* and *Amelia*,[160] and they are all drawn from the first of the novel. It seems a fair inference that Smollett had read no more when he disgorged *Habbakkuk*. If so, the fact is not in the least surprising, especially when we consider that *Amelia* had been out scarcely three weeks. Indeed, the surprise is rather the other way, and we should perhaps detect in the circumstance evidence not so much of neglect as of an uneasy curiosity. In any case, his procedure with *Amelia* when he had read but three of the twelve books, taken with his attack upon Fielding in *Peregrine* when he had apparently not read *Tom Jones* at all, offers an eloquent commentary on his methods.

[160] The "glyster-pipe" in Booth's buttonhole (*Habbakkuk*, 19) seems to be a decoration original with Smollett.

In the foregoing treatment of Smollett's pamphlet, I have given no notion of its venomousness. It would be impossible to do so without quite unacceptable quotations. We might easily forgive the literary recriminations indulged in, and even the flaunting of the less creditable parts of Fielding's career. Such things were fair enough in these battles. But the repeated twitting on Fielding's loss of his teeth; the references to the "marks of damnation" on his face; to the bandages of his gout-twisted limbs; to an epileptic fit, with the tobacco-juice trickling from the corners of the sufferer's mouth—Henry Fielding's!—such things as these, and worse, we cannot stomach! As one reads certain passages of this pamphlet, one is inclined to question—almost seriously—the mental balance of the writer.

But since Smollett was apparently not insane, he cannot but have regretted these vituperative debauches. Fielding died two years later, in 1754; and in the revision of *Peregrine* in 1758 the offending passages on Fielding, with those on Lyttelton, were bodily excised.

In the Continuation of his *History* (1761), Smollett paid this tribute to his great contemporary:

> The genius of Cervantes was transfused into the novels of Fielding, who painted the characters, and ridiculed the follies of life, with equal strength, humour, and propriety.[161]

In 1762, the July number of the *Critical Review* opened with a long notice of Murphy's *Life and Works of Fielding*. Most of the review consists of quotations from Murphy's *Life;* but the article closes with this summary:

> Upon the whole, we must congratulate the public on this handsome, uniform edition of an author who will be read and admired as long as any taste for wit and genuine humour remains in the nation.[162]

[161] *History of England* (London, 1791), V, 381.
[162] *Critical Review,* XIV, 21.

COLLATION OF THE FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS OF PEREGRINE PICKLE

APPENDIX A

EVEN apart from the first edition of *Peregrine Pickle,* there has been considerable variation in the later, revised text. The edition widest of the mark is that of Smollett's friend and biographer, John Moore, in 1797. The literary conceit which led him to prefix a long view of the *Commencement and Progress of Romance* to his cryingly scanty life of Smollett also seemed to empower him to "edit" the novelist's text. He systematically modernized the old preterits, "rung," "sung," etc., to "rang," "sang," etc., yet fancied the past participle "holden" in preference to Smollett's "held:" he consistently changed "an" to "a" before "h;" refined his friend's grammar and colloquialisms and sometimes his sea jargon, not infrequently recasting whole sentences—usually with enfeebling correctness and often with sorry ineptitude.

Anderson's text, on the other hand, is far more accurate. Fortunately most modern editions follow that reading. That reading, however, is not always the reading of the second edition of 1758. Indeed, the divergencies, though trivial in nature, are surprisingly numerous. The present investigation, however, does not pursue these later variations, confining itself strictly to the divergencies between the first edition of 1751 and the second of 1758. Consequently a good many minor differences between the first edition and a modern edition such as Henley's, which I have used, cannot appear in the following Collation. If such an unrecorded variation is observed, the presumption should be that it was introduced in an edition subsequent to the second. Due to the excessive rarity of the second edition, it has seemed useless to give page and line references to the actual volumes of that issue now in my possession. I have therefore in every case given the reading of that text, but the *refer-*

ences (as all the references to Smollett's novels in the present study, unless otherwise stated) are to Henley's edition.

VOLUME I

I 4.1-2
aversion for wedlock: aversion to wedlock I 3.13

I 4.3
to find out a mate: to find a mate I 3.14

I 5.29-32
effectually; and having withdrawn his money from trade, which he had laid out in Bank stock and India bonds, removed to a house in the country, that:
effectually; he withdrew his money from trade, and, laying it out in Bank stock and India bonds, removed to a house in the country, which I 32-36

I 12.15-16
No, answered Hatchway; that I must confess you did not steer:
No, answered Hatchway; I must confess you did not steer I 10. 13-14

I 23.17-22
for better for worse; and Mr. Appleby, after having expressed his satisfaction that he had fixed his affections in his family, and comforted the lover with the assurance of his being agreeable to the young lady, they forthwith proceeded:
for better for worse. Mr. Appleby, after having expressed his satisfaction that he had fixed his affections in his family, comforted the lover with the assurance of his being agreeable to the young lady, and they forthwith proceeded I 19.21-25

I 35.8-9
hysterical laugh, importing horror rather than delight, that:
hysterical laugh, that I 29.13-14

I 35.13
fine pineapples: delicate pineapples I 29.17-18

I 36.10-37.7
But, alas! she had come too late; his lordship lamented, in very polite and pathetic terms, that he was disabled from exerting his humanity, and enjoying the pleasure he should feel in contributing to the happiness of his fellow-creatures, at such an easy rate; telling her, that he had unluckily, the very day before, sent the two last pine-apples his garden had produced, in a present to a certain lady in the neighbourhood.
Mrs. Grizzle was so affected with this explanation, that she fainted

away, and was immediately carried to the public house, where she had left her horses, and where she remained inconsolable for the disappointment, which in all likelihood would have proved more fatal to her than to the person for whom she was so piously concerned, had not she, in the evening, by the medium of her own servant, received a hint from the nobleman's gardener, that for five pieces she should be furnished with a couple of as fine apples as ever were seen in England. The terms (I scarce need say) were greedily embraced; and she departed that very night on her return to her brother's house, where she safely arrived with her acquisition, and was most cordially received by her sister, who had been under some apprehensions on her account. Neither was his lordship forgotten in Mrs. Grizzle's benediction, when she understood from the valet who accompanied her, that he had, with his own eyes, seen above an hundred pine-apples ripe for cutting in his garden the evening of that very day on which he had assured her that there was not one left.

Summarized in revised version in the single sentence:

By virtue of a present to his lordship's gardener, she procured the Hesperian fruit, with which she returned in triumph. I 30.9-11
I 39.11-12
a circumstance in all probability so productive of mirth:
a circumstance so productive of mirth I 32.3
I 42.6-30
but, as she had not the pleasure of being acquainted with the family, she hoped it would not be taken amiss if she insisted upon security for her own indemnification, in case any accident should happen to the machine while under their protection. Overjoyed at this condescension, Mrs. Grizzle was loud in her acknowledgments, embraced the terms of the loan, in consequence of which, an hundred guineas were deposited, and brought home this illustrious Jordan, with as much pleasure and satisfaction, as the Argonauts enjoyed when they made themselves masters of the golden fleece. True it is, her success was attended with a small disaster, which she could not possibly foresee: next day it was, at the desire of Mrs. Pickle, committed to the charge of a trusty servant, who, in carrying it back to the right owner, had the misfortune to be overturned by one of her ladyship's valets who ran against him in the court; and this superb piece of porcelain falling upon the pavement, was dashed into a thousand pieces. In vain did the poor carrier urge his own innocence, by representing the true cause of this misadventure; her ladyship was deaf to all his proofs and protestations, and without any ceremony, detained the pledge which had been left in her hands; not

without violent suspicion of having acted as the auxiliary of chance, to which this calamity was imputed.

Omitted in revision.

I 42.35
Be this as it will, Mr. Pickle began to be: Mr. Pickle began to be
I 34.17
I 90.24-94.20

CHAP. XIII.

He exercises his talents at the expence of the schoolmaster, whose character and business declining, he desires to be recalled.

As the German professed himself a man of learning, and sometimes affected to make a parade of it, by examining the younger boys on the rudiments or grammar, which he made shift to comprehend; Peregrine, who was advanced as far as Cornelius Nepos, used to teize and perplex him, by frequently begging his explanation of certain sentences in that author, while the usher was engaged in some other employment.

On these occasions he practised a thousand pitiful shifts to conceal his own nakedness; sometimes reprehending the boy for disturbing him in his meditations, sometimes pleading the weakness of his eyes, that hindered him from considering the passage; and sometimes remitting him to the dictionary, as a punishment for his inattention when it was construed by Mr. Jennings. Notwithstanding these evasions, he was persecuted by his tormenter with such perseverence, that he could find no other resource than that of pretending to be in a violent hurry, in consequence of which he always quitted the place; so that whenever Perry and his companions were incommoded by his presence, they had recourse to this expedient, which never failed to expel him in a trice.

Not content with having thus rendered him contemptible in the eyes of his disciples, this indefatigable wag exercised his invention in various contrivances, to plague, disturb, and expose him.

Conscious of his own defect in point of stature and proportion, the little pedant used all the additions of art and address to improve his person, and raise himself as near as possible to the standard dimensions of nature; with this view he wore shoes with heels three inches high, strutted like a peacock in walking, and erected his head with such muscular exertion, as rendered it impossible for him to extend his vision downwards blow [*sic*] the preternatural prominence of his breast. Peregrine, therefore, taking advantage of this foppery, used to strew his way with bean-shells, on which whenever he chanced

to tread, his heels slipped from under him, his hunch pitched upon the ground, and the furniture of his head fell off in the shock; so that he lay in a very ludicrous attitude for the entertainment of the spectators. He moreover seized opportunities of studding his breeches with large pins, which when he sat down with a sudden jirk, penetrated the skin of his posteriors, and compelled him to start up again with infinite expedition, and roar hideously with the pain. Nay, perceiving that he was extremely penurious in his house-keeping, he spoilt many a pot of excellent soup maigre, by slily conveying into it handfuls of salt or soot, and even drove needles into the heads of sundry fowls, that from the suddenness of their deaths he might conclude some infection was communicated to his poultry, and dispose of them accordingly for half of their value. But no instance of young Pickle's mischievous talents affected him with such immediate perplexity and confusion as this that I am going to recount.

Being apprized by one of his friends that a lady of fashion intended to visit his school on a certain day, without giving any previous notice of her coming, that she might be an eye-witness of the accommodation in his house, before she would commit her son to his care, he ordered his boarders and apartments to be dished out for the occasion, spared no pains in adorning his own person, and in particular, employed a whole hour in adjusting a voluminous tye, in which he proposed to make his appearance. Thus prepared, he waited with great confidence and tranquillity, and no sooner saw the coach appear at a distance, than he went to his closet in order to put on the periwig, which he had deposited in a box, that no accident might ruffle or discompose it before it was presented to her ladyship; but neither the box nor its contents were to be found. At first he thought it might be misplaced by some of the servants, to whom he called with great eagerness and vociferation, while he himself ran from room to room in quest of what he wanted: the domestics could give him no intelligence of his tye; he heard the gates opened to admit the equipage, his impatience increased, he swore in high Dutch, the noise of the wheels on his pavement saluted his ears, his vexation redoubled, and tossing his night-cap on the floor, he waddled down stairs to the hall for his ordinary periwig, which he now found himself compelled to wear. How shall I describe his distraction when he understood that too was missing! he became quite dilirious, foamed at the mouth, danced to and fro in the passage like one bereft of his senses, blasphemed alternately in English and French, and must have been found by the lady in that frantic condition, had not his servants conveyed him to his own chamber by force.

The noble visitant was received by Mr. Jennings, who told her that Mr. Keypstick was confined to his bed, and explained the whole

œconomy of the school so much to her satisfaction, that she resolved to honour them with the charge of her own offspring. Keypstick fell sick in good earnest, and his intellects seemed to have received a rude shock from the violence of the passion into which he had been precipitated by the roguery of Peregrine, who had concealed both periwigs in the cellar, and now having enjoyed his trick, carried them back unperceived to the places from which they had been removed.

A whole week elapsed before the master recovered so much temper as to appear decently in public; and even then his countenance was stormy, and his resentment against the authors of his disgrace so intense, that he promised a reward of five guineas to any boy that would discover the principal actor, or any of the accomplices concerned in this audacious intrigue; declaring that no consideration should screen the offenders from condign punishment, could they once be convicted of the trick.

Pickle had not conducted this *Jeu d'esprit* without participation, and some there were privy to the affair whose fidelity was not incorruptible; but their secrecy was secured by the terror of Peregrine, whose authority and influence was such as to baffle the master in all his endeavours to unravel the conspiracy.

This extraordinary reserve, and the recollection of several other mortifying jokes he had undergone, inspired him with ungenerous suspicions of Mr. Jennings, who

Omitted in the revision, the following summary being substituted:

He underwent many mortifying jokes from the invention of Pickle and his confederates; so that he began to entertain suspicion of Mr. Jennings, who I 74.10-12

The rest of the original Chap. XIII of the first edition concludes Chap. XII in the revision. Chapter headings are not revised to accommodate the change. The original Chap. XIII heading (above) is omitted altogether, and the original Chap. XII heading, unexpanded, is left to introduce the new composite XII.

I 101.15-104.22

The first sample of their art was exhibited upon Mrs. Trunnion, from whose chamber Peregrine having secreted a certain utensil, divers holes were drilled through the bottom of it by their operator; and then it was replaced in a curious case that stood by the bed-side, in which it was reserved for midnight occasions. The good lady had that evening made several extraordinary visits to her closet, and

that sort of exercise never failed of having a diuretic effect upon her constitution; so that she and her husband were scarce warm in bed, when she found it convenient to reach out her hand, and introduce this receptacle under the cloaths. It was then that Peregrine's roguery took effect. The commodore, who had just composed himself to rest, was instantly alarmed with a strange sensation in his right shoulder, on which something warm seemed to descend in various streams: he no sooner comprehended the nature of this shower, which in a twinkling bedewed him from head to foot, than he exclaimed, "Blood and oons! I'm afloat?" and starting up, asked with great bitterness if she had pissed through a watering can. Equally surprised and offended at the indecent question, she began to regale him with a lecture on the subject of that respect in which she thought him deficient; but perceiving the source of his displeasure, was silenced in the middle of the first sentence; and after a short pause of astonishment, screamed with vexation.

As there was a necessity of shifting the bed-linnen, she got up with great reluctance, rung her bell, and when her maid entered, presented this new fashioned cullender, and threatened with many choleric expressions to split it into a thousand pieces on her skull. Thunderstruck at the phænomenon, it was some time before the attendant could open her lips in her own vindication; at length, however, she protested she was innocent as the babe unborn, and that the pot was sound and intire when she rinsed it in the afternoon.

Her suspicion was of consequence transferred upon Perry, against whom she uttered many menacing invectives; though she was afterwards ashamed of disclosing her resentment, and in the mean time was fain to take up her night's lodging in another apartment; while Trunnion, after a string of unmeaning oaths, which were extorted from him by his present uncomfortable situation, could not help laughing at the adventure; and Peregrine, with his confederates, applauded themselves in secret for having reduced them to such ridiculous distress.

Encouraged by the impunity with which they performed this feat, our associates atchieved another, that had like to have been attended with very serious consequences. Mrs. Trunnion having one day received a sudden call which she could not help obeying, her nephew, who was always on the scout, took that opportunity of gliding unseen into her closet, and finding her case open, infused into one of the bottles a good quantity of powdered jallap, which had been purchased by the lieutenant for that purpose. He had desired the apothecary from whom he bought it, to give him as much as would impregnate two quarts of brandy, which, he guessed, each bottle might contain; and never dreamed that the patient, though left to her

own discretion, was in any danger of taking an over-dose; he therefore directed Perry to convey the whole proportion into one of the full bottles that stood at some distance from that which he would perceive was in present use, that the spirits might have time to extract the virtues of the root before it should come to their turn. Everything was done according to his prescription, and a very small hole being bored in the wainscot, through which they could reconnoitre her from another room; they observed her motions by turns, with a view of seeing whether or not she would be alarmed by the extraordinary taste of the tincture they had made.

When they had watched in this manner for three or four days, Pipes being upon duty, perceived her take the first cup of the composition, which she had no sooner swallowed, then she began to shut her eyes, smack her lips, spit and express all the marks of loathing and disgust: nevertheless, she seemed to doubt her own sense, rather than the flavour of the Coniac, the neatness of which she had already experienced, and therefore repeated the cordial, as if in defiance to her own distaste; taking care, however, to arm her palate with a large lump of sugar, through which it was strained in its passage.

Hatchway was startled when he understood she had taken such a dangerous draught of the medicine, especially as she had immediately after stepped into the coach to go to church, where he feared she might catch cold, or be otherwise affected, to the jeopardy of her person and the prejudice of her reputation. Nor was his fear altogether disappointed. The service was not half performed, when Mrs. Trunnion was taken suddenly ill; her face underwent violent flushings and vicissitudes of complexion; a cold clammy sweat bedewed her forehead, and her bowels were afflicted with such agonies, as compelled her to retire in the face of the congregation. She was brought home in torture, which was a little assuaged when the dose began to operate; but such was the excess of evacuation which she sustained, that her spirits were quite exhausted, and she suffered a succession of fainting fits that reduced her

For these two episodes, the following revisions were substituted:

The first sample of their art was exhibited upon Mrs. Trunnion. They terrified that good lady with strange noises when she retired to her devotion. Pipes was a natural genius in the composition of discords; he could imitate the sound produced by the winding of a jack, the filing of a saw, and the swinging of a malefactor hanging in chains; he could counterfeit the braying of an ass, the screeching of a night owl, the caterwauling of cats, the howling of a dog, the

squeaking of a pig, the crowing of a cock; and he had learned the war-whoop uttered by the Indians in North America. These talents were exerted successively, at different times and places, to the terror of Mrs. Trunnion, the discomposure of the commodore himself, and the consternation of all the servants in the castle. Peregrine, with a sheet over his cloaths, sometimes tumbled before his aunt in the twilight, when her organs of vision were a little impaired by the cordial she had swallowed; and the boatswain's mate taught him to shoe cats with walnut shells, so that they made a most dreadful clattering in their nocturnal excursions. The mind of Mrs. Trunnion was not a little disturbed by these alarms, which, in her opinion, portended the death of some principal person in the family: she redoubled her religious exercises, and fortified her spirits with fresh potations; nay, she began to take notice that Mr. Trunnion's constitution was very much broke, and seemed dissatisfied when people observed that they never saw him look better. Her frequent visits to the closet, where all her consolation was deposited, inspired the confederates with a device which had like to have been attended with tragical consequences. They found an opportunity to infuse jallap in one of her case bottles, and she took so largely of the medicine, that her constitution had well nigh sunk under the violence of it's effect. She suffered a succession of fainting fits that reduced her

I 79.35-80.32

The above somewhat abbreviated version of original Chap. XIV is filled out by adding original XV to it bodily in the revision—that is, Chap. XIII (2d ed.) = Chap. XIV (1st ed., revised) plus Chap. XV (1st ed.). Chapter headings are not revised. The heading of original Chap. XV ran:

CHAP. XV.

The triumvirate turn the stream of their wit upon the commodore, who by their means is embroiled with an attorney, and terrified with an apparition.

This is dropped, and the heading for original Chap. XVI, without addition, introduces the new composite XIV.

I 136.27-144.15

and ordered every boy to his respective station; but they had gone too far to retract, and instead of obeying the injunction they had received, marched directly out of the college, with their captain in the midst of them, and halting on a rising ground at the distance of

a short mile from town, held a council to deliberate on what was to be done.

This consultation was too tumultuous to end in any unanimous decision, so that Mr. Pickle put himself at their head, and proceeded straight forward till the hurry and confusion that prevailed among them should subside; while Tom Pipes, who had by this time joined the company, brought up the rear with great calmness and tranquillity, and never once inquired into the reason of this extraordinary migration. They pursued this indeterminate course for six miles, when a public house presenting itself to their view, there was a proposal made to halt for refreshment, and they disposed of themselves accordingly, as the conveniences of the place would permit. Having made a very hearty breakfast on bread and butter and cheese, which they took care to dilute with a proportionable quantity of ale; a motion was made for holding another board, from which the younger boys were excluded, that they might, as much as possible, avoid clamour and distraction in their counsels. Here Peregrine being invested with the supreme command, made a public speech to his constituents, wherein having thanked them for their generous interposition in his favour, and the great honour they now conferred upon him, he observed that in all likelihood, they should in a little time reap the fruits of their resolution, and be recalled with honour to the studies they had left; but as it would be necessary to persevere a little longer, that the masters might see they were not mere boys whom they had disobliged, he proposed that they should dismiss the minor brothers who were not capable of enduring a little fatigue, and deposit all their money in the hands of one person who should be chosen for that trust, and to regulate their expence upon the road; while they advanced farther into the country, and waited patiently for the terms which would undoubtedly be propounded unto them. The proposal was unanimously embraced, the money produced, to the amount of ten guineas, and put into the hands of Pipes, who was elected caterer and purser to the whole community; and the younger boys being exhorted to return, the rest, to the number of five and twenty, departed under the auspices of Peregrine, who conducted them ten miles farther, to a certain village, where they took up their lodging at an inn, and bespoke something hot for supper; after which they called for punch and strong beer, and indulged themselves in such intemperance, that in a little time riot and disorder prevailing, they sallied forth in quest of willing dames to crown their enjoyment, and committed many other excesses which the prudence and authority of Peregrine could not restrain.

In the morning the landlord saved them the trouble of calling for a bill, and they had the mortification to see that their night's

extravagance had mounted up their expence to one half of their whole stock. They discharged the reckoning, and as few or none of them had any appetite for breakfast, put themselves in motion, and marched on for seven miles before they made another halt. This happened on the edge of a common, where they perceived the sign of the George, to the no small comfort and satisfaction of some among them, whose tongues by this time cleaved to the roofs of their mouths, in consequence of the debauch of last night. Here then they paused, and having moistened their throats with plentiful streams of ale, began to relish the situation, and ordered their steward to provide something for dinner. The people of the house would gladly have dispensed with their custom, as they had no great faith either in the finances or the principles of their guests, who seemed too young to be possessed of much money or consideration. But as they lived in a solitary place, unprovided with defence against the insults to which they might be exposed from the resentment of such a disorderly crowd, they would not venture to signify their distrust, and lamented that there was nothing in the house with which they could entertain them. Tom Pipes, who had observed a flock of geese upon the common, and abundance of poultry in the yard, took no notice of the landlord's declaration, but went out, and in less than five minutes returned with sufficient to regale twice the number of his associates. The woman durst not venture to disapprove of what he had done, but after having assured him that the fowls were none of her own, very peaceably employed her whole family in preparing them for the fire, and some bacon and greens being added to the repast, our company disposed themselves in different groups upon the grass, and dined with great mirth and satisfaction, without once recollecting that another such meal would utterly exhaust their common fund. However, this sweet insensibility did not long prevail; about four o'clock they called to pay, and were very much startled to find themselves charged no less than two pounds eleven and sixpence for the entertainment they had received. They looked upon this reckoning as unconscionable, and disputed every article accordingly; but the landlady solemnly protested that the sum would barely indemnify her, and imputed great part of the charge to the unnecessary number of geese and chickens which had been slaughtered without her knowledge or consent.

Pipes, who on certain subjects, thought a little too much at large, proposed to punish her for her exorbitant demand, by marching off without paying one farthing; but this advice Peregrine declined with disdain, looking upon such an expedient as inconsistent with the dignity of the corps which he had the honour to command; and ordered that the bill should be immediately discharged. This affair

being settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, they resumed their march, and in the evening arrived at a certain market town, where they resolved to fix their quarters until they should hear tidings from the college which they had left. With this view, they chose their residence at the best inn belonging to the place, and determined to manage the remains of their fortune with great frugality. But the spirits of some amongst them beginning to flag, in consequence of the fatigue of their journey, and their own reflection that now represented the folly of their design, with the uncomfortable circumstances that must in a few hours attend the consumption of their stock; this prudent scheme of œconomy was overruled, a huge bowl of punch was prepared, and Pipes ordered to enliven the company with a song. Their cares were in a little time overwhelmed, and the greatest part of the night was consumed in mirth and jollity; though next morning they waked in the horrors, and universal despondence took place, when they learnt that their bank was scarce able to defray the expense of their bill, which they received next their stomachs, and were obliged to discharge.

They were now reduced to a dilemma that occasioned another general consultation, in which they agreed to club their pocket-pieces and silver buckles for present support, and give notice by letters of their situation to their respective relations, taking care to ascribe their distress to the ill usage they had met with at school: on this occasion, Peregrine produced the ring and medal he had received from Mrs. Trunnion, and Pipes not only presented his own purse, which was pretty well furnished, but even made a proffer of his silver whistle, with the chain by which it had for many years depended from his neck. They thanked him for his disinterested attachment, but all his solicitations could not prevail upon the chiefs to profit by this instance of his good fellowship; because they considered him as a person whose assistance in this particular it was neither just nor honourable to use.

CHAP. XX.

The governors tamper with their pupils. Peregrine *is deserted, prevailed upon to return, and submit to correction; sublimes his ideas, commences gallant, and becomes acquainted with Miss* Emily Gauntlet.

Mean while the master, surprised and disconcerted at such an unprecedented secession, convened all the tutors of those who were concerned in this dangerous association, in order to concert proper measures for recalling them; and after mature deliberation, as it was the opinion of everybody, that such a number of raw, hot-headed

boys, without money, conduct, experience or plan, could not possibly cohere for any length of time, they resolved to leave them to the operation of their own passions; not doubting that as the first impulse weakened, they would drop off one by one, and the whole confederacy be thus melted down. The return of the young boys justified the prognostic; but the masters were not a little alarmed when they learned that the rest had chosen a general, submitted to certain regulations, and adopted a determined design. They resolved, nevertheless, to give them a little more scope, and waited four and twenty hours for the effect of their forbearance; when hearing no accounts from the deserters, they began to consider this revolt a very serious affair; and in pursuance of their advice and direction, the governors set out in quest of their stray pupils.

It was not difficult to discover the rout they had taken; such a remarkable caravan could not pass unheeded; they got intimation of their advances from stage to stage, and at night arrived at an inn that stood on the road, about two miles short of the town where the adventurers had settled their headquarters. From hence they repaired in a body to the house of a neighboring justice, who, in consequence of their representations, granted a warrant to apprehend and secure the body of Thomas Pipes, as an idle vagrant and seducer of youth. Thus authorized, they went early next morning to the town, and set up their horses at another inn, where they remained *incognito,* until they had engaged the constable, with a competent number of assistants; then a person was sent to inform Mr. Pipes that his company was desired at the White Hart.

Tom received this message immediately after the contribution of effects, already mentioned; and imparted the contents to his master, who rightly judging that it concerned the common cause, desired him to obey the summons. He followed the messanger accordingly; and no sooner set his nose within the room to which he was directed, than the constable and his posse sprung upon him, before he had the least intimation of his design, or an opportunity of acting in his own defence.

Thus overpowered, he was made acquainted with the cause of his being arrested, which, in all appearance, did not give him a great deal of concern, and in private committed to jail, where he was left to his own meditations.

This previous measure being successfully taken, the tutors went into separate apartments, and sending for their respective pupils, each plied his own charge in particular with such arguments as he judged most conducive to dissuade him from persevering in the impudent scheme which he had already prosecuted too far. No great eloquence was required to accomplish this aim, which was already

more than half effected by their own reflections; and therefore the greatest part of them yielded to such reasonable remonstrances, and consented to return to the school, provided they might be indulged with a general amnesty for what they had done. This they were impowered to promise to all of them, except Peregrine, whom, as ringleader and first cause of this disturbance, the master had marked out for a public example. For this reason he stood out against all the admonitions of Mr. Jolter, who in vain conjured him to put up with a little correction, rather than run the risk of being ignominiously expelled, and of forfeiting the friendship of his uncle, on whom he knew his chief dependance was built; till at length, seeing his adherents persuaded out of their allegiance, and himself bereft of all company and subsistence, he with great reluctance resigned himself to his fate; and having obtained the discharge of Pipes, was reconducted to the college, where, notwithstanding the intercession of his governor, who begged earnestly that his punishment might be mitigated, our unfortunate hero was publickly horsed, *in terrorem* of all whom it might concern.

In the revision, a clause erases their entire school rebellion—the discipline, however, being retained verbatim. Thus in the revision the above is reduced to this:

The superior . . . ordered every boy to his respective station. They obeyed his command, and our unfortunate hero was publickly horsed, *in terrorem* of whom it might concern. I 106.2-8

I 149.22
arose: rose I 110.18

I 151.6-7
found by the lieutenant, reconveyed to Winchester:
found by the lieutenant, conveyed to Winchester I 110.28

I 151.18
the pension: her pension I 112.8

I 153.20
Having drank tea together: After tea I 113.28

I 153.36
He protested that her idea: he protested her idea I 114.4

I 154.22-23
distinction both by one and t'other: distinction by both I 114.23-24

I 162.34
this present: the present I 121.21

I 172.34
surrendered, acquiesced: surrendered. He acquiesced I 130.4-5

I 176.9
to avoid the company of modest women:
to avoid the company of immodest women I 132.26-27
I 179.6
They had already broke their glasses:
They broke their glasses I 135.5
I 179.13
cold floor, they huzza'd: cold floor. They huzza'd I 135.11
I 180. 31
expedient; and although: expedient. Although I 136.19
I 184.26-27
pale colour, and with a quivering lip:
pale colour. With a quivering lip I 139.15
I 202.19
disengaged: unengaged I 154.7
I 205.16-17
and having amused himself: There having amused himself I 156.23
I 206.4-5
Windsor, determined: Windsor, he determined I 159.6
I 206.26-27
disoblige him, and therefore: disoblige him; therefore I 157.25
I 214.15
arse: backside I 163.31
I 214.16
David: Davit I 163.31
I 217.1
predicament of an offender:
circumstances of an offender I 165.36-37
I 219.19
passion; and however: passion. However I 168.2
I 219.24
at her expense; so that, although:
at her expense. Although I 168.7
I 221.33-34
difference which happened:
difference which had happened I 170.2-3
I 222.7
representations; and far from: representations. Far from I 170.11
I 230.13
afternoon; and without: afternoon. Without I 176.27-28
I 232.16
wish; and begged: wish. He begged I 178.16
I 235.12
bitterness: and a formal: bitterness. A formal I 180.29

I 235.26
rejected; and drawing his sword, observed:
rejected. Then, drawing his sword, he observed I 181.3-4
I 236.4
defensive; and in the second longe:
defensive. In the second longe I 181.15-16
I 237.17
satisfaction; and when: satisfaction. When I 182.20
I 241.5
hedge; and before: hedge. Before I 185.21
I 242.19
Tunley's wife; which reaching:
Tunley's wife. This reaching I 186.27-28
I 243.19
done; but as the: done. As the I 187.19
I 243.29
confusion; and Peregrine: confusion. Peregrine I 187.28-29
I 244.6
thereby hangs a tale: thereby hung a tale I 188.2
I 250.29
enemies; and as they: enemies. As they I 193.22
I 251.29-30
implements, and approaching: implements. Approaching I 194.14
I 257.15
house keeping; and Mrs. Trunnion:
house keeping; Mrs. Trunnion I 198.38
I 257.22
person; and Pipes: person. Pipes I 199.7
I 258.24-265.21

Had they used those advantages which their skill and accomplishments gave them over the warm unpractised minds of the young ladies to whom they had access, almost every family in the county might have had cause to rue their acquaintance; but our adventurers, wild and licentious as they were, governed their actions by certain notions of honour, which they never presumed to infringe, and therefore no domestic tragedies took rise from their behaviour.

Among the lower class of people, they did not act with the same virtuous moderation, but laid close siege to every buxom country damsel that fell in their way; imagining that their dalliance with such dulcineas could produce no fatal effects, and that it would be in their power to atone for any damage these inamorata's might sustain.

In the prosecution of these amours, Gauntlet could not help discovering a particular bias towards married women, and when ques-

tioned by his friend, defended his singularity of taste, by observing that such connections, if discreetly managed, are attended by none of those bad consequences which commonly pursue an amorous correspondence with single persons; because the wedded dame's fortune is already made, and her husband stands as a buttress before her reputation.

Though Peregrine could not approve of this maxim which the soldier had adopted in the course of a military education, he could not avoid engaging as a second and confidant to his friend, in an intrigue which he carried on with a farmer's wife in the neighborhood. Godfrey had practised all his arts in attempting to overcome the chastity of this woman, who was an hale, rosy wench, lately married; and at length succeeded so far in his addresses, that she promised to admit him one night when her husband would be absent upon business, which called him once a fortnight to the next market town.

He communicated his good fortune to Perry, desiring that he would accompany him to the place, in case of accident; and our young gentleman having undertaken the office of standing centinel over his friend, while he should enjoy his conquest, they set out at the time appointed, and arriving at the door, the gallant made the signal which had been agreed upon, and was let in accordingly, after having assured his confidant that he would be with him again in two hours at farthest.

Thus left to his own meditations, our hero began his patrole, beguiling the time with the most amusing fancies of a glowing imagination and enjoying by anticipation all the pleasures attending affluence and youth, till at length his reverie was interrupted by a plump shower, that compelled him to seek for shelter in a sort of shed, the door of which stood open to his view. Thither therefore he betook himself, and groping about as he entered in the dark, chanced to lay hold on a bushy beard, to his infinite surprise and consternation. Before he had time to form any conjecture concerning this strange object of his touch, he received a sudden shock upon his forehead, which felled him to the ground in an instant, and as he lay, underwent the trampling of a huge body that rushed over him into the field. In this attitude he remained extended for the space of several minutes, before he recovered the use of sensation which he had lost, and then he perceived the blood trickling down from his temples in a double stream. The cause of this misfortune was still a mystery to him, and he made a shift to rise, cursing his fate for having sustained such visible marks of disgrace in the exercise of such a ridiculous office; then strolling about with his handkerchief applied to his hurts, he discerned on the farther side of a tree a pair

of large eyes glancing like two coals of fire. He immediately unsheathed his hanger, in the belief that now he had found the author of his mischance; and springing forward on his adversary, aimed a furious stroke that entered the body of the tree, in which his weapon stuck so fast, that he could not disengage it without some difficulty; while the object of his wrath made a precipitate retreat, and by an exclamation gave him to know that his assailant was no other than a he-goat.

Mad as he was with indignation and shame, he could not help laughing at the ludicrous adventure, and had just set his invention at work to find some plausible excuse which he might make to the world, for the patches he knew he must wear on his face, when a window of the first story flying open, he saw something white descend with astonishing velocity, and running to the spot, found his friend Godfrey naked to the shirt. Confounded at his condition, he began to inquire into the reason of his precipitation, but received no answer until he had followed the fugitive to a place where they could not be overheard. There he understood that the soldier had been decoyed into the snare by the connivance of the husband, by whose direction he had (without all doubt) been admitted not only into the house but even into his wife's own bed, where the jilt had left him undressed, on pretence of fastening the doors, but in reality with a view of giving the hint to the farmer, who armed with a pitchfork and supported by his man, entered the room before he was aware, secured his sword and cloaths, and obliged him to take refuge in a closet, from the window of which he had thrown himself, in order to avoid the resentment of the boor, and the disgrace as well as expence of being taken in that situation.

Peregrine was tempted to laugh at the ridiculous issue of this adventure, but restrained himself in consideration of his friend's temper and condition, neither of which were at that time proper objects of mirth; and stripping off his own coat, accommodated Godfrey's naked shoulders; then after mature deliberation, they determined to leave the spoils in the hands of the enemy, because they saw it would be altogether impracticable to retrieve it, as well as hazardous both to their persons and reputation, to make any attempt towards the recovery of what was lost; the two friends therefore made their retreat in this trim to the garison, and the farmer remained in possession of all the soldier's cloaths, sword and ready money, to the amount of ten pounds. But here the disaster did not end, the malicious peasant propagated the whole story in the neighbourhood, and an advertisement was pasted on the church door, for the perusal of the whole parish, giving a description of the goods, signifying the

place where they were found, and offering to restore them to any person who should prove himself the right owner. This was a mortifying joke to Gauntlet, who was ashamed to shew himself for a whole week; nor was Peregrine exempted from a share of the disgrace, to which he was exposed by the marks on his forehead, that confined him also to the house, and subjected him to the ridicule of the commodore, who having heard the story, rallied the two adventurers, observing that it was well Gauntlet's mast had not gone along with his rigging; and asking if the cuckold's horns had run foul of Peregrine's bows. Mrs. Trunnion, who chanced to be present, very demurely checked her husband for his profane scoffing, and in a severe lecture rebuked the young men for their profligate courses, which, if they were not relinquished in time, would bring their bodies into trouble in this life, and their souls into perdition in that which is to come. While these fellow-sufferers were obliged to keep within doors, they held frequent consultations with the lieutenant, concerning some means of revenge, which the soldier was bent upon taking; because he could not forgive the double dealing of his mistress, who, he thought, might have declined his solicitations, without inveigling him into such a disgraceful situation. After much deliberation, they resolved to wait patiently, and watch for the husband's absence, when by a stratagem they had concerted, they would endeavour to gain admittance, and punish the wife's perfidy, by fixing her as a monument, with her posteriors thrust out at a window, for the contemplation of her spouse when he should return in the morning.

The plan being laid, Peregrine found means to make himself acquainted with the farmer's voice and manner of speaking, which he overheard one night at Tunley's; and likewise to procure information of the day upon which he always went to a certain market, in order to dispose of his wheat, at such a distance, that he seldom failed of being abroad all night. According to this intelligence, the confederates attended by Pipes, set out one evening about nine o'clock for the house of the delinquent, where the lieutenant and Tom being placed at different avenues to prevent interruption, the two young gentlemen approached the door which was locked, and Peregrine, in the rustic tone of the farmer demanded entrance; the wife never doubting that her husband was returned, in consequence of having met with a speedier sale than usual, sent her maid to let him in, and the door was no sooner opened, than our adventurers rushed into the house. The mistress was struck dumb with consternation, mistaking them for robbers, because they wore vizors, and were otherwise disguised; while the servant wench, terrified with the same apprehension, fell upon her knees, and begged they would spare her

life and take all she had. Gauntlet taking the wife by the hand, led her trembling into that very chamber which had been the scene of his misfortune, where pulling off his mask, he upbraided her with the treachery she had practised upon him, and intimated the intention of his present visit. The lady asked pardon for what she had done with such submission, and deprecated his wrath so pathetically, that his heart relented, and he proposed terms of accommodation, which with some seeming reluctance she embraced, and he forthwith enjoyed a more agreeable revenge than that which he in his ire had projected.

Mean while Peregrine guessing the good fortune of his friend, and allured by the attractions of the maid, who was a cleanly florid girl, employed his address with such effectual purpose, that she yielded to his efforts; and he was as happy as such a conquest could make him.

The soldier and his companion having thus obtained all the satisfaction they required, and settled a correspondence which they did not afterwards neglect, retired in peace, applauding themselves on their success, and found their two centinels on their posts, whom they amused with a feigned story of having been so much moved by the tears and supplications of the criminal, that they desisted from their scheme of exposing her, and only inflicted the punishment of flagellation, which, they said, she had undergone.

Pipes was not well pleased when he found himself disappointed in the expectation of seeing her in the attitude to which she had been in council decreed; and Hatchway, though he pretended to acquiesce in their account, saw through the pretence, and ascribed their long stay to the true motive.

CHAP. XXXV.

Peregrine *has an interview with his sister* Julia. *Is interrupted and attacked by his mother, and relieved by his friend* Gauntlet. Julia *is settled in the garison, and* Trunnion *affronted by his old friend* Gamaliel Pickle.

Two days after this atchievement was so happily accomplished, our hero received an intimation from his sister

Omitted in the revision, the gap being bridged by the phrase:

In the midst of these amusements, our hero received an intimation from his sister I 200.9-10

Thus only the opening paragraph of original Chap. XXXIV is retained, the rest of that chapter in the revision consisting of

original XXXV, complete and unaltered except in the first clause.

The chapter headings are not accommodated to the change, the original XXXIV heading being retained and the original XXXV heading (quoted above) dropped, though the revision calls logically for just the opposite procedure.

I 270.35
pique at Mrs. Pickle: pique to Mrs. Pickle I 204.27

I 271.19-20
and even refused: nay, even refused I 205.8

I 274.25-26
in vain for him to think of drawing his weapon, and standing on the defensive:
in vain for him to think of drawing his weapon, or of standing on the defensive I 207.38-208.1

I 275.1
disarmed foe, and brandishing:
disarmed foe, brandishing I 208.12-13

I 275.21
rage more transporting: rage more transported I 208.30

I 277.8
drunkenness, which exposeth: drunkenness which exposed I 210.11

I 277.17
commodore; and finally: commodore. Finally I 210.19

I 277.19
an hundred: a hundred I 210.20

I 277.19-20
purse, embraced him: purse, she embraced him I 210.21

I 279.29
nephew; and the minute: nephew. The minute I 212.21-22

I 285.20
το γελοῖον: to geloion I 217.25

I 275.27
observation, and Peregrine: observation. Peregrine I 217.32

I 286.21
route; and as Peregrine: route. As Peregrine I 218.21

I 286.30-31
thousand pounds, and begun:
thousand pounds. He begun I 218.29-30

I 286. 32-33
where he had already pitched upon a spot for his residence

Omitted in revision.

I 288.31
stepped on board: stepped aboard I 220.21

End of Volume I.

VOLUME II

II 1.5
course; and the sea running pretty high:
course. The sea running pretty high I 220.36

II 3.13
wishful expectation: fearful expectation I 222.6-7

II 3.27
at the mention of: at mention of I 222.18-19

II 3.29-30
despair, and his recollection: despair. His recollection I 222.21

II 4.17-18
entered the cabbin, and he asked . . . how matters went upon deck? The skipper . . . answered:
entered the cabbin; then he asked . . . how matters went upon deck? and the skipper . . . answered I 223.3-6

II 6.7-16
and he would have enjoyed a pretty comfortable booty, had not Pipes interposed, and divided the store among the sailors, who, he thought, were most deserving of such indulgence; so that the skipper had the mortification of seeing his plan miscarry by his own precipitate conduct; for, had he held his tongue, no body would have dreamt of asking for the provision, and he would have possessed his prize in peace.

Omitted in the revision.

II 6.23-26
asked . . . what they must have for transporting them and their luggage to the pier:
asked . . . what they demanded for transporting him and his pupil with their baggage to the pier I 224.25-28

II 7.13-16
notwithstanding the solicitations and condescention of the watermen, who promised to submit to the generosity of their employer; and running:
notwithstanding the solicitations and condescention of the watermen. Running I 225.13-14

II 9.2
earth; and of their: earth. Of their I 226.28
II 9.23-24
demand; and chastising some of them with his foot, told them:
demand. Nay, he chastised some of them with his foot, and told them I 227.8-10
II 10.26
Indeed this expression had no sooner escaped our young gentleman, than he was ashamed of his own petulance; for nothing was farther from his principles than the least encouragement of ungenerous suspicions.

Omitted in revision.

II 11.3
and understanding that: when understanding that I 228.11
II 12.2
beau-monde; though in the mean time;
beau-monde. In the mean time I 229.2
II 13.35
speed; and perhaps it was well: speed. Perhaps it was well I 230.24
II 15.2
perused his list: perused his bill of fare I 231.21
II 17.13-15
who was so keenly reproached and rebuked for his impolite behaviour, by the gentleman whose sensibility hath been mentioned, that:
Who was so keenly reproached and rebuked for his impolite behaviour, that I 223.22-23
II 20.4
in the mist of his own ignorance:
in the midst of his own ignorance I 235.31
II 20.12-13
and about eight in the evening arrived at a village called Berney:
and about seven in the evening arrived at a village called Bernay I 236.3-4
II 20.14-17
were informed that the gates of Abbe Ville were shut every night punctually at nine o'clock:
were informed that the gates of Abbe Ville were shut every night punctually at eight o'clock I 236.5-7
II 20.18
admittance; and that there: admittance. He said there I 236.8

II 20.20
he, therefore, as a friend: and therefore, as a friend I 236.10
II 20.35
he amused himself . . . in conversing with the daughter, who was a sprightly damsel about the age of seventeen; and in strolling about the house:
he amused himself . . . in strolling about the house I 236.21-23
II 22.1
education; and in all probability:
education: In all probability I 237.19
II 25.25
would awake: would wake I 240.22-23
II 26.8
house; and then stealing softly:
house; then stealing softly I 241.1-2
II 26.13-20
He seized opportunity by the forelock, and bearing her in his arms to the place from whence he came, she was revenged upon the cuckold for the uneasy life he had made her lead, and our hero enjoyed the luscious fruits of his conquest.

Altered in revision to read:

He conveyed her to his own chamber, but his guilty passion was not gratified. I 240.5-7
II 27.12-13
Peregrine slipt on his breeches, burst into Jolter's room:
Peregrine burst into Jolter's room I 241.33
II 27.15
slap upon his buttocks: slap upon his back I 241.35
II 27.31-32
he unluckily perceived upon the bed an under-petticoat:
he unluckily perceived an under-petticoat I 242.11
II 28.25
retired with a grim look, not yet satisfied with:
retired. He was not yet satisfied with I 242.36-38
II 29.35
chagrined, when . . . deprived of this almost untasted morsel:
chagrined, when . . . deprived of this untasted morsel I 243.11-13
II 30.16-31.2
having sat with them about an hour, she got up in order to retire, but being earnestly intreated to favour them with her company at supper, she promised to gratify their desire, and told them, without any circumlocution, that she would only step into the next room to

make water, and return in an instant. This frank declaration sounded so oddly in the ears of Peregrine, that he concluded he might, without offence, take any sort of liberty with a woman who could thus behave so wide of decency and decorum; and on this supposition, he followed her cavalierly to her closet, where he addressed her in such palpable terms, as he thought her character intitled him to use. She was surprised at his confidence, which she began to rally as a specimen of English plain dealing, while she very deliberately executed in his presence the intent of her withdrawing; and he still more encouraged by this deportment, urged his suit with such impetuosity, that the fair Bourgeoise was compelled to cry aloud in defence of her own virtue.

Modified in revision to read:

Her frank deportment persuaded him that she was one of those kind creatures who granted favours to the best bidder; on this supposition he began to be so importunate in his addresses, that the fair Bourgeoise was compelled to cry aloud in defence of her own virtue.

I 244.18-23

II 31.15-16

the wife being insulted: the wife insulted I 244.35-36

II 32.21-22

all nations under the sun: all people under the sun I 245.35-36

II 32.33

country; and being: country. Being I 246.8

II 33.20-21

neither . . . or: neither . . . nor I 246.28-29

II 36.19

they were both bound for the opera:

they were both going to the opera I 249.9

II 47.3-5

mousquetaire, who being apprehended, the duel would not have happened:

mousquetaire, and if he had been apprehended, the duel would not have happened I 257.35-37

II 48.13-14

scampered off, while our young gentleman:

scampered off. Our young gentleman I 258.38

II 50.19

sollicited; and his vanity: solicited. His vanity I 260.27

II 51.2-3

interview; and in this course: interview. In this course I 261.5-6

II 61.29-30
Isn't he an ignorant coxcomb, doctor:
A'n't he an ignorant coxcomb, doctor? I 270.8-9
II 62.4-9
"Very true, said he, a most sensible observation! mute aye toe numbing he (what is't?) Deity fable honour hate her. It is indeed a most mute benumbing piece; and the fable shews that the painter was very little honoured by the deity." Peregrine was astonished:
"Very true." said he, "*potatoe domine date,* this piece is not worth a single potatoe." Peregrine was astonished I 270.18-20
II 62.24
Σίγα, μή τιξ ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν τουτον ἀκουση μυθον:
siga me tis allos Achaion touton akouse mouthon I 270.33
II 63.4
breath; and observing . . . interpreted:
breath. Observing . . . he interpreted I 271.9-10
II 63.14-19
laughed . . . at the pedantic doctor, who must have been at infinite pains in conning these detached pieces, with a view of retailing them in company for the credit of his genius and knowledge. He rated him:
laughed . . . at the . . . pedantic doctor. He rated him I 271. 18-19
II 66.1-2
Αβροδαίτος, and Apelles:
Abriodiaitos, or *the Beau,* and Apelles I 273.28-29
II 66.15
Ιῶν of Euripides: Ion of Euripides I 274.2-3
II 66.18
χρυσέαις ἅρπαις: kruseais harpais I 274.5
II 66.20
τάν πυριπνέουσαν: tan puripneousan I 274.7
II 66.22
κεραυνὸν ἀμφίπυρὸν: keraunan amphipuron I 274.9
II 66.23
Γοργῶπὸν: gorgopon I 274.10
II 66.26
γᾶς τεκνον: gas teknon I 274.12
II 70.7-9
or rather their wolves (for by jingo they are more liker the one than t'other) whenever I set eyes on:
or rather their wolves, whenever I set eyes on I 277.12
II 72.12
contempt'ous; contemptuous I 279.3

II 74.2
τι θειον: ti Theion I 280.20
II 76.1
rotisseur: cook I 281.32
II 76.20-24
so that his brain seemed to have received a rude shock, and, in all probability, he would never be his own man again.

Omitted in revision.

II 76.31-77.2
But this pathetic supplication having no effect upon the physician, who in all likelihood poured in, with his own hand, the sauce against which the cook had objected, the same voice was heard to utter a sort of yell, which was followed by a string of execrations in the French language, that gradually died away, as if the swearer had been forcibly conveyed into a more distant apartment.

Omitted in revision.

II 79.21-22
whose insensibility was not utterly extinguished

Omitted in revision.

II 83.5
these Romans were: those Romans were I 287.21
II 88.1-2
The Italian *marquis and* German *baron are disgraced;*

To conform to the omissions below, this opening item of the chapter summary is omitted in the revision.

II 89.7-91.14
and the count, tired with the eternal babble of the painter, reeled towards the sleeping baron, whom he viewed with rapture, repeating from the *Il Pastor Fido* of Guarini,

Come assetato infermo
Che bramò lungamenté
Il vietato licor—
—Tal' Io! gran temp infermo,
E d'amorosa sete arso, e consunto.

Then boldly ravished a kiss, and began to tickle him under the ribs, with such expressions of tenderness, as scandalized the virtuous painter, who, conscious of his own attractions, was alarmed for his person, and staggered in great hurry and discomposure into the next

room, where he put himself under the protection of our hero, to whom he imparted his suspicion of the count's morals, by describing the indency of his deportment.

Peregrine, who entertained a just detestation for all such abominable practices, was incensed at this information; and stepping to the door of the dining room where the two strangers were left together, saw with his own eyes enough to convince him, that Pallett's complaint was not without foundation, and that the baron was not averse to the addresses of the count. Our young gentleman's indignation had well nigh prompted him to rush in, and take immediate vengeance on the offenders; but, considering that such a precipitate step might be attended with troublesome consequences to himself, he resisted the impulse of his wrath, and tasked his invention with some method of inflicting upon them a disgrace suited to the grossness of their ideas. After having revolved several schemes of punishment, and even consulted Mr. Pipes, who being present at the discovery, undertook to sew them up in bags, with a reasonable quantity of ballast in each, and throw them over the Pont Neuf into the river; his imagination could not supply him with an expedient to his liking, and he was at a loss how to behave, when the landlady of the house, whom he knew to be a dame of remarkable vivacity, chancing to pass, furnished him with a hint, of which he immediately took advantage, by begging she would do him the favour to step into the next room, and tell the gentlemen, that he would be with them as soon as the doctor could be put to bed.

The lady very graciously undertook the office, and entering the apartment, was so much offended and enraged at the mutual endearments of the two lovers, that instead of delivering the message with which she had been entrusted, she set the trumpet of reproach to her mouth, and seizing the baron's cane, which she found upon the side-table, belaboured them both with such eagerness of animosity, that they found themselves obliged to make a very disorderly retreat, and were actually driven down stairs, in a most disgraceful condition, by this exasperated virago, who loaded them with just invectives all the way, publishing their shame, not only to those of her own family, but likewise to the populace, who began to crowd about the door, and in all probability would have espoused her revenge, had not their lacqueys, who were in waiting, conveyed the delinquents into the Remise, and carried them off with great expedition.

Peregrine was so delighted with the manner of chastisement they had undergone, that he embraced the mistress of the hotel with transport, for the spirit she had exerted; and being rendered frolicksome with the wine he had drank

Omitted in the revision, being replaced by the simple statement:

and the baron being waked, retired with the count.

Peregrine, being rendered frolicksome with the wine he had drank I 292.10-12
II 92.36-94.10

But, what most of all contributed to his torture and mortification, was a pressing call from nature, in consequence of the Champaign he had so liberally swallowed in the afternoon. In the character of a woman, he neither knew whither to retire, nor, had he known, durst he run the risk of being discovered, in such a situation, by the individuals of that sex; and if he should use the privilege of a man, in his present appearance, he foresaw that he must subject himself to the ridicule of the whole company; so that he was obliged to suffer the most racking pangs of retention, and coursed round and round the whole place, casting many a woeful look among the crowd in search of Pickle, against whom he uttered innumerable execrations. At length, however, he was compelled to yield to the urgent dictates of necessity, and following several gentlemen into a small adjoining room furnished for the occasion, discharged the source of his vexation in presence of them all, crying in his own excuse: "By your leave, by your leave. Egad! necessity has no law." The circumstances of this operation were so extraordinary, that some of those who were witnesses of it, held up their hands in token of amazement; while others ran into the ball-room, and called their companions to see such an unheard-of spectacle.

Among the masques that, upon this intimation, came to see the painter's attitude, was a person of great quality, who being a little acquainted with the English language, waited till Pallett turned about; and going up to him, "Madam, (said he) I give you joy of your happy pisse. It me seem, dat your vatere com vidout grand pain." "Yes, thank God, Monsieur, (replied the painter) I never was troubled with the stone." "Oho! (resumed the masque) so much de bettre. You love to ave de stone vidout trouble, if I not mistake." "Gadzooks! my dear, you have nicked it to a hair! That is the very case, as I hope to be saved," cried Pallett, bursting into a violent fit of laughter; which divesting the Frenchman of all ceremony and reserve, he began to be very free with the supposed lady

Omitted in the revision: bridged as follows:

Among the masks was a nobleman, who began to be very free with the supposed lady I 293.25-27
II 104.31-36

the French count was of opinion that the delinquent should for ever forfeit the privileges and characteristics of a man, which he had so shamefully deposited, or in other words be deprived of his virility:

the French count was of opinion that the delinquent should be reduced to the neuter gender I 302.25-27

II 105.3-4

"What! cried the painter in despair, part with my manhood, and become a singer?

"What!" cried the painter in despair, become a singer? I 302.29-30

II 105.17-19

and directed me to a proper place, where I could have made water without being exposed

Omitted in revision.

II 106.25-27

three objections to his compliance; namely, the disgrace of the punishment, the pain of the operation, and the dread of his wife:

two objections to his compliance; namely, the disgrace of the punishment, and the dread of his wife I 303.36-38

II 106.30-32

that the excision (as he had learnt from Motecelli) was not so painful as the drawing of a tooth

Omitted in revision.

II 108.5-6

who flies from castration or perpetual imprisonment:

who flies from perpetual imprisonment I 305.26

II 108.30

retarded by an *Embaras:* retarded by a stop of carriages I 305.26

II 109.11

and lose the treasures of virility

Omitted in revision.

II 111.13-14

the physician . . . convicted of plagiarism:

the physician . . . convicted of bombast I 307.28-29

II 114.27-29

pronouncing with great rancour,

Omitted in revision.

II 121.6-123.27

Though Pickle enjoyed their disaster, he was resolved to practise

some invention upon the doctor, that he might not triumph in his revenge with impunity; and thus determined, when Pallet had overcome the malady of his own imagination, he imparted to him a plan of reprizal, which agreeably flattered his resentment, and was executed in this manner: as the painter and physician lay in separate beds in the same chamber, the former watched, till by the other's snoring he was certified of his being fast asleep; then moving softly to the door, where Pipes stood ready furnished for the purpose, took a tea-kettle full of warm water, and cautiously conveying the spout under the cloaths of the doctor's bed, poured in the liquor, imperceptibly, to the quantity of half a gallon, and then retired to rest.

Peregrine having undertaken to rouse his fellow-travellers in the morning, entered the doctor's apartment with the dawn, and waked them both with the same hollow. The painter immediately sprung out of bed; but the physician, finding himself drenched from head to foot, was equally astonished and ashamed, never doubting that he had unfortunately bedewed himself in his sleep. This mistake he thought so inconsistent with the dignity of his character, that he durst not venture to disclose his condition, especially as he well knew how eagerly the company would seize such an occasion of making merry at his expence; and it would be impracticable to conceal it from their knowledge, if he should be obliged to get up in their presence: he therefore lay still, in the utmost perplexity and tribulation, while his two companions, guessing his thoughts, and rejoicing at his anxiety, sat down by his bedside, and exhorted him to rise. He told them, that having sweated profusely all night, he could not, with any regard to his health, get up, until he should be shifted, and the pores of his skin regularly closed; and in the mean time desired they would take the trouble of seeing the horses put to the chaises, and the reckoning adjusted; assuring them, he should be ready to attend them before their business could be dispatched. Our young gentleman gave him to understand that Mr. Jolter had charged himself with the payment of the bill, and the servants were now employed about the carriages, so that he had not a moment to lose; he therefore rung the bell for his footman, and bade him bring a clean shirt for his master with all possible speed.

Ere the fellow returned, it was broad day; and a message came from the governor, importing that the horses were yoked. The doctor's confusion increased, he was tortured by the looks, and baited by the importunities of his company; and moreover, suffered the uncomfortable situation of being steeped, as he imagined, in his own brine. At length Peregrine, impatient of his delay, took the privilege of a comrade, and accusing the republican of sloth, pulled

off the bed-cloaths at one snatch, and displayed him at full length, in this opprobrious condition.

The painter seeing him thus exposed, lifted up his hands, and in affected astonishment, "Lord watch over us! (cried he) the doctor is a dead man; sure the whole sap of his body is run out, or have you spilt a whole dish of sillykickaby in the bed? for it smells cursedly strong of sal armoniac." Peregrine, in order to compleat the physician's overthrow, shut up his nostrils with his finger and thumb, and asked in a snuffling tone, if he was subject to that infirmity.

Unspeakable were the shame and vexation of the modern Pindar on this occasion; he was at the same time tormented with all the pangs which mortified vanity can feel, and agitated by all the furies of resentment against the persons who had detected his disgrace, and who having thus insulted him in his distress, quitted the room with a loud laugh, leaving him to the thorny reflections of his own pride. Nor could the painter, who was not at all to be praised for his moderation, abstain from certain ill-natured allusions to his calamity, which by these means reached the ears of the governor, from whom (of all men) he desired to keep it concealed; so that he remained sullen and dejected during the whole journey

Omitted in the revision, the chapter opening thus:

The doctor remained sullen and dejected during the whole journey II 8.22-23
II 137.23-139.28

You can, moreover, boast of several comic actors, who are perfect masters of buffoonery and grimace; though, to be free with you, I think in these qualifications you are excelled by the people of Amsterdam: neither are you destitute of those, who, with a great deal of cultivation, might acquire some degree of excellence in the representation of tragic characters: but I shall never cease to wonder that the English, who are certainly a sensible and discerning people should be so much infatuated, as to applaud and caress with the most extravagant approbation, not to say adoration and regard, one or two gracioso's, who, I will be bold to say, would scarce be able to earn their bread by their talents, on any other theatre under the sun. I have seen one of these, in the celebrated part of Richard the third, which, I believe, is not a character of ridicule sollicit and triumph in the laugh of the audience, during the best part of a scene in which the author has represented that prince as an object of abhorrence. I have observed the same person in the character of Hamlet, shake his fist at his mistress, for no evident cause, and behave like a ruffian to his own mother. Shocked at such want of dignity and decorum in

a prince, who seemed the favourite of the people, I condemned the genius that produced him, but, upon a second persusal of the play, transferred my censure to the actor, who, in my opinion, had egregiously mistaken the meaning of the poet. At a juncture, when his whole soul ought to be alarmed with terror and amazement, and all his attention engrossed by the dreadful object in view, I mean that of his friend whom he had murthered; he expresses no passion but that of indignation against a drinking glass, which he violently dashes in pieces on the floor, as if he had perceived a spider in his wine; nay, while his eyes are fixed upon the ground, he starts at the image of a dagger, which he pretends to see above his head, as if the pavement was a looking-glass that represented it by reflexion and at one time I saw him walk a-cross the stage, and lend an inferior character a box on the ear, after he had with great wrath pronounced "Take thou that," or some equivalent exclamation, at the end of the scene. He represents the grief of an hero, by the tears and manner of a whining school-boy, and perverts the genteel deportment of a gentleman, into the idle buffoonery of a miserable tobacconist; his whole art is no other than a succession of frantic vociferation, such as I have heard in the cells of Bedlam, a slowness, hesitation, and oppression of speech, as if he was troubled with an asthma, convulsive startings, and a ductility of features, suited to the most extravagant transitions. In a word, he is blessed with a distinct voice, and a great share of vivacity; but in point of feeling, judgment, and grace, is, in my opinion, altogether defective. Not to mention his impropriety in dress, which is so absurd, that he acts the part of a youthful prince, in the habit of an undertaker, and exhibits the gay, fashionable Lothario, in the appearance of a mountebank. I beg pardon for treating this darling of the English with so little ceremony; and to convince you of my candour, frankly confess, that notwithstanding all I have said, he is qualified to make a considerable figure in the low characters of humour, which are so relished by a London audience, if he could be prevailed upon to abate of that monstrous burlesque, which is an outrage against nature and common sense. As for his competitor in fame, with an equal share of capacity, he is inferior to him in personal agility, sprightliness, and voice. His utterance is a continual sing song

Of this passage, only the first sentence is retained in the revision. In place of these caustic criticisms of Garrick, a single sentence appears in the revision, where, however, it is made to precede instead of follow the remarks about comic actors. The substitution and rearrangement thus read:

Your favourite actor is a surprising genius. You can, moreover, boast of several comic actors who are perfect masters of buffoonery and grimace; though, to be free with you, I think, in these qualifications, you are excelled by the players of Amsterdam. Yet one of your graciosos I cannot admire in all the characters he assumes. His utterance is a continual sing-song II 19.34-20.3

II 141.7-8

Pickle, not a little piqued to hear the qualifications of the two most celebrated actors:

Pickle, not a little piqued to hear the qualifications of such a celebrated actor II 21.7-8

II 141.20

"The two players in question, said he, have:

"The player in question, said he, has II 21.18

II 154.27-28

And his antagonist: His antagonist II 32.10

II 156.15-16

and supper being bespoke: Supper being bespoke II 33.24

II 157.2

learnt: learned II 34.6

II 158.7-8

yet, notwithstanding all: Notwithstanding all II 35.5

II 160.25-32

suffered herself, after a faint struggle, to be overpowered by her admirer, who made a lodgment upon the covered way of her bed, under the curtain of the counterscarp; and in all probability would have in a few moments made himself master of the place; when her honour was secured for the present by a strange:

suffered him, after a faint struggle, to make a lodgment upon the covered way of her bed. Her honour, however, was secured for the present by a strange II 37.13-16

II 160.34-36

surprised at this circumstance, which interrupted our assailant's operations, the lady:

surprised at this circumstance, the lady II 37.19

II 163.3-5

like a boy who had burnt his fingers in attempting to snatch roasted chestnuts from the fire

Omitted in revision.

II 163.26

agony, till at last the engine:

agony. At last, he said, the engine II 39.27

II 166.22
action; and this account: action. This account II 41.31-32
II 167.13
events; and the Israelite: events. The Israelite II 42.18
II 167.24
Swayed by this apprehension:
Moved by this apprehension II 42.28
II 167.31-168.7
And let the circumstances of this contention warn the reader, against all dispute with female politicians; unless he is desirous of incurring their animosity and implacable resentment; for, in matters of state, they are all, to a woman, enthusiasts, who believe that all those who differ from them in opinion, are in a state of reprobation; and far from laying any stress upon probability, in the articles of their faith, like believers of another class, disdainfully reject the evidence of reason, and trust to the revelation of their own fancy.

Omitted in revision.

II 168.8
Our hero having therefore prudently:
Our hero having prudently II 42.35
II 170.1
expected; and our young gentleman:
expected. Our young gentleman II 44.14
II 170.36
This benefaction: The benefaction II 45.7
II 171.16
addresses; and assured him: addresses. She assured him II 45.20
II 172.7
merchant; and had: merchant. She had II 46.10
II 174.4-5
side; and the painter: side. The painter II 47.28
II 175.17
she uttered a fearful scream: she uttered a scream II 48.31-32
II 177.3
uproar, and receiving . . . snatched the candle:
uproar. Receiving . . . he snatched the candle II 50.6-7
II 177.16
countenance; and his attempt:
countenance. His attempt II 50.16-17
II 177.31
in consequence of: in pursuance of II 50.30
II 179.7
fear; and silence: fear. Silence II 51.30

II 180.2-7
and besides, the sleeper might have opened his eyes in the very moment of his being detected by Peregrine, who would have incurred suspicion, by appearing, at such an hour, at that part of the inn, so remote from his own bedchamber.

Omitted in revision.

II 180.18
misadventure: miscarriage II 52.32
II 180.27
indignation, but going . . . discharged:
indignation. Going . . . he discharged II 53.1-2
II 181.9-10
in the passage, and exercised:
in the passage. There he exercised II 53.18
II 182.5
hand; and the youth: hand. The youth II 54.8
II 182.24
appearance; and when they: appearance. When they II 54.24-25
II 183.20-21
altered, and by a theory . . . explained:
altered. By a theory . . . he explained II 55.13-14
II 184.4-5
arteries; and he proposed:
arteries. He proposed II 55.32-33
II 185.9
afford, and actually laid:
afford. He actually laid II 56.29-30
II 185.20
entry; and Jolter: entry. Jolter II 57.1
II 187.9-10
imposition; and the doctor: imposition. The doctor II 58.16
II 190.5
measures; and Pickle: measures. Pickle II 60.30
II 191.4
disturbance, declaring: disturbance. He declared II 61.23-24
II 194.9
distraction; and while: distraction. While II 64.2
II 195.19
view of the famous bookseller's: view of the bookseller's II 65.3
II 196.10-11
by the most sacred claim, is vested with the full possession of her heart:

by the most sacred claim, ought to have the full possession of her heart II 65.33-35

II 196.32
again; and the painter: again. The painter II 66.6-7

II 198.11
subsided, and in less: subsided. In less II 67.12

II 198.22
tranquillity; and in the afternoon:
tranquillity. In the afternoon II 67.25

II 202.15
had drank; and when: had drunk. When II 70.27-28

II 202.27
circulation, and she: circulation. She II 70.38

II 203.13
voyages; and everything: voyages. Everything II 71.19-20

II 203.19-20
at once; and waking . . . threatened:
at once. Waking . . . she threatened II 71.25-26

II 203.29-32
and that if he had not already given convincing proofs of his passion, he was disposed to do everything in his power for her satisfaction.

Omitted in revision.

II 203.32-34
These representations, mingled with some little practical expressions of tenderness, had weight:
His representations had weight II 71.33-34

II 205.2-3
behaviour; and as for: behaviour. As for II 72.31

II 206.3
anvil; and in the . . . took:
anvil. In the . . . he took II 73.27-28

II 206.29
shouldn't care to see you deprived of your carriages:
shouldn't care to see you deprived of your rigging II 74.14

II 206.36-207.1
and cut away your tackle without fear or mercy

Omitted in revision.

II 210.13-14
respect, and hearing . . . assured him:
respect. Hearing . . . he assured him II 77.12-13

II 211.18
adversary; and this permission:
adversary. This permission II 78.13
II 212.8-9
state; and when the officer:
state. When the officer II 78.21
II 219.9-229.11

CHAP. LXVI.

Peregrine *renews his inquiries about his lost* Amanda, *in the course of which he is engaged in an intrigue with a nun, which produces strange consequences.*

Though this treaty was concluded at the instances of Peregrine and his governor, it was impossible that a lasting friendship could subsist between the two parties, because they entertained for each other the most perfect contempt, which, in the course of their communication, could not fail to minister daily food for animosity and aversion.

Our adventurer's next care was to exercise all his diligence and invention to find his lost Amanda, who, now that he was detached from Mrs. Hornbeck, resumed the full possession of his thoughts. As she would never tell him her own name, or that of her mother, his inquiries were directed by a personal description only; and that, in such a populous city as Brussels, could tend very little to his satisfaction. He not only ordered his valet de chambre to exert his whole address, in order to discover the place of her abode, but this dexterous minister, who was very well acquainted in that city, retained half a dozen of noted pimps for the same purpose, who were directed to employ their researches for a very handsome young lady, of the middle stature, with fine black eyes, and teeth as white as snow, a native of Brussels, though married to a French gentleman, and lately arrived from her husband's house on a visit to her mother, who was dangerously ill.

Thus instructed, they put themselves in motion, while the lover himself frequented the court, the opera, the churches, public walks, and every place where he thought there was the least probability of seeing her. The description his Mercury had given the understrappers of gallantry, in a good measure suited several ladies in town, whom Peregrine found means to see, in consquence of the reports he had received; but he could not recognize his dear fellow-traveller among the number. At last one of his terriers gave the valet de chambre to understand, that at the grate of a certain nunnery, he had observed a beautiful young creature, who resembled the picture he had drawn, and that upon inquiry, he had found she had not taken the veil; but

her mother being lately dead, had entered as a pensionaire, until her family-affairs could be adjusted.

This piece of intelligence was no sooner communicated to our hero, than he flew in the utmost impatience to the nunnery, and, without allowing himself to believe that this boarder could be any other than the object of his pursuit, desired the portress to tell the young lady who was lately admitted, that one of her relations begged to speak with her at the grate. He had not waited five minutes, when this nymph appeared; and though he found his expectation disappointed, he was so struck with the charms of this new figure, that his heart throbbed when she approached; and after he had asked pardon for the liberty he had taken, and explained the nature of his mistake, he could not help telling her that he thought himself fortunate in the misinformation he had received, since it was attended with the pleasure of seeing such an amiable young lady. To this compliment she replied with great spirit and good humour, that encouraged the youth to continue the conversation, during which he professed himself her admirer; and when, for the sake of decorum, he was obliged to take his leave, earnestly begged he might be allowed to repeat his visit: and having obtained this permission, and the knowledge of her name, returned to his lodgings in full confidence of bringing this intrigue to a prosperous issue.

Nor had the young gentleman in this case over-rated his own success: the lady happened to be of a very amorous complexion, and her passions being inflamed rather than mortified, by the restraint in which she lived, she was captivated by the person of Peregrine, and his insinuating address had confirmed his conquest. He did not fail to be at the grate next day, where he urged his suit with such irresistible recommendations, that she confessed a mutual flame, after having observed, that the circumstances of her situation would not permit her to protract that acknowledgment in the usual form. He received this confession with transport, as the effusion of a generous mind, that soars above all the little arts and disguises of the sex; and intreated her to tell him when and where he should have the happiness of conversing with her, without the interposition of these invidious bars.

She gave him to understand, that as her friends had put her under the direction of a severe abbess, it would be impossible for her to go abroad without the connivance of the portress, and equally impracticable for him to gain admittance to the convent, without running a manifest risk of being discovered, and consequently punished with the utmost severity.

When a fair lady was in the case, our adventurer despised all

danger, and spared no expence. Thus informed, he studied the disposition of the old sister who kept the keys; and in her appearance and conversation distinguished the implacable rancour of a woman who had spent her youth in all the mortification of detested celibacy. She bore a most inveterate grudge to all her juniors, who still remained within the possibility of enjoying those pleasures from which she was eternally cut off, and observed all the young men who appeared at the grate with the most envious suspicion. Not even the power of all-persuading gold could tame the spite, or soften the vigilant asperity of this indomitable woman.

Our lover tampered with her in vain; nay, she threatened to inform the abbess of his sacrilegious attempt, that he might, for the future, be excluded from the privilege of speaking to the nuns: and, for the first time, he found the art of corruption ineffectual. Baffled in this endeavour, he conferred with his mistress about some other means of procuring an unrestricted interview; and she, in the fertility of her invention, proposed, that he should make it his business to find some woman, who, by her acquaintance in the convent, would introduce him in a female dress, as a stranger desirous of seeing the oeconomy of the house. The expedient was wonderfully relished by the gallant, who had immediate recourse to the assistance of his valet de chambre, by whom he was next day made acquainted with a certain good-natured gentlewoman, who, for an handsome consideration, undertook the task. From this good lady's wardrobe he was accordingly accommodated with a proper suit, which, on account of his stature, was pieced for the purpose: and his mistress being previously prepared with the knowledge of their intention, he set out in the afternoon with his conductress, who had interest enough to obtain his admission, on pretence of his being an English lady, just arrived from her own country, and curious to see the menage and accommodations of a nunnery. Though the alteration of his dress, and a pair of artificial eye-brows, screened him from the penetrating eye of the portress, there was something so remarkably singular in his make, stature, countenance and mien, that the sisters gazed upon him as a prodigy; and he could hear them, as he passed, asking each other, with expressions of astonishment, if all the women in England made such a strange appearance.

Having visited the cells and chapel, his charmer officiously offered her service in conducting the stranger to the garden; and after having attended them in walking several turns, invited them to repose in a small arbour, that stood at one corner, in the middle of a tuft of trees, which rendered it impervious to the view. The old gentlewoman understanding the hint, accompanied the lovers to the

entrance to this grove, where she left them, on pretence of being still unwearied with the exercise of her legs; and their mutual raptures in this stolen interview began to rise to a very interesting pitch, when they were alarmed by the rustling of the leaves behind them; and turning their eyes toward the place, perceived they were discovered by a nun, who, either by accident or design, had concealed herself in the thicket, until, scandalized by their behaviour, she thought it high time to signify her presence.

It is not to be doubted that our hero and his mistress were grievously disconcerted on this occasion. The lady cried she was undone, and almost fainted with fear, which was not at all without foundation, considering that not only her reputation, but even her life was at stake. Peregrine, though he could easily have made his escape over the garden wall, had too much gallantry to leave his charmer and friend in such a dangerous dilemma; and therefore, with admirable presence of mind, advanced to the author of his perplexity, and without any ceremony or courtship, found means to make her a party to the secret, before she could recollect herself so far as to find fault with his proceeding.

This measure re-established the tranquillity of the scene: the two ladies embraced each other as sisters, and vowed eternal friendship on the spot; and the young gentleman having protested that he would share his affection between them, and practise the same method of visiting them in a few days, rejoined his directress, and returned in safety to his own lodgings, being but indifferently satisfied with the adventure of the day, by which he found himself obliged, either to forego all correspondence with the woman he loved, or carry on an intrigue with a person who was not at all to his liking; for the attractions of the nun were by no means inchanting.

He next day appeared at the grate in his own person, and intimated his sentiments on this subject to his mistress, who assured him, that notwithstanding her behaviour to the sister, in the emergency of yesterday, she would much rather be debarred of his company for ever, than enjoy it upon the terms which necessity had obliged him to propose. She said, that reflection on what had passed in the grove, had inspired her with such an unconquerable aversion for that accidental rival, that she could not think of her without hate and indignation. She wished that she had run all risks, rather than submit to such detested partition; and vowed with great warmth, that let the consequence be what it would, she was determined to discover the whole affair to the abbess, if ever he should introduce himself again, in a manner which must subject him to the knowledge and claim of her competitor.

He applauded the delicacy of her sentiments, which he swore were exactly conformable to his own; and promised to desist from those visits that gave her umbrage, encouraging her to hope, that they would find some other means of settling an intercourse, in which she should engross his undivided attention. Such a scheme was actually the subject of his thought at that time; and a youth of his imagination, assisted with the counsels of such a consummate politician as the valet de chambre, would undoubtedly have brought it to maturation, had not his aim been anticipated by an unforeseen accident, that flowed from the partial administration of his favour. The nun who had been indebted to chance for his addresses, was too conscious of her own inferior qualifications, to think she could dispute the heart of our hero with the young lady who was previously possessed of his affection; she knew that her share of his good graces was altogether casual, and that the continuance of his assiduities must be the effect of policy and constrained complaisance; yet, even on these considerations, they were too agreeable to be given up; and therefore she resolved to guard her privilege with the most minute vigilance and caution. Jealousy was the natural consequence of these suggestions: the assignation in the garden, she knew, must have been preceded by some communication; and as there was no other opportunity of conversing with the male sex, except that of holding conference through the grate, she went to the portress, with a view of obtaining some intelligence; and pumped the beldame so successfully, that she learnt how her rival had that very forenoon been favoured with a visit by a young gentleman, whom she supposed to be no other than their common gallant. Inflamed with this information, she taxed the young lady with double dealing; and scolded so bitterly, that the other, already prejudiced against her pretensions, could no longer contain her resentment, which she uttered with contemptuous sneers against her personal attributes; and in the pride of her wrath declared, that she ought not to expect another interview with her lover in the grove; for he was already too much fatigued with her charms to return to the banquet, and had relinguished her to the chance of another charitable meal.

No tygres robbed of her young was ever exalted to an higher pitch of fury than this nun, when she found herself abandoned by her lover and insulted in this mortifying explanation. She darted upon her antagonist, like an hawk upon a partridge, and with her nails disfigured that fair face which had defrauded her of her dearest expectation. Nor did her rival tamely bear the barbarity of her rage; what she wanted in strength she supplied with spirit, and twisting her hand in the hair of the aggressor, pulled her head with

violence to the ground. The noise of this contention, increased by the cries of the combatants, whose tongues were more active than their hands, brought a croud of sisters to the spot; but so fiercely were they engaged, that they minded neither admonitions nor threats, nor paid the least regard to their own reputation; but on the contrary, as if they had not known that they were surrounded by numbers, who heard every word that proceeded from their mouths, they made no secret of the cause of their dispute, which, in the precipitancy of their wrath, they divulged with all its circumstances, to the amazement of the by-standers.

At length the lady abbess arrived, and what her authority could not accomplish, was effected by two lay-sisters, who being summoned for the purpose, separated the rivals, who were by this time quite exhausted by the fatigue of the battle. Had this mutual detection been made in any company of females, the secret would hardly have rested among those who heard it, much less in a convent, where so many old maidens happened to be present. One of these antiquated devotees acordingly imparted it to the superior, who having examined into the particulars, and found the information true, from the rash recrimination of the incensed parties on their trial, considered the affair as a very serious matter, which affected the good order and reputation of her convent, assembled all the sisters, and exhorted them to suppress the discovery, as a circumstance injurious to the character of the house; laid strict injunctions on the portress to be very careful for the future in the discharge of her office, delivered over the backsliding nun to a severe penance prescribed by her ghostly father, and that very day sent her boarder back to her relations, with a hint of what had happened; and an advice to dispose of her in some remote nunnery, where she would be less exposed to the machinations of her gallant.

Our lover, utterly ignorant of this unlucky fray and its consequence, was confounded when the wrinkled turnkey refused to admit him to the grate, telling him, that his impious contrivance had come to light; that the lewd young woman, for whose sake he had been guilty of such a flagrant crime, was banished from the convent; and that if ever he should make another attempt to disturb the tranquillity of their retreat, a formal complaint would be preferred against him to the civil magistrate.

Thunderstruck with this reception, he did not think proper to advance anything in his own vindication, but retreated with all convenient dispatch, not ill pleased at the issue of an adventure which might have proved not only disagreeable but dangerous in the highest degree. He at once conjectured, that the mutual jealousy of the ladies had betrayed the intrigue; and imagined, that now his charmer was

delivered from the restrictions of a convent, she would be more accessible to his endeavours. On this supposition, he sent his couriers upon the scout; and as he knew her name, it was not long before he learnt, from their artful inquiries, that immediately after her dismission from one nunnery, she had been entered in another at Ghent, in consequence of the superior's advice, and in all likelihood would be compelled to take the veil by her guardians, who were remarkably zealous for the welfare of her soul.

Entire chapter omitted in revision.

II 229.12-15

Our adventurer thus deprived of an agreeable correspondence, and baffled in all the efforts to retrieve the other object of his passion, yielded at length to the remonstrances

In order to bridge the gap left by the excision of the preceding chapter, this opening sentence of original Chap. LXVII is revised to read:

Our adventurer, baffled in all his attempts to retrieve his lost Amanda, yielded at length to the remonstrances II 84.27-28

II 241.1-2

consternation; and that his acceptance:

consternation; that his acceptance II 94.13-14

II 245.5

heels; and when: heels. When II 97.31-32

II 245.27-28

Ἐκ θεῶν γαρ μαχαναὶ πᾶσαι βροτέαις ἀρεταῖς, &c:

ek theon gar makanai pasai Broteais aretais, etc. II 98.13-14

II 245.33-34

limbs, and would have: limbs. He would have II 98.19-20

II 247.32-248.1

Ὅσσα δὲ μὴ πεφίληκε Ζεὺς, ἀτυξονται βοὰν Πιερίδων αἴοντα:

ossa de me pephileke Zeus atuzontai Boan Pieridon aionta II 100.14-15

II 251.20-23

but they were very much surprised to find, upon inquiry, that Pallet could not swim, it being as natural for a Dutchman, as a deal-board, to float upon the surface.

Omitted in revision.

II 252.7-8

of the Dutch cast, that is, frowsy and phlegmatic:

of the Dutch cast, frowsy and phlegmatic II 103.28-29

II 266.15
violence; and running: violence. Running II 115.25
II 267.22
an hornpipe: a hornpipe II 116.25
II 268.29-30
exhibitions; and understanding:
exhibitions. Understanding II 117.25
II 269.14-15
sister; and his heart: sister. His heart II 118.5
II 269.32
both, and reminding . . . promoted:
both. Reminding . . . he promoted II 118.21-22
II 270.30
rancour: for the resentment:
rancour. The resentment II 119.12
II 281.23-24
knew nothing of his interest's being thus re-enforced:
knew nothing of his interest being thus re-enforced II 128.10-12
II 300.1-2

CHAP. LXXVI.

They distress the housekeepers of Bath, *by another mischievous Contrivance*

Omitted in revision.

II 300.5-302.11

This adventure was attended with another small tour, that involved almost all the inhabitants of Bath in a very ludicrous scene of distress. Our hero, among his other remarks, had observed, that in this place there was no such utensil as a jack, and that all the spits were turned by dogs, which never failed to appear, at the hour of employment, with surprising exactness and regularity: so that every family depended with great confidence upon their known punctuality, without taking the trouble to secure them before-hand.

Our companions therefore, by means of their understrappers, who employed several chairmen for the purpose, apprehended all these useful animals, on Saturday at night, and confined them in an outhouse, with a view of perplexing the people with regard to their Sunday's dinner. Nor were they disappointed in their expectations; the surloins being spitted at the usual time, the cook-maid appeared at every door at almost the same instant; and after having earnestly cast their eyes around, they began to run about the street, and

whistle with great vehemence, ejaculating curses between whiles at the innocent curs, that were disabled from obeying the dictates of their duty. Frivolous as this circumstance may seem to be, it was here considered as a family concern of some consequence; for the maids having communicated the affair to their respective mistresses, every house in a twinkling sent forth its master in a night-cap, slippers, and morning-gown, in order to find some remedy for this dreadful calamity; and a second concert of whistling was performed in vain. They even assembled in committees in the street, to deliberate on this unheard-of defection of the dogs; and having cudgelled their brains to no purpose, returned to their several homes, in manifest terror of losing a favourite meal.

Over and above this their distraction, which our young gentlemen in person enjoyed, they afterwards understood, that the affliction in many houses was increased, by the miscarriage of the shifts to which they were reduced on this occasion. One master of a family, through the perverseness of his servants, was obliged to undertake the office of turn-spit in *propria persona,* to the destruction of his appetite, and the danger of his health; another being driven to the necessity of cutting the roast into steaks, fell sick of mortification, and had well nigh lost his wits; and a third having contrived to suspend the sur-loin before the fire, in order to be twirled about by the hand of an attendant, the pack-thread gave way towards the end of the operation, and the meat falling down, discharged the contents of the dripping-pan upon his leg, which was scalded in a miserable manner: and what added to their vexation, about one o'clock, when the disappointment was most severely felt, and the misfortune irretrievable, Peregrine ordered the prisoners to be discharged, and every kitchen was visited by one of these quadrupeds, as if they had come on purpose to insult the distress they had occasioned. These, and a variety of other stratagems, practised upon the objects of ridicule, hatred and contempt, confirmed and augmented the reputation of our adventurers, who had, by this time, rendered themselves terrible to all sorts of delinquents of both sexes, from the brazen-fronted gamester and female libertine, to the stale maiden that deals in scandal and strong waters, and the puny flutterer, who seems to have resigned all pretensions to manhood.

Omitted in revision.

II 310.2-3
confidence; and as they: confidence. As they II 149.31
II 317.15-19

CHAP. LXXVIII.

A treaty is concluded betwixt Cadwallader *and our hero; in consequence of which divers pleasant adventures occur, until the young gentleman is summoned to the garison on a very interesting occasion.*

Due to the extensive omissions below, this chapter heading is omitted in the revision, and the first seventeen lines of its chapter, appended to the preceding chapter, close volume II in the revision.

II 318.5-322.30

So precious did Peregrine esteem this treasure, that he would not even make his friend Godfrey acquainted with his good fortune, tho' the first use he made of it, was in behalf of that young gentleman, whom he undeceived in two very interesting particulars.

The soldier's addresses were, at that time, shared betwixt two ladies, who received them in a very different manner. By one of them he was caress'd with marks of particular regard, and by small favours flattered with the expectation of supreme success; while the other treated him with such severity and shyness, that he could never find an opportunity or resolution to make an unrestricted declaration of his flame. As every woman has a confident, to whom she pours forth her heart on these occasions, Mr. Crabtree happened to be present when each of them disburthened herself of her sentiments with regard to her lover; and learned from their own confessions, that the frank lady cajoled him for the sake of the money which he suffered himself to lose at cards, though she had not the least intention to extend her complaisance beyond the limits of exterior civilities; while the prude was actually enamoured of his person, and through a remnant of modesty avoided him for no other reason, but because she knew herself incapable of resisting his sollicitations.

Mr. Gauntlet profited by this discovery, which was communicated to him through the canal of his friend, relinquished the mercenary coquet, and found means to vanquish the reserve of the other. Peregrine himself was, in like manner, set to rights, in certain opinions he had conceived of his own influence with particular ladies; and as no person ever offended him with impunity, he projected a scheme of vengeance against a remarkable inamorato, who to his assiduities preferred those of a brawny fellow, that, from the place of a private trooper in the horse-guards, had been preferred to the rank of a lieutenant, by the interest of a dowager lately deceased. With this favourite did the lady make an assignation, in the hearing of Cadwallader, who gave our hero to understand, that he was to be received

by her woman, in the dark, at a parlour-door that opened into a small garden, the wall of which he could easily overleap, after the servants should be retired to rest.

Peregrine, fraught with this intelligence, resolved to anticipate his rival; and accordingly, by the ministration of his companion, engaged a couple of stout chairmen, who being posted on the spot, seized the lover in his endeavours to surmount the wall, and conveyed him to a place of confinement, on pretence of supposing his design was to rob the house. He was no sooner secured in this manner, than Pickle, being determined to prosecute the adventure, transported himself into the garden, and personating the lieutenant, went to the door, made the signal which had been agreed upon, was admitted by the attendant, conducted to her lady's apartment, that was darkened for her reception; and having enjoyed his revenge, with every circumstance of satisfaction, made his retreat before day, without being discovered, after having been gratified with a valuable ring, as a testimony of her ladyship's affection.

Mean while the disappointed captive finding himself involved in a troublesome affair, that must end either in his own disgrace, or in that of his mistress, whom he could not with honour expose, employed all his art in tampering with his detainers, who pretended to have detected him as they passed that way by accident, and who would not listen to the terms he proposed for his release until it was almost day; and then, by the permission of their employers, they set him at liberty, in consideration of five guineas, which he divided between them. From the time of his discharge he waited with the utmost impatience for the hour of breakfast, and when it approached hied him to the house of his Dulcinea, with a view of excusing himself for the breach of punctuality he was obliged to commit.

He was confounded at the air of satisfaction and complacency that manifested itself in the lady's appearance; but believing it was no other than affectation, to conceal her inward disquiet and chagrin, he assumed a most dejected look, and with many expressions of mortification recounted the cursed accident which had disabled him from reaping the delicious fruits of his expectation. The nymph, who was not all subject to the vulgar symptoms of confusion, hearing this circumstantial detail, fixed her eyes upon the soldier's countenance, and regarding him attentively for some minutes; "If this declaration (said she) be an effort of your delicacy, you may spare such ridiculous reserve for the future. When things are come to a certain pass, such ceremony is superfluous and disagreeable. But perhaps you remember your good fortune with regret, and actually wish you had met with that adventure you have been at such pains to feign, rather than have enjoyed so cheap a conquest. Indeed you was so impatient

to be gone before morning, that you seemed rather tired of your stay, than sollicitous about my reputation."

The trooper, amazed and alarmed at this unexpected address, swore with many vulgar execrations, that he could prove he was in custody from twelve till six o'clock in the morning; and that he began to perceive he had been finely flung for some rascal, who had visited her in his place. He even hinted a suspicion, that the whole affair had been transacted by her connivance; and became extremely rough and unmannerly in his expostulations: so that the lady, who had more of the tygress than the lamb in her disposition, being exasperated at the freedom of his behaviour, ordered him downstairs, and (to use the common phrase) forbad him her house. He accordingly retired, not without many invectives and threats, which he bawled aloud in his march; while his incensed patroness, by this time sensible that she had been the dupe of some stratagem, remained in a state of unspeakable anxiety and mortification. Being blessed, however, with a great share of penetration, she forthwith set it at work; and, after some recollection, concluded that the substitute could be no other than Peregrine, who had either learned the circumstance of the assignation from her maid, or extracted them from the vanity and indiscretion of the gallant himself.

Now that she had an opportunity of being acquainted with all our young gentleman's qualifications, she did not repine at the *qui pro quo* which had been played upon her, and resolved to transfer her good graces to Peregrine, without reserve. With this view, she favoured him with the most palpable advances and allusions, which he would not understand, but on the contrary, conveyed the ring to her in a letter, written in a counterfeited character, with a feigned name, importing, that as he had reason to believe the token was intended for another, he could not in conscience reserve it for his own use: and to crown her vexation, by his contrivance, every circumstance of the story was divulged, except the name of the person who had represented the lover.

While our adventurer thus enjoyed his disposition, he was summoned to the castle by an express from his friend Hatchway, representing that the commodore lay at the point of death; and in less than an hour after the receipt of this melancholy piece of news, he set out post for his uncle's habitation, having previously taken leave of his associate Crabtree, who promised to meet him in two months at London, and settled a correspondence with Gauntlet, who proposed to remain at Bath during the remaining part of the season.

Omitted in revision. Thus the necessary summons to Peregrine was inadvertently dropped with the preceding material,

vol. III opening abruptly with his unexplained arrival at the Garrison. (Subsequently, the summons, though never restored by Smollett, was editorially supplied in shortened form as follows: "In consequence of a letter from lieutenant Hatchway, representing the dangerous situation of the commodore, Peregrine took a hasty leave of his friends, and departed immediately for the garison," II 156.13-16)

End of Volume II.

VOLUME III

III 3.9
This cursed hiccup (damnation seize it) makes:
This cursed hiccup makes II 157.31

III 3.33
much; and the lieutenant: much. The lieutenant II 158.14

III 5.7
dressed in the black caps: rigged in the black caps II 159.16

III 6.2-3
foot-hook shrouds: puttock shrouds II 160.6

III 8.6
that favourable disposition:
his favourable disposition II 161.35

III 12.31-32
Emilia, therefore, had perceived him:
Enilia, therefore, perceived him II 165.32

III 14.20-21
example; and though he abhorred:
example. Though he abhorred II 167.7

III 16.31
deportment; and after having:
deportment. After having II 169.3-4

III 21.12-13
entertainment; and when: entertainment. When II 172.30

III 23.9-10
champaign; and, after: champaign. After II 174.14-15

III 25.22-23
twinkling; and though . . . thanked him:
twinkling. Though . . . she thanked him II 176.14-15

III 35.25
altered his plan, and, on pretence:
altered his plan. On pretence II 184.18-19

III 36.33-34
defence; and advised: defence. He advised II 185.22
III 39.26-28
after having . . . and commit:
after having . . . and committed II 187.36-38
III 40.12
chagrin; and in short: chagrin; in short II 188.16
III 48.22-23
house; and though: house. Though II 185.9
III 51.1-3

CHAP. LXXXVI.

He returns to London, *and meets with* Cadwallader, *who entertains him with a curious dialogue:*

CHAP. LXXX.

He returns to London, *and meets with* Cadwallader, *who entertains him with many curious particulars.* II 197.1-3

III 51.25-26
her grace; and, though . . . enjoyed:
her grace. Though . . . he enjoyed II 197.28
III 52.27-56.3

This relation was confined to a curious dialogue that passed betwixt a woollen-draper and his wife, who were his only companions during the best part of the journey. The lady laboured under a Diabetes, in consequence of having used the waters injudiciously for another complaint; and, that she might not be an impediment to the carriage, by ordering it to halt, as often as she should have occasion to disembogue, she had provided herself with a leathern convenience, which her husband carried in the pocket of his great coat, conveying it privately to her, when she found herself necessitated to use it; and afterwards, taking the opportunity to empty it out at the window, when the Misanthrope's head chanced to be turned another way.

As this couple embarked with Crabtree, in the full persuasion of his being utterly bereft of the sense of hearing, they kept no sort of reserve in their conversation; and at last fairly quarreled, on account of the good man's want of alertness, in handing the commodity, when his help-mate's occasions were so extremely pressing that her floodgates gave way, before she was prepared for the irruption. Smarting with this disagreeable circumstance, "Odds plague! you nimcompoop, (cried she) you have fumbled so long about the pot, that I

have drenched myself all over. I would to God you had received the stream in your mouth." "I thank you for your good will, my dear, (answered the patient husband) you would promote me to the honour of being a pissing-post." "I'm sure, (retorted his yoke-fellow, snatching the utensil from his hand) you are fit for no other post; and, accordingly, suffer yourself to be pissed upon by everybody. Witness your pitiful behaviour at the E.O. table, when that officer bullied you out of twenty guineas, which you wan't obliged to pay." "There you happen to be wide of the matter, (said the draper) the whole company gave it against me, as a fair bett; besides, the captain threatened to cut my throat, and I did not choose to give him that trouble." "Cut your throat! (exclaimed the virago) I would a durst; you had a good action against him for putting you in fear of your life. But you are a poor tool, good for nothing but squandering away my money. If you had possessed spirit enough to follow my advice, you might have been a deputy of the ward, by this time. But, all your care is to sit among your companions of the garden, and sing bunting-songs till you get drunk, leaving your trade at sixes and sevens, and your family to go to the dogs."

The husband (pacific as he was) being nettled at these insinuations, frankly told her, that his affairs had never prospered, since she had persuaded him to swear a book-debt against a gentleman's executor, after he had been paid by the deceased. Upon which, her eyes lightened with fury, and she called him a mean-spirited, sorry fellow, for upbraiding her, a weak woman, for what she had done for his own good. "Sirrah, (said she) I suppose you would be base enough to turn evidence against me, if you thought you could get anything by the information, though that was the only thing you ever did for your poor family. Who is to provide for my children, if their father don't?" "And I wish from my heart their father would provide for them," (said the husband, irritated by the epithets she had uttered.) "An't you their father, Mr. Wiseacre, (cried the aggressor:) Han't I brought you five as fine babes as any in the parish?" "Yes, yes, (replied the other) you have brought me several very fine children, that must be allowed; but, whether or not they are of my begetting, is a question that I am not quite clear about." "How, fellor! (replied the wife) do you doubt my vartue?" "No, not I, (answered the shopkeeper) I have no doubts about the matter. It is a long time since surgeon C—— assured me, that he would suckle upon his thumb all the children I should ever beget; and I have other convincing reasons to support his opinion."

These last words had scarce proceeded from his mouth, when his sweet-blooded spouse, leaving her duty and obedience on the left hand, and forgetting that she was subject to the eye of any uncon-

cerned spectator, lifted up the machine she had just replenished, and made such application of it to the forehead of her husband, as pressed the two sides of it together, by which means, the contents were squirted out in a full stream, that played upon the visage of the astonished Misanthrope; and, not satisfied with the vengeance she had taken, she quitted her weapon, and assaulted him with tooth and nail, exclaiming all the time, "Ah! you pitiful cuckoldy scrub, have you the impudence to own that you married a woman of my character, when you knew your own infirmities? You have a base design upon my fortune, you slave, although you was sensible that you could never deserve it. But, I'll be revenged of you, if there be a man to be had for love or money."

Thus, far from attempting to clear herself from the imputation implied in her husband's words, she construed his declaration into an acknowledgment of the ill usage she had suffered; and while she trumpeted her own wrongs, with great vociferation, exercised her claws with such rancour and agility, that the poor draper was fain to roar aloud for assistance; and as Cadwallader had no inclination to interpose, he would, in all probability, have met with the fate of Orpheus, had not his cries reached the ears of the coachman, who descended from his box, and partly by threats, and partly by intreaties, put an end to her operations.

Omitted in the revision. Thus, of original Chap. LXXXVI, only the first three paragraphs remain, which, affixed to original Chap. LXXXVII, comprise the revised Chap. LXXX.

III 56.4
Crabtree having rehearsed this adventure:
Crabtree having rehearsed these adventures II 198.19
III 56.29
Table; and Pickle: table. Pickle II 199.3
III 65.10-11
sponsors; and understanding: sponsors. Understanding II 205.33

[MEMOIRS OF A LADY OF QUALITY]

III 77.27-30
I ran up stairs, in a state of trepidation, to my faithful lover, who called an hackney-coach, in which we went to church and were married:

I ran up stairs, in a state of trepidation, to my faithful lover, who waited for me with the most impatient and fearful suspence. At sight of me, his eyes lightened with transport; he caught me in his arms as the richest present heaven could bestow; gave me to under-

stand that my father had already sent to my lodgings in quest of me; then applauding my love and resolution in the most rapturous terms, he ordered a hackney-coach to be called, and that we might run no risque of separation, attended me to church, where we were lawfully joined in the sight of Heaven. II 218.32-219.5

III 78.16-17

acquainted with the predicament in which I stood:

acquainted with the nature of my situation II 219.25

III 82.28

beside: besides II 223.11

III 84.13

soul; and what augmented: soul. What augmented II 224.22

III 89.16-18

an event that affected me so much, that when I understood:

an event that affected me extremely. When I understood II 227.34-35

III 94.30

lady; and the nuptial knot: lady. The nuptial knot II 233.10

III 96.19-21

now metamorphosed into the queen of diamonds. This uncommon splendor:

now metamorphosed into the queen of diamonds. I now also had an opportunity (which I did not let slip) of paying Lord W——m's debts from my privy purse; and on that score received the thanks of his elder brother, who (though he had undertaken to discharge them) delayed the execution of his purpose longer than I thought they should remain unpaid. This uncommon splendor II 234.24-32

The amplification is adapted and transferred from III 236.7-15, first edition; for which, see.

III 97.15-16

prevailed, and no dissatisfaction:

prevailed. No dissatisfaction II 235.19-20

III 98.6

He was, indeed: This young gentleman was, indeed II 236.5-6

III 99.1

and I coquetted with him:

and actually coquetted with him II 236.34-35

III 99.28-29

love; and by his penetration . . . urged:

love. By his penetration . . . he urged II 237.21-22

III 101.8-9

consideration; and he eagerly: consideration. He eagerly II 238.28

III 107.2-3
again; but in this: again. In this II 243.23
III 107.21
lover, till I was disturbed:
lover. At length I was disturbed II 243.38
III 112.35-113.2
when I was blessed with the sight of my lover; and having concerted measures for proceeding to England, I hired a tall fine Liegeoise for a maid; and setting out for Ostend:
when I was blessed with the sight of my lover, who followed me on the wings of love, in pursuance of the plan we had projected before my departure from Paris. I hired a tall fine Liegeoise for a maid; and, setting out for Ostend II 248.17-22
III 113.22
His behaviour was: Indeed, his behaviour was II 249.2-3
III 117.36
mirth; and when I: mirth. When I II 252.25
III 120.11-12
yet our fears were happily disappointed:
yet our fears (for that time) were happily disappointed II 254.21
III 134.19-20
faithful; assuring me: faithful. He assured me II 266.13-14
III 134.21
nothing; and promising: nothing. He promised II 266.15
III 138.32
the little Scotch gentleman: the little Scotchman II 270.2
III 149.4
vengeance, telling him: vengeance. I told him II 278.15
III 151.28
articles being sanctioned by: articles being ratified by II 280.15
III 152.29
the unforeseen event: the unexpected declaration II 281.14-15
III 154.12-13
turns; offered: turns. He offered II 282.24
III 156.20-24
filled my imagination with such horror, that I could not endure the shocking prospect, and prematurely plunged myself into the danger, rather than endure the terrors of expectation. In consequence of this desertion, I received a letter from him, acknowledging:
filled my imagination with such horror, I could not endure the shocking prospect, and prematurely plunged myself into the danger, rather than endure the terrors of expectation. I remembered that his former attachment began in the season of my prosperity, when my fortune was in the zenith, and my youth in its prime; and that

he had forsaken me in the day of trouble, when my life became embarrassed, and my circumstances were on the decline. I foresaw nothing but continual persecution from my husband, and feared that once the keener transports of our reconciliation should be over, his affection would sink under the severity of its trial. In consequence of this desertion, I received a letter from him, acknowledging II 284. 19-33

III 160.31
might have produced love; but it never did:
might have produced love; though that was a fruit which it never brought forth II 288.11-12

III 161.2-3
There being a sort of court in this city, it was frequented:
There was a sort of court in this city, frequented II 288.17-18

III 162.3
agreeable; and when: agreeable. When II 289.11

III 165.16
inlisted in his majesty's service:
listed in his majesty's service II 292.2

III 165.23-24
home; and this declaration: home. This declaration II 292.9-10

III 169.29
ruffians; and to such a degree:
ruffians. To such a degree II 295.26

III 172.17
habitation, where I: habitation. There I II 297.33-34

III 178.24
road; and so much: road. So much II 302.38

III 179.14
removal; and there was visited:
removal. There I was visited II 303.21-22

III 180.25
went away; and he gave me:
went away. Then he gave me II 304.24

III 182.2
warm; and considering: warm. Considering II 305.28

III 183.7
enter; and my little gentleman;
enter. My little gentleman II 306.26-27

III 186.26
mortals; and in this terror: mortals. In this terror II 309.22

III 191.31-32
with as much pleasure as a man could do:
with as much pleasure as a man could feel II 313.33-34

III 192.26-27

And I should never have done it, had I thought he would have suffered:

Indeed, I should never have acted this part, had I foreseen what he would have suffered II 314.20-22

III 192.28-29

so much that it was the occasion:

so much, that his declaration on that subject was the occasion II 314.23-25

III 210.30

I suppose: I supposed II 329.11

[END OF MEMOIRS OF A LADY OF QUALITY]

III 236.7-27

that she had not spoke one word of her first husband's debts, which, to his certain knowledge, she had paid out of her privy purse, after her second marriage, and on that account received the thanks of Lord W——'s elder brother, who, though he had undertaken to discharge them, delayed the execution of his purpose longer than she thought they should remain unpaid: and that in relating her inducements for leaving Mr. S——, (whether out of forgetfulness, or from tenderness to a lover once so dear to her, he would not pretend to say) she had omitted a very cogent reason for her conduct; for as he had first courted her favour in her rising fortune, and left her in its decline, she could not avoid reflecting, that, after this precipitate re-engagement, when the first transports of their meeting were over, he would again act the same conduct, as soon as her tranquillity should be disturbed by the persecution of her lord.

In the revision, these points in Lady Vane's favor were transferred to her own narrative, as already noted: the reference to Lord William's debts, to II 234.24-32; her reasons for leaving Mr. Shirley, to II 284.19-33.

III 238.1-4

CHAP. LXXXIX.

Peregrine *amuses his imagination, by slight incursions upon the territory of vice and folly; reforms a back-sliding brother, and sends a celebrated sharper into exile.*

In accordance with the virtual omission of this entire chapter noted below, this chapter heading is omitted, that of original

Chap. XC (LXXXII of the revision) introducing its own matter and the remnants of LXXXIX.

III 238.18-256.19

Thus reinforced, they took the field, and performed various exploits, to the mortification, astonishment and dismay of all those coxcombs, whether male or female, fierce or feeble, insolent or tame, that hang like tatters on the skirts of gallantry, and bring the fashion into disgrace. As I might trespass upon the patience of the reader, in giving a minute detail of each adventure of this kind which they atchieved, I shall content myself with relating two only, to which indeed all the rest bore some resemblance.

Peregrine's intelligencer, who (as we have already observed) was a privileged person in all parties, happened to breakfast one morning with a sort of a great man, who, with a large stock of timorous superstition and exterior piety, had at bottom a spice of carnality, which all his religion could not extinguish. Among the rest of his dependants, there was a certain favourite, who by the most assiduous attention to his humour, in a course of artful flattery and servile complaisance, had insinuated himself so far into his confidence and esteem, that he now acted in the capacity of his counsellor and director, both in his spiritual and temporal concerns.

This cunning parasite having discovered his patron's infirmity, began to be afraid, that in the instigations of the flesh, he might he tempted to employ some other agent for the gratification of his appetite; and foreseeing that any minister of this kind would infallibly prove a dangerous rival to him, in the good graces of his master, he resolved to anticipate the misfortune, and, with his other offices, monopolize the functions of a Mercury, for which his talents were perfectly well adapted. But this was not the whole of his task; he knew there were certain qualms and scruples of conscience to be removed, as well as other motives of shyness and distrust, which he durst not leave to the operation of his friend's own desires, lest he should choose some other confident; he therefore observed the different seasons of his constitution, and culled the proper opportunities for expressing a relaxation in his sentiments of chastity; which being gratefully received, he proceeded in the work of conversion, already half effected by his patron's own passions; and in conclusion, found a willing dame to quench this fire that scorched his vitals. He had overnight obtained her consent, and the particulars of their meeting were adjusted in presence of Cadwallader, who gave his associate to understand that, with a view of keeping the rendezvous secret and mysterious, as well as of saving the lovers that mutual confusion which the light must have produced, the scene of their

interview was laid in a summer-house, that stood at the end of his garden, to which the lady and her conductor would be admitted in the dark, through a back door that should be left open for the purpose. Peregrine being made acquainted with these particulars, together with the hour of assignation, ordered Pipes to purchase a live calf, and carried it in a sack, about the twilight, to the back-garden door, which our hero entered without hesitation, disposing himself and his attendants in a dark alcove immediately under the summer-house, where (without disengaging the animal from its covering) he besmeared its front with liquid phosphorus, and directed Tom to unveil and present it to the company at their approach, while he himself absconded behind a pillar, from whence he could view the entertainment. They had continued a whole hour in this situation, when they perceived, by star-light, three persons enter the postern, and advance towards the place where they lay; upon which, Pipes began to disengtangle his charge, that he might be ready to play it off at the proper time; but, as he was not very expert in this business, the calf finding itself disengaged from its confinement, sprung all of a sudden out of his hands, and running directly forwards, encountered those that approached, and as it passed them, uttered a loud *Baa.*

The gallant, whose passions were exalted to a pitch of enthusiasm, as susceptible of religious horror as of love, seeing such an apparition, when he was on the point of indulging a criminal appetite, and hearing the dreadful cry, accompanied with the terrible word *damnation,* which Pipes, in his peculiar tone, exclaimed from the alcove, when the animal made its escape; he was seized with consternation and remorse, and falling upon his face, lay in all the agonies of terror, believing himself warned by a particular message from heaven above. His trusty squire, who was not quite so visionary, recollecting himself from the surprize he had suffered at the first appearance of such a glaring phænomenon, which had also such an effect upon the lady, that she ran out into the fields, screaming all the way: I say, he no sooner recovered the faculty of reflection, which this accident had for some minutes taken away, than he observed his patron's prostration; and guessing the condition of his thoughts, resolved to profit by his sagacity. He accordingly laid himself gently down upon the cold walk, and lay very quietly, till the lover, having in a faultring voice called thrice upon his name, without being favoured with an answer, raised himself up, and coming to the spot, shook him by the arm; upon which he seemed to wake from his trance, and in a most penitent tone pronounced a very pious ejaculation, which confirmed the opinion of his principal, who asked him with fear and trembling, if he had heard the voice and seen the light. Being an excellent actor, he replied with all the marks of

amazement, that he was struck blind with a gush of light, far exceeding that of the sun at noon, and his ear appalled with a voice, like the sound of many waters, denouncing damnation to those who obey the lusts of the flesh.

The converted lover, though he was not sensible of such extraordinary circumstances of visitation, implicity believed every tittle of his account, imputing the difference of his own perception to the weakness of his organs, which were sooner disturbed than those of his purveyor. He therefore proposed, that they should adjourn to the chamber which had been destined for the scene of his transgression, and with sorrow and contrition ask pardon of heaven for his intended offence, acknowledging at the same time the seasonable and salutary interposition of providence. This duty was accordingly performed, after they had searched in vain for the nymph, who (the squire seemed to think) was conveyed by some supernatural means from the garden; for he said, as he lay intranced upon the ground, he heard a rattling like the chariots of Aminadab, and the shrieks of the young woman gradually sinking in a distant cadence, as if she had been transported through the air.

As this pair of penitents walked up stairs to the summer-house, the patron, in an extasy of faith pronounced, "After this tremendous scene, who can be so incredulous, so dead to all conviction, as to doubt the miracle of the loaves and fishes, or the amazing circumstances that attended the conversion of St. Paul?" While they were employed in the exercise of their devotion, our hero and his attendant retired by the back-door, which opened into the fields; and while Pipes went in pursuit of his calf, which had taken shelter under the wall, his master proceeded forwards to the place from whence he had come, where he had agreed to meet Cadwallader, and communicate the success of his enterprize, with which he was perfectly well pleased. In crossing the field that lay betwixt him and that part of the town for which he was bound, he chanced to pass by a heap of wood, upon which he perceived a woman, tolerably well dressed, sitting, and holding a smelling-bottle to her nose. He immediately guessed her to be the lady he had interrupted in her assignation; and thinking it was incumbent upon him to make some atonement for the injury he had done, he accosted her with great politeness and respect, telling her, he presumed, from her being in such a solitary place, at such an hour, that she had met with some misfortune; and that, if she would put herself under his protection, he would defend her from any farther insult.

His conjecture was right; this was the individual inamorata who had fled from the garden, and who was so terrified at the vision, the meaning of which she could not comprehend, that she found herself

unable to proceed farther homewards, and sat down on a log of wood, to enjoy a little pause of rest, and endeavour to recollect her dissipated spirits. She had not yet got the better of her apprehension, which was rather increased by the darkness of the night and the loneliness of the place; so that she, without scruple, embraced the offer of a person who behaved with such gentle address: and as she was enervated by fear, he carefully supported her in walking, with his arm around her waist, encouraging her all the way with assurances of safety, and expressing his curiosity to know the adventure, in consequence of which she had occasion for assistance. She spoke very little during her passage through the field, because, notwithstanding his professions and appearance, he was still a stranger; and therefore she could not be altogether easy, while she thought herself absolutely in his power: but when they entered the town, and mingled with the concourse of people that pass and repass through all the streets of this metropolis, her diffidence intirely vanished, and her conversation became altogether unreserved.

The remembrance of what had discomposed her so much in the garden, now afforded subject for her mirth; and when her conductor still repeated his desire of information, she could not help laughing heartily at the circumstances which his questions recalled. Encouraged by this manifestation of good humour, he observed, that as her spirits were exhausted by the fatigue and disquiet she had undergone, it would be imposible for her to walk much farther, and begg'd she would step with him into the next tavern, where they might send for an hackney-coach or chair, in which she would be conveyed to her own lodgings. After much intreaty, she consented to his proposal; and he had the pleasure to see, that she was a very handsome young woman, about the age of eighteen.

The joy he felt at this discovery lightened in his eyes; nor was she able to conceal a certain alacrity and satisfaction that appeared in her countenance, when she obtained a distinct view of her protector's person. In short, she was prevailed upon to drink a glass of wine; and Peregrine presuming upon his knowledge of her adventure, began to make love with great vehemance. At first, she pretended to take offence at his presumption; but, perceiving from certain insinuations which he artfully dropped, that he was better acquainted with her character than she had imagined, her shyness gradually wore off, and they soon came to a satisfactory explanation; in the beginning of which, he frankly unravelled the whole mystery of the apparition: a discovery which had almost proved fatal to her, from the violence of mirth it produced; and she as candidly disclosed her own private history. She told him that her lover's honourable agent had formerly lived in the house of her mother, who being

a poor widow, supported her family by letting lodgings; that he had, by the opportunities of familiarity and friendship, employed his arts upon her, and actually debauched this girl, when she was no more than fifteen years of age; that upon the remonstrances of her mother, who detected their correspondence, by perceiving that she was with child, he had quitted the house, with an absolute refusal to provide for her; so that she was obliged to sue him for the maintenance of the infant, and reduced to the necessity of receiving gallants in private; though she had always managed her occupation in such a manner, as to preserve her character unsuspected in the neighbourhood: and lastly, that her first seducer had lately renewed his correspondence, by dint of presents and apologies, and procured her as a virgin for his patron, who had promised to settle some small provision upon her for life.

Peregrine comforted her for her disappointment, by reciting what he had heard of the conversation that passed in the garden, after she made her elopement; from whence he inferred, that her interest would suffer no prejudice from interruption; because, in all probability, her intended lover's flesh would soon get the better of the spirit again, in spite of a thousand apparitions; in which case, he would again have recourse to her compliance; or, should his superstition prevail, he would look upon himself as in duty and conscience bound, to enable her, by a suitable settlement, to withstand such temptations for the future.

She seemed to concur with his opinion, and was perfectly satisfied with that expectation, while our hero was more and more engaged by her easy and agreeable deportment. Her conversation was that of a gay libertine, who had a good share of sense and imagination, which, with a natural vivacity, she employed in accomodating herself to the humour of her gallant: but his ears were not disgusted with the nauseous ribaldry and vulgar execrations which characterise the discourse of those nymphs, whose temporary endearments are sollicited by the distinguishing youth of this refined age. In a word, this accidental meeting was productive of very agreeable consequences to both; and an intimacy of intercourse immediately commenced, the result of which was, her promising to reserve her favours for him alone, till farther notice, and to enter into no measures with the visionary, but such as he should know and approve.

Having passed the evening with this new acquaintance, and informed himself of the particulars necessary to be known, for the support of the correspondence they had established, he favoured her with some marks of his bounty, and repaired to the lodgings of his friend Crabtree, who was so much incensed at his breach of punctuality, that he ordered himself to be denied; and when the young

gentleman forced his entrance into his chamber, *vi & armis,* would not open his mouth; but assuming the most grim contraction of his countenance, sat in sullen silence, till the circumstances of the adventure, which his associate knew how to relate to the greatest advantage, gradually unbended his features to an involuntary smile, which soon dilated into an unrestrained laugh, assuring Peregrine of his forgiveness and approbation: for though (as I have already observed) this Misanthrope had gained an absolute ascendency over the muscles of his face, and, when under the eye of the world, could laugh inwardly, without betraying the least symptom of mirth, this self-denial was not exercised without pains; and therefore he, in private, indemnified himself for the trouble he was at, in preserving that inflexible gravity in public.

Next day in the evening, our adventurer visited his fair Phyllis, and understood that she had a message from the new convert, exhorting her to repentance and reformation, and promising to support her in her laudable endeavours, as soon as she should be disposed to begin the great work. At the same time, his trusty messanger had talked of his patron's conversion in the most ludicrous terms, accounted for the apparition, by affirming, that it was no other than a dog, with a paper-lanthorn hanging to his neck, equipped in that manner by some prentices for their diversion; that he had been thrown over the wall, with a view to frighten the servants of the family; and not liking his quarters, no sooner perceived the garden-door opened than he naturally ran towards it, in order to make his escape. He likewise frankly owned, that he had, with a view to his own interest, encouraged his lord and master in his superstitious fears, and even counselled him to execute, in the course of his penitence, a plan which he had formerly laid, of commencing author, and espousing in print the cause of miracles, against the children of perverseness and incredulity: and in conclusion, this faithful adviser had made strong love on his own score, proposing to maintain a correspondence with her, for which she would be amply recompenced by the bounty of his patron, whom he undertook to deceive with a feigned account of her repentance.

The wench, having an aversion to the character of this parasite, whom she had too great reason to know, instead of embracing his proposal with chearfulness and alacrity, told him with an affected air of severity, that howsoever his heart might be hardened against the warnings of heaven, she had the internal comfort to find her own breast touched with a due sense of her unworthiness, and would, by the blessing of providence, imitate the salutary example of his good friend, to whom she intended to write an account of her inward

workings, which she hoped were no other than the motions of the spirit.

Mr. Mercury hearing this unexpected declaration, which was delivered with a face of pious resolution, immediately availed himself of that hypocrisy, which he possessed to such a consummate degree; and after having protested with great earnestness, that what he had said, was uttered with a view to try whether or not she was intirely mortified to all the lusts of the flesh, he applauded her determination with the most lofty encomiums, and admonished her to perseverance, in an enthusiastic harangue; during which, the tears actually gushed from his eyes, and his looks adopted a sort of wildness and extatic stare, as if he had been really transported.

Though she saw through the disguise, she seemed convinced of his sincerity; as a confirmation of which, he gave her his purse, and took his leave, assuring her that she should never want, so long as she could retain grace enough to persist in the happy work she had so righteously begun. Peregrine approved of her behaviour, and having instructed her with regard to her future conduct, returned to his auxiliary and intelligencer, with whom he concerted another stratagem, to be practised upon a certain she-gamester of fashion, and a French adventurer, who, under the title of count, supported with invincible effrontery, and a large stock of finesse, had found means to introduce himself among the quality, from many of whom he had extracted large sums of money at play. Among those whom he laid under contribution, was this lady, who with all the inclination of a rank sharper, had fallen a sacrifice to his superior talents, and become his debtor for five hundred pounds, which she could not pay without the assistance of her husband, whom she did not think proper to inform of the loss. She had for some days evaded the demands of her creditor, by divers specious pretences, which, however, were soon exhausted; and he grew so disagreeably importunate, as to threaten an application to her lord, if she would not discharge the debt immediately.

The lady being a latitudinarian in her principles, and reduced to great perplexity by these menaces, could think of no other expedient to extricate herself, than that of practising upon the foreigner's heart, which she accordingly assailed with all the arts of coquetry, reinforced by a very agreeable person, to which she had been often indebted for sundry fortunate events. Nevertheless, in all probability she would have found the count impregnable, had not he, at this crisis, luckily met with such a flow of success, as elevated his fancy, and opened his heart to amorous impressions. In this state of exultation did he first perceive, or at least acknowledge the attractions of

his debtor, to whom he, in a billet, declared his passion, and frankly proposed the alternative, which it was her sole aim to procure.

After the necessary scruples of decent reluctance, the affair was compromised in the hearing of Cadwallader, who reported to his associate, that she had given the count an assignation at the house of a discreet matron, who, under the denomination of a milliner, kept commodious apartments for interview of this kind.

Peregrine, who was not unknown to this priestess of love, no sooner received this intelligence, than he went and bespoke one of her chambers, contiguous to that which the foreigner had chosen for his accommodation; and some time before the hour of their appointment, took possession of it, accompanied by Crabtree, whom he had dressed in woman's apparel, because the Misanthrope would not run the risque of being observed *in propria persona.*

The lovers, true to their contract, met precisely at the hour; and the lady having disguised herself in an ordinary dishabille, with a capuchin, the hood of which effectually concealed her countenance; and the door of their apartment being shut, the count found himself on the brink of enjoying his good fortune, when, all of a sudden, Peregrine, placing himself at the door, pronounced aloud, in the very voice and manner of her lord, whom he personally knew, "Stand firm upon your post, Mr. Constable, and take care that none shall pass, while I break open the door, and make sure of the delinquent; for now I think her ladyship is fairly caught."

This exclamation produced an instantaneous effect in the chamber: the count, terrified at the prospect of immediate death or prosecution, ran directly to the window, and throwing up the sash, would have made his exit into the street, without ceremony; but my lady, who never doubted that her husband was at the door, had recourse to that presence of mind, which never forsook her upon such occasions; and seizing her gallant by the collar, exalted her voice, crying, "Rape! Murder! Rape! Ah villain! do you attempt my virtue? Are these the laces you invited me to come and see? Ah, you beastly monster! Help, good people, help!"

The noise of these outcries, (in consequence of which Pickle immediately retreated to his den) alarmed the whole family. The landlady, whose reputation was at stake, ran up stairs, accompanied by two chairmen, who waited for my lady below; and the door being burst open by her directions, they found her ladyship in a violent agitation, holding fast by the count, who stood without his perriwig, shaking from head to foot, in all the agony of horror and dismay. My lady, finding herself delivered from the attempts of this ravisher, sunk down upon the couch in a swoon; and while the matron of the house administered to her nostrils, the chairmen secured the poor

gallant, whose faculties were actually suppressed by the extasy of his fear.

The lady having a little recollected her spirits, and looking around, without perceiving her husband, concluded that he was satisfied of her innocence, by the artifice of her behaviour, and omitted to shew himself, that she might not be shocked at his appearance. On this supposition, she renewed her clamour against the count, whom she reviled with the epithets of perfidious wretch, and abominable ruffian; and expressed her doubts about the honesty of the house, to which (she said) he had decoyed her, on pretence of shewing some laces of a new pattern, that the milliner had received from abroad.

The landlady was no stranger to her person or character, and therefore had never doubted the truth of the count's information, when he made her privy to the nature of this interview; but her ladyship's present behaviour, (the true cause of which she did not know) intirely altered her opinion; and she now believed, that the count intended to have made her house the scene of a rape in good earnest. This suggestion divested her of all regard for her customer, against whom she exclaimed with great virulence, as a person who had endeavoured to intail the curse of infamy upon her house; and assured the plaintiff, that he had hired the apartment for a young lady, whom he pretended to have privately espoused, without the consent of her parents, from whose inquiries he had reasons to conceal the place of her abode.

The rueful foreigner, baited with their joint invectives, and more than half distracted with the terrors of an English jury, never dream'd of attempting to vindicate himself from the imputation he had incurred; because he imagined the whole affair was the result of a conspiracy against his life and fortune; but falling upon his knees before his accuser, in the most suppliant manner implored her pardon, which he offered to acknowledge by a present of a thousand pounds. Had these terms been seasonably proposed, matters would soon have been brought to an accommodation; but she could not decently enter into a treaty with him, in presence of such witnesses; and besides she believed herself still under the inspection of her husband. She therefore rejected his proffer with disdain, observing, that his guilt was of such a nature, as to preclude all hopes of forgiveness; and ordered the chairmen to take charge of his person, until he should be taken into custody by an officer properly authorized.

Having given these directions, at which the poor prisoner wrung his hands in horror and despair, she withdrew with the matron into another room, in expectation of being visited by her husband; and after having waited some time with manifest impatience, could not

forbear asking if there were any other lodgers in the house: when the landlady replied in the negative, she began to sift her with a variety of questions, in the course of which she learned that not a soul had entered the house after her own arrival; and then conjectured, that the voice she had mistaken for her husband's, must have been part of a conversation that passed in the next house, from which she was separated by a thin party-wall.

This discovery mortified her in one respect, and pleased her in another; she was chagrined at the disagreeable interruption, because it laid her under the necessity of exposing her character to the inquiries of those whom her cries had brought to her assistance; though she was at the same time very well satisfied to find that her lord was ignorant of the adventure, and that it was now in her power to be revenged upon the count for the severity of his behaviour, when he acted in the capacity of her creditor. She therefore resolved to extort a sum of money from him, by way of composition; and, under pretence of hushing up an affair, which might (otherwise) give scandal an opportunity to be free with her reputation, signified to her hostess, a desire of seeing matters compromised.

The prudent milliner applauded her moderation, by which she saw that her own character would escape censure; and being favoured with her ladyship's confidence, went out immediately, in order to communicate her proposals to the prisoner; but while these deliberations were upon the carpet, he had employed his rhetoric so successfully upon his guard, that they were prevailed upon to set him at liberty, and make their own retreat, at the same time. So that her ladyship's scheme proved abortive, and she was fain to retire to her own house, meditating further vengeance upon the fugitive, who did not think proper to stand the brunt of her indignation; but decamped that night for his native country, in which he happily secured his retreat, fully persuaded, that his ruin had been planned by a powerful confederacy in England, of which my lady was the chief instrument.

Mean while, our young gentleman and his tutor enjoyed the consternation and perplexity which they had produced, as an wholesome chastisement bestowed upon a profligate virago, lost to all sense of œconomy and decorum, and a just punishment inflicted upon an infamous adventurer, who not only pillaged, but also disgraced the company by whom he was caressed. It was in consequence of this adventure, that Peregrine conceived a very ludicrous project, the execution of which furnished entertainment and admiration to all the fashionable people in town. The appearance of Cadwallader in a female dress, was so uncouth and preternatural, that the good milliner, who chanced to be favoured with a glimpse of him, as he

went up stairs with his supposed gallant, was not only astonished but affrighted at the peculiarity of his countenance; and notwithstanding her well-tried discretion, which had never permitted her curiosity to exceed the bounds of complaisance, she could not forbear calling her son Pickle into another room, after her ladyship's retreat; and asking with manifest marks of confusion and disquiet, if the person whom he had brought into her house, was really and *bona fide* a woman and a Christian; at the same time, expressing her suspicion, from the disposition of his companion's wrinkles, and the bristles that appeared upon her chin, that she was no better than a witch or a conjurer, whom he had employed to embroil and expose her customers by the art of sorcery, for which she praid God would forgive him. "Certain I am (said she) the count and my lady went into the chamber with the disposition of two lambs, and in the twinkling of an eye, (Lord have mercy upon us!) there was nothing to be heard but discord and desperation! Ah! Mr. Pickle, Mr. Pickle! it was for no charitable end that you was so anxious to occupy the next room. I thought there was something unnatural in the case, when I saw you lead up that old beldame with the beard. You have ruined the reputation of my house, Mr. Pickle. My good friends the countess of Peppermarsh, lady Tickletoe, and Mrs. Riggle, will never enter my doors again. I shall be deprived of getting an honest livelihood; and all by the cruelty of one that I loved as well as if I had been the mother that bore him. O that ever I was born to see this unlucky day!" These words she accompanied with sundry sobs, and a few *extempore* tears, the nature of which he perfectly understood; and therefore prescribed a cordial which in a moment set her heart at ease.

Omitted in revision.

III 256.25-31

Her suspicion of his associate, while it afforded him subject for mirth, struck his imagination with an idea which he could not help indulging; and when he communicated the conceit to Cadwallader, it in a moment acquired his approbation.

In the revision, this opening to Chap. XC is changed to the following, in order to bridge the gap left by the virtual omission of the long, preceding chapter, only the opening paragraph of which remains:

Peregrine was now seized with a strange whim, and when he communicated the conceit to Cadwallader, it in a moment acquired his approbation. III 1.18-21

III 260.14
all sort of: all sorts of III 4.24
III 265.27-28
blabbing coxcomb: babbling coxcomb III 9.4
III 265.33-34
opportunity; and she: opportunity. She III 9.9
III 268.36
had not it been: had it not been III 11.30
III 269.36
which he knew he had: which he said he had III 12.23
III 276.15
coadjutor: coadjutors III 17.35
III 277.25
dissimulation; and after: dissimulation. After III 18.38
III 288.12-13
crest-fallen; and two: crest-fallen. Two III 27.29
III 296.11-300.8
Being one day insulted by a couple of chairmen, who demanded more than their fare, he took particular notice of their number; and next day, Pipes, being dressed in one of his old suits, went by his direction to a coffee-house near their stand, after he had loaded himself with an additional weight, amounting to an hundred pounds at least; and calling the same individual partners who had affronted his master, he took possession of their chair, and ordered them to carry him to a place at the distance of two long miles. The burthen was so extraordinary, that when they attempted to take him up, they imagined the vehicle was detained by some crack or crevice of the pavement, and one of them actually went to disengage it; but finding it clear, he began a song of imprecations upon his fare, who he swore had got a backside of block-tin; but, being obliged to accomplish his undertaking, he bent his shoulders to the load, bidding his comrade lift fair and be damned. The task was not performed in silence; while they staggered along, he cursed in a strain peculiar to himself, and in vain endeavoured to provoke the patient Pipes with opprobrious language, hoping that he would either dismiss them from his service, or be so incensed at his abuse, as to proceed to manual chastisement; in which case, the fellow would have an opportunity of gratifying his choler upon the author of his present grievance. Finding, however, that the gentleman bore his reproaches with the most philosophic indifference, he lost all patience; and being restrained, by fear of the law, from an assault upon his fare, he turned the stream of his indignation upon his own partner, who, he alledged, did not bear his share of the burthen. This imputation created a

dispute, which was maintained on both sides with such virulence of obloquy, as produced a quarrel, and mutual defiance to single combat, on the spot.

The chair was accordingly set down, without ceremony, the antagonists stripped themselves in a moment; and a fierce battle ensuing, Peregrine, who followed at a distance, enjoyed the pleasure of seeing them both beaten almost to a jelly, before the contest was determined. As for Pipes, he sat still, and viewed the engagemnt with great composure; and perceiving his carriers disabled by their mutual prowess and perseverance, opened the chair, and very deliberately walked home to his master's lodgings, where he disencumbered himself of his load.

A few days after the atchievement of this exploit, one of our hero's friends, who lodged at the house of an old peevish puritanical widow, that kept an hosier's shop, was obliged to quit his apartment at a minute's warning, because he had scandalized the house, by treating a female cousin at supper over-night. On this occasion, a great deal of sharp repartee had passed between him and his landlady, who not only subjected him to infinite inconvenience, from such a precipitate removal, but had likewise given her tongue such disagreeable liberties, at his expence, that he vowed revenge, and now sollicited the advice and assistance of his friend. Pickle having inquired into the character of the delinquent, who was hated by her neighbours for her insolent and fretful disposition, undertook the cause of his companion, to whom he dictated the following advertisement, which was immediately inserted in one of the news-papers; "Any person possessed of a male black cat, with white feet and a bushy tail, not exceeding the age of two or three years, will find a purchaser by carrying it to the sign of the kid near St. James's."

The projector and his associate having procured the promise of the publisher, that this intimation should appear next day, went early in the next morning to a public house, and occupying a room the windows of which fronted the hosier's door, sat with joyful expectation to see the effect of their scheme, which soon yielded them all the satisfaction they could desire. The shop was no sooner opened than it was surrounded by a great number of the Cannaille, who having heard the advertisement read in ale-houses, came (each with a cat under his arm) in hopes of making an advantageous bargain; for though many of them were too inconsiderable to produce such an animal of their own property, they had made free with the first cats they could pick up, and every one repaired, with all possible dispatch, to the appointed place, with a view of forestalling the market; so that, in disputing the precedence, the whole crew went to logger-

heads about the door, to the utter astonishment of the shopkeeper, who could not conceive the meaning of such a congregation.

Nevertheless, she began to harangue them in her usual stile, which was not the mildest sort of expostulation; and one of the multitude who found means to detach himself from the general uproar and confusion, told her, he had brought a cat, which, he supposed, would answer the marks of her advertisement. "Here, (said he, presenting the creature) look at him, mistress; I'll be damned if you ever saw a finer boar in your life. Do but mind his tusks and his tail; his tail is for all the world like a squirrel's, and yet he's no more than a kitten; I'm a son of a bitch, if he's a day more than six months old." This address, while it compleated her amazement, kindled her rage to such a degree, that she spit in his face, calling him a cat, and a rat, and a rascal; and shutting the hatch, threatened the whole assembly with Bridewell and imprisonment, if they would not immediately disperse. Her declamation was so shrill, as to command the attention of the whole audience, who finding their hopes frustrated, and hearing themselves so bitterly reviled, put an end to their own jars, and held a momentary conference; in consequence of which, one of them was deputed to ask, whether or not she had advertised for a black cat. This question being answered in the negative, with a string of reproachful epithets, the interrogator approaching the door, "Why, ye bitch of Babel! (said he) if you won't give money for my cat, you shall have him for love." With these words he threw it into the shop, and retired; while his breathren, in obedience to this signal, lifted up their hands as one man, and like soldiers at the word of command, discharged about forty cats at the same instant of time, upon the confounded hosier, who finding herself overwhelmed by such a number of animals, which she looked upon as so many fiends sent to torment her, ran aghast into the street with dismal cries, imploring the assistance of her neighbours, who (as well as our confederates) enjoyed her distress; and after having indulged their animosity, contributed their aid, in ridding her of such a dangerous annoyance.

Omitted in revision.

III 300.9
The next mischievous plan that:
One mischievous plan that III 34.15
III 305.27-28
buffoonery; and though: buffoonery. Though III 38.6

End of Volume III.

VOLUME IV.

IV 4.18
gentleman in the neighbourhood, who having . . . cloathed:
gentleman in the neighborhood. Having . . . he cloathed III 41.17-18

IV 4.25
hounds; and the horse: hounds. The horse III 41.23

IV 5.6
foxhunters, who: foxhunters. They III 41.37-38

IV 5.22
which (she knew): which (he knew) III 42.14

IV 9.8
since she is so peevishly obstinate:
since she was so peevishly obstinate III 45.12

IV 10.21-22
captivated by the heart of his partner:
captivated by the charms of his partner III 46.17-18

IV 12.7
quarrel; and Emilia: quarrel. Emilia III 47.30

IV 13.26-27
neglected; and therefore calling for paper:
neglected; calling for paper III 49.5

IV 20.14
without the sphere of his comprehension:
beyond the sphere of his comprehension III 54.19-20

IV 23.25
blood; and his desire: blood. His desire III 57.13

IV 25.30
water; and Tom: water. Tom III 59.4

IV 26.23
he would scarce believe: he could scarce believe III 59.29

IV 27.27
as a niece of the lieutenant:
as a niece to the lieutenant III 60.25-26

IV 28.13-14
repeat them with emphasis and theatrical cadence:
repeat them with an emphasis and theatrical cadence III 61.6-7

IV 29.35
circumspection, till one evening:
circumspection. But one evening III 62.18

IV 32.18-19
asking; and the culprit: asking. The culprit III 64.19

IV 38.23
described; and his lordship: described. His lordship III 69.15-16
IV 47.15
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IV 47.16-17
beggars of this class, one of the most artful of whom:
beggars of this class. One of the most artful of them III 76.24-25
IV 47.19
damned the fogs of London:
damned all the fogs of London III 76.26-27
IV 51.27
territories; and by that victory establish:
territories. By that victory he hoped to establish III 80.6-7
IV 52.25
perseverance; and the market:
perseverance. The market III 80.38
IV 53.13-14
embraced; and on the eve: embraced. On the eve III 81.20-21
IV 60.24
time; when she observed: time. She observed III 87.24-25
IV 65.9
anecdotes; and when he: anecdotes. When he III 91.15
IV 70.6-7
overcast; and the projector's:
overcast. The projector's III 95.17-18
IV 85.28-30
refusal; and after having . . . , took his leave:
refusal. After having . . . , he took his leave III 108.4-5
IV 98.15-16
other-guess authors: other-guise authors III 118.17
IV 98.21-99.30
There are only two methods, by which you have any chance of introducing your play upon the theatre; one is compulsive, by the interposition of the great, whom a patentee dares not disoblige; the other, insinuation, by ingratiating yourself with the manager: you must be recommended to his notice; you must cultivate his good graces with all the humility of adulation; write poems in his praise; if he be an actor, support his performance against all censure, though it should be founded upon demonstration; and in public coffee-houses, as well as in private parties, magnify the virtues of his heart, in despite of truth and illustration. This, indeed, is the most effectual expedient, and what I advise you to practise, after you have been

introduced to his acquaintance, by some person of weight; and if, by these means, and dint of perseverance, you can, in three or four years, see your comedy in rehearsal, you may think yourself extremely fortunate in your application: for a man without interest or pretension, may present a petition to the captain-general of his majesty's forces, demanding a commission for the first company that shall become vacant, and be as likely to meet with success, as an unsupported author that offers a performance to the stage. Though a patentee had no friends of his own to oblige, why the devil should he put himself to the expence and trouble of attending the representation of a new play, and part with three benefit-nights, to please the vanity and fill the pockets of a stranger?"

The northern bard began to argue with great vehemence and vociferation, against the advice and observations of the chairman, undertaking to prove from reason, as well as from experience, that one poet is of greater dignity and importance to the commonwealth, than all the patentees or players that ever existed. But he was overruled and silenced in the beginning of his harangue, by a decree of council, which was unanimously of opinion, that the advice he had received was equally judicious and expedient, and that it would be his own fault, if he did not profit by the admonition.

Omitted in revision.

IV 105.12-18

if I thought it was possible to make him repent of his pitiful dissimulation; but, if I guess aright, the person you mean, has long ago conquered all sense of probity and shame, and therefore is effectually shielded against the revenge of an author."

Omitted in revision.

IV 107.26

This phantom of a man: this phantom III 124.28

IV 109.34-112.8

and the plays which they reviewed were the *Fair Penitent* and the *Revenge*. The person who had examined the former of these tragedies, owned that he had made no material observations upon the principal performers: he said he was, upon the whole, very well entertained, tho' he had, at first, mistaken Lothario, by his dress, for a puppet-shew man, hired for the entertainment of the guests at Calista's wedding; and was afterwards a little surprised at his unreasonable demand, when, in challenging Horatio to single combat, he desired such an unwieldy antagonist to meet him a whole mile

among the rocks; an expedition which could not be performed without imminent danger of broken bones.

Peregrine imagining that this remark proceeded from his ignorance of the play, observed that the critick might possibly be misled by the words of defiance, which run thus:

West of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon to-morrow I expect thee.

"Sir (answered the censor) I am not acquainted with the text, else I should have placed my observation to the account of the author, instead of the actor, who made a full stop at the word *town,* and then pronounced—*a mile among the rocks,* without the least pause of distinction. Perhaps, indeed, in the researches of his great penetration, he may have discovered that this is the genuine pointing of the poet, and that Lothario had actually a design upon the shins of Altamont's friend: in which case he is to be commended for this, amongst his other improvements in the art of acting; yet I cannot approve of his refinements in the mystery of dying hard; his fall, and the circumstances of his death, in the character of this gay libertine, being, in my opinion, a lively representation of a tinker oppressed with gin, who staggers against a post, tumbles into the kennel, while his hammer and saucepan drop from his hands, makes divers convulsive efforts to rise, and finding himself unable to get up, with many intervening hiccups, addresses himself to the surrounding mob."

"I confess (replied Pickle) the action of that same player is not free from unnatural violence and ridiculous gesticulation: a kind of false fire in which he finds his account with the audience, who never fail to honour it with particular marks of applause; but I think that the simile of the tinker is too severe, and rather one of those grotesque comparisons which may subject the most grave and solemn incidents to ridicule, than a fair and candid illustration of the fact: as for the perversion of the author's sense, by an impropriety in the declamation, it so commonly occurs, even in the most celebrated actors, that one would think it was an obstacle not to be surmounted: the delightful lullaby of the stage is an established recitative, which seems to have been composed on the supposition that the sentence is always concluded at the end of a line; and when the last word happens to begin a new period, the sense must suffer accordingly. I have heard the Æsopus of the age, who values himself upon accurate speaking, commit innumerable blunders of this kind, one of which I, at present, recollect, in a passage of a late play, which he repeated in this manner:

To beg protection from the men who lie,—
Trembling behind their ramparts.

Thus he brought the poor Romans under the imputation of falsehood as well as fear; for, according to his pause, they told lies, as well as trembled behind their ramparts."

"These are no other than petty oversights: (said the second censor) that gentleman (take him all in all) is certainly the most compleat and unblemished performer that ever appeared upon our stage

In the revision, the criticism of the Fair Penitent *performance is entirely omitted: the gap being closed as follows:*

and the play which they reviewed was the *Revenge.*

"Mr. Q——, said the second censor, (take him all in all) is certainly the most compleat and unblemished actor that ever appeared upon our stage III 126.22-26
IV 116.10-123.26

This question was not conveyed so softly, but that it reached the ears of our adventurer, who seemed disposed to make some answer, when he was prevented by the interposition of another member, who begged the opinion and advice of the community, touching a pastoral which he had just composed. Before he had time to produce the performance to the inspection of the society, the chairman observed, with a splenetic air, that he ought to have employed his time in some more profitable amusement, than a species of writing in which he had formerly met with so little success.

"True it is (replied the author) my last production of this kind was not very favourably received; a circumstance intirely owing to the nature of the subject, which did not interest all the passions of the heart: but here, my dear Sir, the case is otherwise; this pastoral I composed upon the death of my own grandmother, who was a woman, in all respects, worthy of tears I have shed over her tomb; and this small composition is the genuine offspring of unfeigned sorrow: the blots which are still visible on the paper, indicate the grief with which I wrote it. *Lachrymæ fecere lituras.* And sure he must have a flinty heart who can hear it read with an unmoistened eye."

"If that be the case (said the president) I wish you would spare us the affliction of hearing it rehears'd: all of us, I believe, have real grievances of our own; so that we need not hunt after imaginary sorrows." The poet, notwithstanding this discouragement, begg'd hard that he might exhibit a specimen of his performance; and being restricted to a few lines, he repeated the following stanzas, with the most rueful emphasis.

Where wast thou, Wittol Ward, when hapless fate
From these weak arms mine aged grannam tore:
These pious arms essay'd too late
To drive the dismal phantom from the door.
Could not thy healing drop, illustrious quack,
Could not thy salutary pill prolong her days,
For whom, so oft, to Marybone, alack!
Thy sorrels dragg'd thee thro' the worst of ways?

Oil-dropping Twick'nham did not then detain
Thy steps, tho' tended by the Cambrian maids;
Nor the sweet *environs* of Drury-lane;
Nor dusty Pimlico's embow'ring shades;
Nor Whitehall, by the river's bank;
Beset with rowers dank;
Nor where th' Exchange pours forth its tawny sons;
Nor where to mix with offal, soil and blood,
Steep Snowhill rolls the sable flood;
Nor where the Mint's contaminated kennel runs:
Ill doth it now beseem,
That thou should'st doze and dream,
When death in mortal armour came,
And struck with ruthless dart the gentle dame.

Her lib'ral hand and sympathising breast,
The brute creation kindly bless'd:
Where'r she trod grimalkin purr'd around.
The squeaking pigs her bounty own'd;
Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling goose,
Did she glad sustenance refuse;
The strutting cock she daily fed,
And turky with his snout so red;
Of chickens careful as the pious hen,
Nor did she overlook the tomtit or the wren;
While redbreast hopp'd before her in the hall,
As if she common mother were of all.

For my distracted mind,
What comfort can I find?
O best of grannams! thou art dead and gone,
And I am left behind to weep and moan.
To sing thy dirge in sad funeral lay,
Ah! woe is me! alack! and well-a-day!

These interjections at the close of this pathetic elegy were not pronounced without the sobs and tears of the author, who looked wishfully around him for applause, and having wiped his eyes, asked the chairman's opinion of what he had read. That cynical gentleman, who had no great devotion for the Arcadian, answered with a most equivocal aspect, "Sad, very sad! sad enough to draw tears from the eyes of a bum-bailiff." But as the performance was submitted to the criticism of the whole society, the epic poet stood up, and thus communicated his sentiments.

"Without entering upon a minute inquiry into the poetical merits of particular images, I must in general observe that the stanzas are so irregular in point of measure, as well as in the number of the lines, that they cannot be comprehended under any species of ancient versification. Then there are many dark allusions in the *Antistrophe,* which no reader can possibly understand, together with a catalogue of places, for which the author seems to have rambled strangely from his subject, more studious in making a silly parade of his knowledge in poetical geography, than of interesting the passions of the heart. Indeed, one would be apt to conclude from this circumstance, that his grief was mere affectation, did not he blubber so piteously in the last verse. I could have wished, that more dignity had been preserved in the stanza which describes the old gentlewoman's benevolence, and that the last line had been altogether omitted, because it conjures up a most ridiculous image of her having actually hatched that same poultry, which she is said to have tended with such maternal care."

To these animadversions the censured bard replied, that the verse, in being irregular, more nearly resembled the natural exclamations of real affliction; and that such irregularity had not only been excused, but even considered as a beauty in many modern productions. He owned, that the allusions might be obscure to some readers, and therefore he intended to explain them in notes at the bottom of the page. As to the topical descriptions which the critic had censured so severely, he said they were inserted to amuse and relieve the imagination of the reader, that he might not be too much affected with the *Pathos* of the subject; and with regard to the line,

As if she common mother were of all,

far from carrying that ludicrous implication he had mentioned, it certainly conveyed the most amiable and parental idea of the deceased; and he did not doubt, that he should find his own opinion confirmed by that of the public, in a very comfortable sale of the work.

"So, after all this profession of filial tenderness, (cried the epic bard) the world will have some reason to say, you wanted to make

a job of your grandmother's death." "Perhaps (answered the other) I shall make a present of the copy to my bookseller." "If you desire to be thought altogether disinterested in the affair, (resumed the critic) you ought to print a few copies at your own expence, and distribute them *gratis* among your friends; by these means, you will have as good a chance to see your own talents admired, and the memory of your grandmother immortalized, as if you had sold the property of the piece for a thousand pounds."

This proposal seemed to disconcert the elegiac writer; when the chairman interposing, "Pshaw! (said he) why the devil should he be more delicate in that respect, than those people who sit at the head of taste? In every single circumstance to which you have objected, he has expressly imitated, not to say copied, the celebrated production of the universal patron." "What! (replied the other) you mean the famous Gosling Scrag, Esq; son and heir of Sir Marmaduke Scrag, who seats himself in the chair of judgment, and gives sentence upon the authors of the age. I should be glad to know, upon what pretensions to genius this preheminence is founded. Do a few flimsy odes, barren epistles, pointless epigrams, and the superstitious suggestions of an half-witted enthusiast, intitle him to that eminent rank he maintains in the world of letters? or did he acquire the reputation of a wit, by a repetition of trite invectives against a minister, conveyed in a theatrical cadence, accompanied with the most ridiculous gestures, before he believed it was his interest to desert his master, and renounce his party? For my own part, I never perused any of his performances, I never saw him open his mouth in public, I never heard him speak in private conversation, without recollecting and applying these two lines in Pope's Dunciad,

Dulness delighted, ey'd the lively dunce,
Remembring she herself was pertness once.

Yet this antick piece of futility will decide dogmatically upon the merits of every new work; and if the author has not previously scratched himself into his favour, will pronounce upon it, with all the insolence and contempt of supercilious presumption. Nor is the levity of his head less provoking than his arrogance and self-conceit; the very performance which he yesterday applauded, will he to-morrow condemn through mere caprice; and that which he yesterday mentioned in terms of disdain, will he to-morrow extol to the skies, provided the author will humble himself so far, as to adore his superior genius, and meanly beg his protection. Never did he befriend a man of poetical merit, who did not court and retain his favour, by such slavish prostitution, except one author, lately deceased; and

even he extended his complaisance too far, in complimental lines, which the warmth of gratitude inspired, though he would never submit to the tame criticisms of his patron, or offer such an outrage to his own judgment, as to adopt the alterations which he proposed."

"One would imagine, (said the chairman) that you had made an unsuccessful application to his patronage; but, notwithstanding all this eloquent declamation, the truth of which I shall not pretend to invalidate, I do aver, that Gosling Scrag, Esq; is at this day the best milch-cow that any author ever stroaked: for, over and above his vanity, which lays him open to the necessities of all writers who can tickle, though never so awkwardly, he professes such a comfortable share of simplicity, or rather lack of penetration, as cannot fail to turn to account with those who practise upon it. Let a scribbler (for example) creep into his notice by the most abject veneration, implore his judgment upon some performance, assume a look of awful admiration at his remarks, receive and read his emendations with pretended extasy, make interest to be employed in running upon his errands, bawl for him upon all occasions in common conversation, prose and rhime, sit in presence of this great man, with an apparent sense of his own nothingness, and when he opens his mouth, listen *with a foolish face of praise;* happy! if he has an opportunity to feed him with the soft pap of dedication, or by affecting an idiotical ignorance of the manners of life, to insinuate himself into his opinion, as a person absolutely detached from all worldly pursuits; like a sly brother of the quill, who, in going out, dropped a bank note upon the floor of his apartment, in such a manner, as that it could not escape the notice of Gosling, who viewing it accordingly, "Heavens! (said he, with his hands and eyes lifted up) what philosophical contempt must that man have for the pleasures of wealth!" Yes, I insist upon it, these are arts which will never fail to engage the friendship of Mr. Scrag, which will be sooner or later manifested in some warm sine-cure, ample subscription, post or reversion; and I advise Mr. Spondy to give him the refusal of this same pastoral; who knows but he may have the good fortune of being listed in the number of his beef-eaters; in which case he may, in process of time, be provided for in the customs or church; when he is inclined to marry his own cook-wench, his gracious patron may condescend to give the bride away; and finally settle him in his old age, as a trading Westminster justice."

Mr. Spondy thanked the president for his wholesome counsel, which he assured him should not be neglected; and the evening being far advanced, the assembly broke up, without any other remarkable occurrence.

Omitted in revision.

III 129.29
No man was more sarcastic in his remarks:
No man was ever more sarcastic in his remarks III 135.5-6
IV 133.6-10

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IV 137.35-36
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dispatch. All his speed III 141.38-142.1
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IV 138.26
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IV 145.35-36
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IV 149.30
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the favour of further correspondence III 151.34
IV 153.3-4
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IV 154.15-16
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new-comer. Being answered . . . he gave him III 155.26-27
IV 157.3
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indebted. They learned III 157.34
IV 176.3
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IV 180.4
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alledged. On his return . . . he chanced III 206.27-28
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IV 237.34-35
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IV 246.10
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IV 249.2
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IV 254.9
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IV 255.15-16
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IV 256.8
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IV 256.12
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IV 258.18
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expelled. The lieutenant III 241.24-25
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IV 259.25-26
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assault. He then changed his battery III 242.25-26
IV 264.1-2
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IV 266.15
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IV 266.25
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IV 299.1-2
moderation; and when he: moderation. When he III 275.19
IV 300.34-301.1
that the squire was astonished at his knowledge, and so engaged with his manner of discourse, that, when they approached his habitation, he invited:
that the squire was astonished at his knowledge. When they approached his habitation, he invited III 277.3-5
IV 303.8
alarm; and he concealed: alarm. He concealed III 278.33
IV 306.29
wife; upon which Peregrine: wife. Peregrine III 281.35
IV 310.15-312.10
While they stood before the orchestra, listening to an English ballad, which was sung in a very agreeable manner, our hero per-

ceived a taudry Frenchman leaning against a post, and entertaining himself with a soliloquy upon the barbarous want of taste in England, so conspicuous in the applause which was given to that miserable performance; and as his remarks were not made without some insolent reflections upon the nation, he marked him for a proper object for his ridicule, and began to project some scheme for exposing him to the mirth of the company, because he looked upon him as some pert valet de chambre, who assumed the character of a gentleman, by the night; when he was saved the trouble of inventing by an accident which the foreigner of himself incurred.

One of the waiters belonging to the place, had marked with chalk the score of a company whom he attended, on the very post which the Frenchman had thought proper to occupy: so that, when he walked away, he carried off the greatest part of the reckoning upon his back and shoulders. The servant coming to add another bottle to the account, perceived almost the whole particulars of the bill effaced, and began to raise an hideous outcry against the people that stood nearest him: upon which our hero told him how the misfortune had happened, and pointed out the person who bore the impression upon his back. This intelligence was no sooner communicated, than the waiter, calling some of his brethren to his assistance, went in pursuit of the delinquent (while Pickle desired his company to take notice) and telling him, that he had carried off part of a reckoning, desired him to return, that they might compare the marks upon his bag with the fragments which remained upon the post.

The Frenchman, who did not understand one word of the English language, seeing himself accosted in a very petulant manner by this attendant, at first imagined that he and his companions came with a design to affront him, because he was a foreigner; and therefore thinking it incumbent upon him to support the dignity of his nation, began to talk very big in his native tongue, and, in order to inforce his words, laid his hand upon his sword, in a very menacing posture: upon which the confederates flew upon him, and securing both his arms, led him backward through a lane of people, who laughed heartily at his captivity, which he now believed to be the effect of an information laid against him, for some trespass upon our laws, and, with a most ludicrous expression of fear, protested, that he was utterly ignorant and innocent of the crime for which he was apprehended.

Being conducted to the spot, his back was applied to the post, and the separate parts of the score matched like two exchequer tallies; by which means they were able to ascertain the reckoning, and then dismissed the counterpart, who had stood under their hands,

with a most rueful face of expectation, and afforded merriment to a whole crowd of spectators, a great part of whom gave him a convoy to the gate, by which he made his retreat with great expedition.

Omitted in the revision.

IV 312.36-313.1
innovation; and as he had: innovation. As he had III 285.18
IV 313.19
view; while Mrs. Gauntlet: view. Mrs. Gauntlet III 285.35
IV 313.34-35
had he not lain under the predicament of this disgrace:
had he not lain under the imputation of this disgrace III 286.10-11
IV 315.7
Emilia; and in a few days: Emilia. In a few days III 287.12

End of Volume IV.

APPENDIX B

Chronological Table of Regicide's *History.*

1739 Completed, carried to London (fall): acquires first patron.

1740 First patron discarded in spring; Smollett sailed for West Indies (October 26).

1742 (late) or 1743 (early) Smollett returned to England. Submitted play to Fleetwood (winter of 1743), who temporized till spring, when he rejected it. Patronized by nobleman for four months. Play laid aside from 1743 (summer) to 1745.

1745 Remodelled and submitted to Lacy (February or March), who promised to produce it next season, but rejected it in fall.

1746 Smollett unsuccessfully solicited Quin (winter); gained Chesterfield's patronage (late spring or summer). Chesterfield sent MS. to Garrick in September. Garrick, through Chesterfield, met Smollett in September; introduced him to Rich, for whom Smollett wrote libretto for *Alceste. Regicide* submitted to Rich through Garrick; rejected; *Alceste* thrown over with it (late fall).

1747 Smollett satirized Rich in *Reproof* (January). Lady of Quality (Lady Vane?) got Lacy to reconsider; Lacy temporized till spring; then again promised to produce next season, but having been joined by Garrick as partner during summer, rejected it in fall.

1748 *Roderick Random* appeared, with Melopoyn's account (January). Smollett solicited Lyttelton with *Regicide;* Lyttelton advised a comedy. Smollett wrote *Charles XII, King of Sweden, or the Adventures of Roderick Random and his Man Strap.* Lyttelton declined to recommend it. Rejected by managers in fall.

1749 *Regicide* published by subscription (May).

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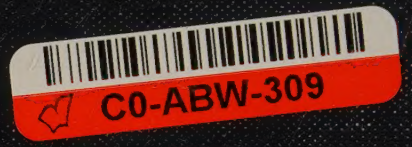
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